

No. 941KANSAS LAND

This is a parody of the 1709 hymn, Beulah Land (see in MB). Versions A & B are both about Kansas, but there were other states that served as parodies also. Poking fun at one's location is an old American custom.

REFERENCES

Koch (2), 13-14

Malone (FB), 143-144

Lingenfelter, 462-463

Pound (STWS), 30-31

Vincent (ALS), 29

Kansas LandTune: Beulah LandVersion A

I've reached the land of corn and wheat,
Of pumkin pies and taters sweet.
I got my land from Uncle Sam,
And I am happy as a clam.

Chorus

O Kansas land, sweet Kansas land!
As on my dugout roof I stand,
I look across the plains
And wonder if it never rains;
But as I turn and view my corn,
I think I'll never sell my farm.

When first I came to get my start,
My neighbors they were miles apart;
But now there's one on every claim,
And sometimes three all want the same.

Today, at last, the cars are here!
We've waited for them many a year.

And won't you with me take a smile?
For I have "freighted" many a mile.

Final Chorus

O Kansas girls, sweet Kansas girls!
With sky-blue eyes and teeth like pearls!
They sing and at the organ play
Until some dudlet comes that way.
They fly to meet him at the door
And skip with him for evermore.

Version B

I've reached the land of short-grass fine
And sought to make a homestead mine.
The hot wind blows the livelong day,
And all my cash has passed away.

Chorus

Oh, Kansas land! My Kansas land!
As on the dugout roof I stand,
I look away across the plain
And see the corn is needing rain.
I see the "hoppers" flying low,
And feel the burning hot wind blow.

The dust clouds float upon the breeze,
Through drooping corn and wilting trees.
The wheatfields all are lifeless brown;
The sunflower leaves hang limply down.

The 'hoppers come and camp on me.
I know no place from them to flee.
They eat my crops, they eat my shirt;
They leave me naught but sun-dried dirt!

In Kansas Land I'm going to stay,
For all these things shall pass away.
Sure, pleasure follows after pain—
Next spring it's going to rain again.

No. 942

KARO TOWN

also known as

Karo Song

This is compounded of several songs. The version in Scarborough (NFS), 170-171, begins with a stanza found in The Possum II (in MB). The third stanza in the version below is almost identical to the 4th stanza in Baltimore II (in MB), while the refrain is quite similar to Stephen Foster's I Hear My True Love Cry (in MB).

Karo Town

Once I had a little mule, rode him North an' South;
One day I went to hitch him up, he kicked me in the
mouth!

Chorus

Oh! hear my true love weeping, Oh, hear my true love
sigh;
I'm going down to Karo town, and there I'll live and
die.

Once I had a little dog, thought he was a hound,
An' every time he struck a trail he nearly quit the
ground.

Once I had a big fine house, sixteen stories high,
An' every story in that house was filled with chicken
Pie.

Once I went to see my gal, took her by the hand,
But nothin' that I had to say came out as I had
planned.

Told that gal how much I cared, begged for her to wed;
She answered me with one sweet kiss which almost killed
me dead.

No. 943

KATE KEARNEY

also known as

The Beardless Boy

The Kate Kearney Waltz

An Irish song that has been popular in American tradition for more than a century. The text was written by Lady Morgan, who, as Sidney Owenson, achieved recognition with her story, The Wild Irish Girl. She set the words of her song to an older Irish air known as The Beardless Boy. Samuel Lover used the same air for his Oh, Did You Ne'er Hear of the Blarney?, which may be seen in Moffat (MI), 178.

An instrumental dance version of this song is in Ford (TMA), 138. For versions with both words and music, see Johnson (FS), 418; Moffat (MI), 180; and O'Connor, 17.

Kate Kearney

Oh, did you not hear of Kate Kearney?
She lives on the banks of Killarney;
From the glance of her eye, shun danger and fly,
For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.

For that eye is so modestly beaming,
You ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming;
Yet, oh! I can tell how fatal the spell
That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

No. 944

KATE'S DECEPTION

also known as

The Clothier	Kate and the Cowhide
Crafty Kate of Colchester	Poor Nell and the
Kate and Her Horns	Chimney Sweep
Kate and the Clothier	Young Kate

According to Ebsworth (RB), VIII, 430, this song is a reprint of a broadside issued by John White, Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1689. It is also similar to The Jealous Husband Outwitted in Logan, 384-387.

The song was frequently published in America throughout the 19th century, including an 1813 broadside issued by Coverly in Boston.

Whatever popularity it enjoyed during the 19th century, its distribution in the 20th century continues to fade.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 231-232	Mackenzie (QB), 146-149
Cazden, II, 90-91	Sharp, I, 405-406
Combs (FSMEU), 157-158	Shearin (SKFS), 30
Combs (FSUS), 137-138	Songster (62), 145-147
Hubbard, 111-113	Songster (63), 14
Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 221	Songster (84), 325-326
Mackenzie, 325-327	Songster (126), 145-147

Kate's Deception

Come, all you fellows, and I'll tell
About a girl that I knew well;
The girl was young, the girl was fair,
And her name was Kate O'Dare.

A lawyer came and courted her,
And tried her favor to incur;

And when he gained young Kate's consent,
He straight to another went.

She never spoke to friend nor foe,
Nor did she let her parents know;
She went down to the Tannery,
The old tanner for to see.

From him she got an old cowhide,
With horns attached both long and wide;
She wrapped it 'round her, all about,
Then in earnest started out.

She hid herself near close of day,
To wait the lawyer bound that way;
When after him she did pursue,
He cried, "God! what shall I do?"

Kate seized him by his tailored coat,
And with a sad and doleful note,
Said: "You have left young Kate, I hear,
For to court another dear."

He cried, "O devil, spare me now,
And I shall keep my former vow."
"I'll see to that," young Kate replied,
And smiled within the old cowhide.

She told it not to friend nor foe,
Nor did she let the lawyer know,
Until three years they married were—
Then she told him it was her.

It pleased the lawyer in his heart,
He said she'd played a clever part;
He told her with a happy smile,
"I really knew it all the while."

No. 945THE KATIE AND THE JIM LEE I(The Katie and the Jim Lee Had a Little Race)

This and the following song are about the same two river boats, the Kate Adams and the James Lee. According to Wheeler (SD), 56, these bots, both side-wheelers, were favorite packets, and for a time had overlapping trades in the Mississippi. There is no record however of any formal race between the two boats.

The Katie and the Jim Lee I

Katie an' the Jim Lee had a little race,
Katie throwed water in the Jim Lee's face,
O babe.

Way down the rivuh, jes' as fur as I kin see,
Don't see nothin' but the Cherokee, O babe.

I told my woman when I left this town,
Been a good wagon but I done broke down, O babe.

What kind o' shoes do my sweet Ella wear?
They cost four dollars and a half a pair, O babe.

I know dang well she's real mad at me,
I won ten dollars an' didn't give her but three,
O babe.

Hear a boat a-comin', an' I look to see—
Only thing movin' was the ol' Jim Lee, O babe.

Told my woman 'fore I left this town,
Jus' be at the Levee when the Katie comes down,
O babe.

No. 946THE KATIE AND THE JIM LEE II
(Katie and the Jim Lee Had a Race)

This is another song about the same two packets mentioned in the preceding song.

The Katie and the Jim Lee II

Katie and the Jim Lee had a race,
Ah, that same song:
Katie threw water in the Jim Lee's face!
Ah, that same song.
Tain't no lie, tain't no tale,
Ah, that same song:
Katie made the Jim Lee leave her mail,
Ah, that same song.

No. 947

KATIE MOREY

also known as

The Defeated Knight	Kitty O'Noory
The Foolish Maiden	A Man and a Maid
The Foolish Shepherd	The Shepherd's Son
Katey Morey	The Shepherd's Song
Kitty O'Morey	The Shrewd Maiden

A song with the same story theme as The Baffled Knight (see in MB). Story similarity explains why, in some collections, this song has been listed as a "secondary Child ballad." The story is an ancient one in folklore, so it is not surprising that similar ballads are known in most European countries.

REFERENCES

Barry (BBM), 454-456	Jour (AFL), XXXV, 385-387;
Beck (FLM), 111-112	XLIX, 232-233
Cazden, II, 32-34	Laws (AB), 215
Child, II, 479-493	Moore (BFSS), 84-86
Coffin, 104	Motherwell, 410
Creighton (TSNS), 63-65	Peacock, I, 272-275
Eddy, 64-65	Percy (RAEP), II, 336-342
Flanders, III, 89-99	Sharp, II, 119-121
Gardner (BSSM), 393-394	Shoemaker (MMP), 130-132
Greig & Keith, 90-92	

Katie Morey

All you young and foolish men,
Listen to my story;
Tell you how I fixed a plan
To fool miss Katie Morey.

Chorus

Come a too do ride, O, too do rig,
Come a too do ride, O dandy;
I'll tell you how I fixed a plan
To fool miss Katie Morey.

I told her that my sister Lil
Was waiting in the bower
And wanted her to come that way,
To spend one happy hour.

But when I got her to the spot,
I said, "There's no time to flatter.
I brought you here to have you, dear—
So what about the matter?"

She did not seem to be displeased,
And said, "I've no fear at all, sir;

But father soon will pass this way,
And he will surely call, sir.

"If you will go and climb yon tree,
'Til he has passed this way,
We will gather grapes and plums,
And then we'll sport and play."

So off I went and climbed the tree,
And did not feel offended
When Katie came and stood beneath,
To see how I ascended.

When at last I reached the top,
I found myself alone, sir;
She said, "You wait 'til Papa comes,
And I'll run quickly home, sir!"

Well, one, two, three, down that tree
I came with quite a bound, sir;
But Katie was nearly out of sight
Before I hit the ground, sir.

Now that is all that I recall,
And I've grown tired of rhyming;
But let me say that Kate Morey
Still makes me think of climbing.

No. 948

KATIE'S ROMANCE

also known as

The Hawthorne Tree
Kate and Willie
Katie and Willie

Katie's Secret
Weeping Kate
Willie and Kate

Well-known throughout the United States during the 19th century, this song is thought by some to be of American

Oh, mother, to Jim I'm the dearest,
And I want to be at his side;
He told me he loved me last evening,
And I promised to be his bride.

No. 949

KATY CRUEL

also known as

Katie Cruel

The Roving Jewel

This popular "blue grass" song was imported from England prior to the American Revolution. We know it was used as a marching song by George Washington's troops.

REFERENCES

Edwards (CHSB), 70	Lomax (PB), 33
Flanders (VFSB), 123	Robinson (YF), 100-102
Linscott, 225	Scott (BA), 50-52
Lloyd, 14-15	Silverman, II, 352

Katy Cruel

When I first came to town,
They called me "the Roving Jewel;"
Now they've changed their tune,
And call me Katy Cruel.
Oh, dilly, dilly day,
Oh, delilleety oh day!

Oh, if I were where I would be,
Then would I be where I am not;
Here I am where I must be—
Where I would be, I am not*, etc.

origin. It was No. 4 in Wehman's Irish Song Book, p. 74, which could very well be an indication that the song originated in Great Britain. In the numerous versions I have seen the tune shows more variations than the text.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 215

Brown, II, 437

Hubbard, 139

Jackson (WSSU), 271

Pound, 198-200

Pound (SFSN), XIV, No. 13

Randolph, IV, 293-294

Stout, 69-70

Katie's Romance

Last night I was weeping along, mother,
Last night I was weeping alone;
The world was so dark and so dreary,
My heart grew as heavy as stone.

Jim Wilson came down to the gate, mother,
Jim Wilson came down to the gate;
He asked me to walk in the moonlight,
And whispered, "I'm fond of you, Kate."

We strolled for awhile in the moonlight,
Then stopped by that old white oak tree;
Oh! mother, I wonder if ever
A girl was as happy as me!

Now, mother, I'll gather red roses,
To twine in my long braided hair;
When Jimmy comes down in the evening,
He'll find me both willing and fair.

No. 950

THE KEACH IN THE CREEL

also known as

Bonnie May
The Covering Blue
The Creel

The Cunning Clerk
The Little Scotch
Girl

This song was apparently printed in Great Britain for the first time during the 1820s. As a fabliau, however, it dates back to at least the 14th century.

REFERENCES

Barry (BBM), 336-339	Ford (VSBS), 277
Bell (APBS), 75	Greig & Duncan, No. 317
Bruce, 82	Greig & Keith, 230-233
Buchan (ABS), I, 278-280	Kinloch (BB), 61
Cazden, II, 10-11	Kinloch MSS, I, 276
Child, V, 121-125, 424	Kinsley, 631-634
Coffin, 150-151	MacColl, 19
Dean-Smith, 82	Sedley, 20-22
Dixon (APBS), 112	Seeger (4), 116-118
Flanders, IV, 136-138	Stokoe, 22-23

The Keach in the Creel

A fair young maid went up the street,
To buy some fish to fry;
And the handsome clerk fell in love with her,
And he followed her by and by;
And he followed her by and by.

"Where do you live, my bonnie lass?
And let your words be true.
When the moon is up and the night is dark,
I will visit awhile with you." (2)

"My father locks our door at night,
My mother keeps the key;
Even tho' you are more than clever, sir,
You could not get inside to me." (2)

The clerk he had one true brother,
A clever man was he,
And he made him a long, long ladder,
Of some thirty steps and three. (2)

He made a cleek-but and a creel,
A creel-but and a pin;
Then he climbed up to the chimney-top,
And he let the handsome clerk in. (2)

The mother, who was not asleep,
Heard something that was said:
"I will bet my life," cried the mother then,
"There's a man in our daughter's bed!" (2)

The father he got out of bed,
To see if it were true;
But she took the handsome clerk in her arms,
And she covered him o'er with blue. (2)

"O what is wrong, father?" she said,
"O tell me, I entreat!
You have disturbed me in my evening prayers,
And oh! but they were sweet." (2)

"O, ill betide you, silly wife!
How foolish can you be?
She has the Holy Book in her arms,
And she's praying for you and me." (2)

The mother she got out of bed,
To see if it were true;

And the thing she saw gave her a fit,
And into the creel she flew. (2)

The man who was at the chimney-top,
He thought his friend was through,
And he wrapped the rope 'round his left
 shoulder,
Then fast to him he drew. (2)

He towed her up and he towed her down,
And twice he let her fall;
And every rib in the woman's side
Played nick-nack on the wall! (2)

Here's to the blue, bonny, bonny blue,
And we wish the blue does well,
While every woman jealous of her own daughter
Might fall into the creel! (2)

No. 951

THE KEEL ROW

also known as

As I Came Thro' Sandgate	O Weel May the Keel Row
Lightly May the Boat Row	Smiling Polly
Oh, Who is Like My Johnnie?	Through Sandgate
	Weel May the Keel Row

This song has been claimed by both the English and the Scots. According to Cole, the song first appeared in print about 1770. Chappell (OEPM) refers to Thompson's 200 Country Dances, II, p. 63—a work that was published in 1765—where he found it under the title Smiling Polly (see version B below). The word "keel" comes from

just below the Scottish border, along the Tyne River, where it means "boat" in that area's dialect. In some American versions, the line "weel may the keel row" reads "light may the boat row" (see version A below).

REFERENCES

Chappell (OEPM), II, 185
Chappell (PMOT), II, 721
Cole, 24-25

Johnson (FS), 428-429
Silverman, I, 361
Stokoe, 41-42
Wier (LS), 67

The Keel Row (Version A)

Oh, who is like my Johnnie, so handsome, blithe and
bonnie?

Foremost 'mong the many upon the River Tyne.

He'll set or row so tightly, or in the dance—so
sprightly—

He'll cut and shuffle sightly; 'tis true, were he
not mine.

Chorus

Light may the boat row, the boat row, the boat row,
Light may the boat row, that my Johnnie's in.

He has no more of learning than tells his weekly
earning;

Yet right from wrong discerning, and gentle as can be.
Tho' he's without a dollar, he doesn't kick or holler,
Now wear another's collar, and he's the man for me.

(Version B)

As I came thro' Sandgate, thro' Sandgate, thro' Sandgate,
As I came thro' Sandgate, I heard a lassie sing:

O weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
O weel may the keel row, that my laddie's in.

O wha's like my Johnny, sae leish, sae blithe, sae
bonny?

He's foremost among the mony Keel lads o' coaly Tyne;
He'll set and row so tightly, or in the dance— so
spritely—

He'll cut and shuffle sightly; 'tis true, were he not
mine.

He wears a blue bonnet, blue bonnet, blue bonnet,
He wears a blue bonnet—a dimple in his chin;
And weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
And weel may the keel row, that my laddie's in.

No. 952

THE KEEPER OF THE EDDYSTONE LIGHT

also known as

The Eddystone Light My Father Was the Keeper of the
Eddystone Light

An English song with little or no tradition in the
United States. Its popularity here rests almost entire-
ly upon professional performances, one of the more
notable being balladeer Burl Ives.

A parody, The Keeper of the London Zoo, transfers the
unusual sexual encounter from a mermaid to a kangaroo,
and begins:

My father was the keeper of the London Zoo,

And he slept one night with a kangaroo.

From this union there came three—

A wallaby and a wombat and the other was me.

The Keeper of the Eddystone Light was largely ignored

by the scholastic collectors, but it managed to survive anyhow.
vive

REFERENCES

Best, 44
Best, 21
Leisy, 205-206
Leisy, 17

Leisy (SPS), 172
Silber (HSB), 116
Silverman, II, 207

The Keeper of the Eddystone Light

My father was the keeper of the Eddystone Light;
He slept with a mermaid one fine night,
And from this union there came three:
A Porpoise and a Porgy, and the other was me!

Chorus

Yo ho ho, the wind blows free!
Oh, give me a life on the rolling sea!

One night while workin' at the trimin' of the glim,
I thought of my father, and my eyes grew dim.
A voice from starboard shouted, "Ahoy!"
And there was my mother a-sittin' on a buoy!

"Whatever happened to my children three?"
My dear mother did enquire of me.
"One was sold as a talking fish,
The other was served in a chafing dish!"

The phosphorus flashed in her seaweed hair;
When I looked again my mother wasn't there.
But her reply came ringing through the night:
"To hell with the keeper of the Eddystone Light!"

No. 953KEEP ME FROM SINKING DOWN

A spiritual of American slaves. It was one of the slave spirituals sung by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers.

REFERENCES

Dett, 288, app. xii	Marsh (SJS), 145
Johnson (BANS), 154-155	Pike, 185, 227
Jubilee (PS), 15	Work (ANSS), 54
	Work (FSAN), 50

Keep Me From Sinking Down

I tell you what I mean to do,
Keep me from sinking down;
I mean to go to Heaven too,
Keep me from sinking down.

Chorus

Oh, Lord! Oh, my Lord!
Oh, my good Lord!
Keep me from sinking down.

I look up yonder, and what do I see?
Keep me from sinking down!
I see the angels beckon me,
Keep me from sinking down!

O when I was a sinner just like you,
Keep me from sinking down;
I prayed and prayed till I got through,
Keep me from sinking down.

I praise Lord Jesus, and when I die,
Keep me from sinking down!
I'll live in Heaven, by and by,
Keep me from sinking down!

No. 954

KEEP YOUR HANDS ON THE PLOW
also known as

Hold On, Hold On Keep Your Hand On the Gospel Plow

This is a "campground" religious song, or "white spiritual", from the early half of the 19th century.
For a political parody, see Lomax (USA), 377.

REFERENCES

Lomax (OSC), 44-45

Scott (FSS), 20

Lomax (USA), 376

Sharp, II, 292

White, 115

Keep Your Hands On the Plow

One of these days about four o'clock,
This old world's gonna reel and rock!

Chorus

Keep your hand, keep your hand on the plow!
Hold on, hold on, hold on, keep your hand,
Keep your hand on the plow, hold on.

One of these days, tho' I don't know when,
This old world's gonna be a has-been!

Go away, Satan, and let me be!
You fooled my brother but you can't fool me!

Goin' straight to heaven, ain't gonna stop;
I'm gonna climb every stumblin' block!

Now when I'm gone, don't you weep for me;
Just tell old Satan that from him I'm free!

No. 955KEEP YOUR LAMPS TRIMMED AND BURNING

Pre-Civil War spiritual that was sung by slaves and, later, popularized by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers.

REFERENCES

Marsh (SJS), 190 Pike, 272 Silverman, II, 87

Keep Your Lamps Trimmed and Burning

Brothers, don't grow weary,
Brothers, don't grow weary,
Brothers, don't grow weary,
For this work's almost done.

Chorus

Keep your lamps trimmed and burning,
Keep your lamps trimmed and burning,
Keep your lamps trimmed and burning,
For this work's almost done.

It's religion makes me happy, (3)
For this work's almost done.

We are climbing Jacob's ladder, (3)
For this work's almost done.

No. 956

KENNY WAGNER

and

Kenny Wagner's Surrender

Here we have two songs about Kenny Wagner, a Mississippi criminal and murderer who, according to Burt "was once a trick-shot artist in a circus." According to Hudson (FSM),

Wagner shot and killed Sheriff McIntosh of Greene County, Mississippi, while escaping from the state penitentiary; he got to Arkansas, killed another officer and was apprehended by a woman sheriff. Wagner served a life sentence. Version B is a different song, but is given here because it is the same story told in the first person.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| Brown, II, 566-567; | Hudson (FSM), 243-246 |
| IV, 285 | Laws (AB), E 7 |
| Burt, 216-217 | Morris, 90-91 |
| Burton & Manning, 67, 83 | Roberts (IP), 126-128 |

Kenny Wagner

(Version A)

It was down in Mississippi
Not many years ago,
A young man started out to live
A life of sin and woe.
Now Kenny Wagner was his name,
A bandit bold and free;
He shot down Sheriff McIntosh
And fled to Tennessee.

He was captured up in Tennessee
And locked up in their jail;
He had no one to help him out,
No one to stand his bail.
But Kenny broke from jail one night,
And made his get away;
He thought that he could go thro' life
And never have to pay.

It was out in Texarkana
That Kenny met his fate;
A woman sheriff called his hand,
And he pulled his gun too late.

Well, they took him back for trial,
Back where the crime was done;
The Judge to Kenny Wagner said,
"No more you'll pull the gun!"

When Kenny Wagner broke the law,
He threw his life away,
And now behind these prison bars
He's locked till judgment day.
Young men, take fair warning now,
And heed this kid advice:
Don't break the laws of God or man,
For you will pay the price!

Version B

(Kenny Wagner's Surrender)

I'm sure you've heard my story
From the Kenny Wagner song—
How 'twas down in Mississippi
That I took the road that's wrong.

'Twas down in Mississippi
That I murdered my first man,
When the sheriff there at Leachville
For justice took his stand.

Then I fled from Mississippi
To the state of Tennessee,
Where two men went down before me
Lest I lose my liberty.

Well, I traveled thro' the country,
But I never could find rest
'Till I went to Texarkana,
Away out in the West.

Once more I started drinking,
And again I pulled my gun;
And within a single moment,
The deadly work was done.

The sheriff there was a woman,
But she got the drop on me;
I quit the game, surrendered,
And gave up my liberty.

Now I'm back in Mississippi,
And I soon shall know my state;
For I'll soon face judge and jury,
But I do not dread my fate.

Young men, young men, take warning,
And heed my last advice:
If you start the game in life wrong,
You must surely pay the price!

No. 957

THE KICKING MULE I
also known as

Simon Slick Simon Slick's Mule Whoa, Mule, Whoa!

Although the A and B texts given below are two distinct songs, they are given together here due to their semi-fusion as they made their ways from area to area. Lines of one were incorporated into the other, or perhaps, as Brown believed, both are a form of Liza Jane (see in MB) and thus developed their similarities. There are so many variations involved that specific claims must be regarded as questionable, if not suspiciously.

REFERENCES

Brewster (BSI), 335-336
Brown, III, 567-568; V,
328
Ford (TMA), 295, 440
Henry (FSSH), 430-433
Hubbard, 347, 349
Jour (AFL), XXIV, 373
Lomax (FSNA), 441-442

Morris, 190-191
Odum (NHS), 237-238
Scarborough (NFS), 186
Seeger (3), 62-63
Shellans, 76-77
Talley, 47-48
White, 157, 227-229
Yolen, 34-35

The Kicking Mule I (Version A)

Whoa, mule! Whoa, mule, I tell you!
Whoa, mule, I say!
Tied a slip-knot in his tail
And his head slipped thro' the collar!
Lordy, Lord! that dange mule
Ain't worth a single dollar!
Lordy, Lord! come save us!
Whoa, mule, I say!

Chorus

Whoa, mule, I tell you!
Whoa, mule, I say!
Ain't got time to kiss you now,
But don't you run away!

Whoa, mule! Whoa, mule, I tell you!
Whoa, mule, I say!
Drove that mule from here to town,
And he danged near wrecked the wagon!
Lordy, Lord! O save us!
Hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw!
Lordy, Lord! come save us!
Whoa, mule, I say!

Version B

Oh! once I knew a farmer,
His name was Simon Slick;
He had a mule with dreamy eyes,
But how that mule could kick!
He'd shut one eye and swish his tail,
And greet you with a smile;
He'd gently telegraph his leg,
And raise you half a mile.

Chorus

Whoa, mule, whoa! Don't you roll them eyes!
You can change a fool but a dog-gone mule
Is a fool until he dies!

He kicked just like the devil;
He pulverized a dog,
And killed sixteen lumberjacks
And one old freckled hog.
He kicked the feathers from a goose,
And then he reared right back
And stopped the midnight railroad train,
And kicked it off the track!

He stopped the Big Ben riverboat
And kicked it out of sight;
He kicked the Main street hotel down—
And that was just last night.
The people with their nightgowns on,
They watched and held their breath
As he stuck his hind leg down his throat
And kicked himself to death!

No. 958

THE KICKING MULE II

also known as

Johnson's Mule

The Old Gray Mule

This "mule" song was popularized on the minstrel stage. Now it is a staple item in "country music" and is frequently heard at square dances as an instrumental piece.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 566-567;
V, 327

Gardner (BSSM), 447
Pound, 213-214

The Kicking Mule II

Clem Johnson had an old gray mule,
And he drove him to a cart;
He loved that mule, and the mule loved him
With all his mulish heart.
When the rooster crowed Clem Johnson knowed
That dawn was ready to break;
He combed that mule with a wagon wheel
And he rubbed him down with a rake.

Chorus

O, you could hear him sing
Hee-haw-hee haw-hee haw-hee
Haw-hee haw-hee haw haw haw,
And you could hear him sing.

He fed that mule on old boot tops
And bits of yellow clay,
Some shavings and some wooden pegs,
Instead of oats and hay.
And the mule would chaw with his iron jaw
On a piece of dirty sock,

And he'd wink his eye if he had some pie,
And his mouth chuck full of rock.

That mule could kick like a ton of brick;
Both hind legs were loose,
And he flung them back at a big lipped Jack,
And he mashed his royal snoot.
Ol' Jack he thought that he'd been caught
In an awful big cyclone,
And you bet he wished that he had let
That old gray mule alone.

No. 959

KICKING MY DOG AROUND

also known as

Hound Dawg Song
Hound Dog

You Gotta Quite Kickin'
 My Dog Around

Whatever its age, we know that the tune is older than the words of this song. The tune is clearly a reworking of an old dance-and-fiddle air, Sandy Land (see in MB).

A sheet music version credited to Webb M. Oungst and Cy Perkins was published by M. Whitmark & Sons, New York, N.Y., in 1912, but it is quite easy to prove that the song is much older than the Whitmark copyright. According to Masterson, for example, the song was known as far back as 1890. I saw one claim (unsupported) that the song was sung by Daniel Boone, who died in 1820. Randolph says the song was popular in the Ozarks in 1912, "when Champ Clark of Missouri was running for President." It was, in fact, a presidential campaign song for Clark and his followers.

REFERENCES

Allsopp, II, 196-197
Lomax (FSNA), 311
Randolph, III, 278-279

Richardson (AMS), 80-81
Scarborough (NFS), 187
Thede, 81

Kicking My Dog Around

I got a little dog named Jim—
He's fond of me and I'm fond of him;
But every time I go to town,
The boys start kickin' my dog around

Now he's my friend, a good one too;
He don't tell lies like people do.
I don't care if he is a hound,
They gotta quit kickin' my dog around!

I went down town to buy some meat
And left ol' Jim out on the street;
Then I heard a wailin' sound,
And there they were, kickin' my dog around!

Now every time I go to town,
The boys all kick my dog around;
It don't matter if he's a hound,
They gotta quit kickin' my dog around!

No. 960

KILLICRANKIE

also known as

The Braes o' Killicrankie

Creel-My-Crankie
Crinkely, Cronkely
Crinny My Cranky
Dancing on a Sheepskin

Kila Ma Cranky
Kilamakrankie
Killy Cranky
Kilmacrankie

The original song was a poem by Robert Burns that was set to music. It became known as a "Jacobite" song, but in the United States it eventually became a game song with many variations, such as in the following:

Consolation flowing free,
Consolation flowing free,
Consolation flowing free,
Come and go along with me.

Kila ma cranky, here we go,
Kila ma cranky, here we go,
From my heel unto my toe,
Kila ma cranky, here we go.

OR

If you have been where I have been
And have seen the sights that I have seen,
Four-and-twenty Irishmen
All dancing on a sheepskin.

OR

Killy Cranky is my song,
Sing and dance it all day long;
From my wrist down to my knee,
Now we'll wind the grape-vine tree.

For various "game" versions of the song recovered in the United States, consult the reference list below. A version of the original, which still circulates in print, is given here in recognition of its status as a "source song."

REFERENCES

Botkin (APPS), 225-226
Brander, 183-184
Gardner (SPPG), 95
Hamilton, 297
Hogg, 40
Hudson (FSM), 170

Hudson (SC), 37
Macquoid, 40-41
Piper (SPPG), 272-273
Ritchie (FS), 10
Ritchie (SFS), 121
Van Doren, 489
Wolford, 61

Killicrankie

Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Whare hae ye been sae brankie, O?
Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Came ye by Killicrankie, O?
An ye had been where I have been,
Ye wad-na been sae cantie,* O;
An ye had seen what I hae seen,
I' the braes o' Killicrankie, O.

I faught at land, I faught at sea,
At hame I faught my auntie, O;
But I met the devil and Dundee
On the braes o' Killicrankie, O.
An ye had been, etc.

No. 961

KING ARTHUR

also known as

Good King Arthur

When Good King Arthur Ruled This
Land

An old nursery song from England. It appears in song-books produced for children. See Bertail, 100; Moorat, 24; and Wier (YAM), I, 107. For an unrelated song sometimes known under the same title, see Three Roguish Chaps (in this MB).

King Arthur

When good king Arthur ruled this land
He was a goodly king;
He stole three pecks of barley meal,
To make a bag pudding.

A bag of pudding the Queen did make,
 And stuffed it well with plums;
 And in it put great lumps of fat
 As big as my two thumbs.

The King and Queen did eat thereof,
 And noblemen beside;
 And what they could not eat that night,
 The Queen next morning fried.

No. 962

KING HENRY'S TRIBUTE

also known as

The Fency King and the English	Henry's Tribute
King	King Henry the Fifth's
Henry V and the King of France	Conquest of France
Henry V's Conquest of France	The Tennis Balls

This song is descended from an old English broadside of the 18th century. Child tells us, however, that the song "may represent an older ballad," date no "earlier than the accession of George I., 1714."

The text is concerned with events relative to the Battle of Agincourt, which was fought Oct. 25, 1415. The parallel to the ancient tale of Alexander the Great and Darius, the Persian King, is obvious. Darius wrote to Alexander as if writing to a boy, and set, among other gifts, a ball for him to play with. Alexander, making reply, turned the tables upon his enemy by his clever interpretation of the insulting gifts.

As between Henry V and the Dolphin of France, however, the age differences were reversed: Henry was eight years older than the Dolphin, who was only nineteen at the time.

And yet there is no need for serious concern—the story told in this text has no factual basis.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|--|--------------------------|
| Baring-Gould (EFSS), 30-31 | Flanders (CSV), 36-37 |
| Bulletin (FSSN), II, 5-6;
IV, 10-11 | Flanders (NGMS), 192-195 |
| Buchan MSS, I, 176; II, 124 | Hales, II, 597 |
| Child, III, 320-326; V, 420 | Henry (FSSH), 106-109 |
| Coffin, 113 | Jewitt, 1 |
| Dixon (APBS), 52 | Jour (AFL), XLV, 17-21 |
| Ebsworth (RB), III, 358 | Leach (BB), 463-466 |
| Flanders, III, 145-148 | Niles (BB), 264-269 |
| | Wells, 43-44 |

King Henry's Tribute

A king was sitting on his throne,
And on his throne was sitting he;
He bethought himself of a tribute due,
Been due in France for many years.

He called for his little page,
His little page then called he,
Saying, "You must go to the King of France,
To the King of France, now go speedily."

And then rode away this little page,
This little page then away rode he;
And when he came to the King of France,
He fell down low on his bended knee.

"My master greets you, worthy sir;
Ten ton of gold that is due to he,
And you will send him his tribute, sir,
Or in your land you soon will him see."

"Your master's young, of tender years,
Unfit to come into my degree,

And I will send him three tennis balls,
That he may learn to play through me."

O then returned this little page,
This little page then returned he;
And when he came to his gracious King,
He fell down low on his bended knee.

"He says you're young, of tender years,
From wisdom, Sire, too far away;
And he has sent you three tennis balls,
That with them you may learn to play."

He then marched into the French land,
with drums and trumpers so merrily;
And then bespoke the King of France,
"Lo! yonder comes proud King Henry."

The first shot that the French King gave,
They killed Englishmen so free;
Then Henry killed ten thousand French,
The rest of them then did flee.

Then he marched to the Paris gates,
With drums and trumpets so merrily;
And then bespoke the King of France,
"Oh, mercy for my men and me.

"I will send Henry's tribute home,
Ten ton of gold that is due to he;
The finest flower that is in all France,
To Rose of England I give free."

No. 963

KING JOHN AND THE BISHOP

also known as

The Bishop of Canterbury
 The Bishop of Canterbury
 and King John

The King and the Bishop
 King John and the Abbot
 The King's Three Questions

The theme of this song's story is not new. The matter of a king, prince, general, or some other important official testing other persons with riddles and difficult questions is as ancient as history itself. Such tales abound in the folklore of all peoples, and are even found in the Bible, beginning with Samson's riddle. In this ballad we find a later version of an ancient and well-known tale.

Child 45 B is a broadside text published by P. Brooksby, who was in business from 1672-to-1695. American versions show only minor variations in the story line, which suggests a very narrow oral tradition. A variation of the tune was used for two American songs, Blue Mountain Lake and The Little Brown Bulls (see both in MB).

REFERENCES

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| Barry (BBM), 445 | Gardner (BSSM), 379 |
| Barry (FMA), 2 | Hubbard, 10-12 |
| Child, I, 403-414 | Leach (BB), 154-158 |
| Coffin, 58-59 | Niles (BB), 109-112 |
| Flanders, I, 280-298 | Percy (RAEP), II, 303-312 |
| Flanders (BMNE), 111-112 | Quiller-Couch, 849-853 |
| Flanders (VFSB), 200-203 | Smith (AA), 8. |

King John and the Bishop

England's King John was a noble old king,
 And he often did wrong for the fun of the thing;
 And one morning early, while feeling quite merry,
 He summoned the Bishop of Canterbury.

"Morning, Abbot. It has come to my eye,
That you keep a far nicer house than do I;
But if you can't answer my questions three,
Your head shall be taken from your body.

"While I'm set so high, and so nobly bred,
With my crown of gold upon my head,
Amidst nobility, with joy and much mirth,
Right to the penny say what I am worth.

"And the next question you dare not flout:
How long shall I be riding the world about?
The third question, sir, thou must not shrink
Is tell to me truly what I do think."

"These are hard questions for my shallow wit,
And I require time to think upon it;
If you will give to me three days space,
I shall endeavor to answer your grace."

As an old shepherd went out to his fold,
He saw the old Bishop and spoke to him bold:
"Good morning, Abbot. What news do you bring?
And how did you leave our noble old king?"

"Sad news, shepherd, I have thee to give;
I have but three days space in which to live.
Unless I can answer his questions three,
My head he will take from my body."

"O Bishop, have you never heard it yet,
That a fool may learn a wise man's wit?
Lend me your horse and your fine apparel,
I'll see the old king and answer his quarrel."

Now the shepherd wears the Bishop's gold ring,
And stands to answer in front of the king;

And if he fails to answer each question right,
His head will be taken from him that night.

"Your first question, Sire, concerns your estate.
My answer to it determines my fate:
With all your nobility, your joy and mirth,
I must to the penny surmise your worth.

"For thirty gold pieces the Saviour was sold
Among the false Jews, as we have been told;
Twenty-nine pieces is your grace's due,
For Jesus is worth a piece more than you.

"The second question, without the least doubt,
Is how long you'll be riding the world about:
You'll rise with the sun, and, if you keep pace,
In twenty-four hours you'll end your race.

"The last question is one I can't shrink,
For I am to tell you just what you think.
That I shall do, and please your heart very:
You think I'm the Bishop of Canterbury!"

No. 964

THE KING OF FRANCE

Nursery and game song. For other versions, see Bancroft,
355-356; Bertail, 120; and Forbush, 60-61.

The King of France

The King of France,
With forty thousand men,
Marched up the hill
And then marched down again.

No. 965

KING OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS

Source song. The tune of this song has been used for several songs, including Gold Seeker XIX in this Master Book and King of the Tuscaroras in John Brougham's play, Po-Ca-Hon-Tas, or The Gentle Savage. For a version of the latter, see Vernon, 156-157.

For complete text of this song, see Songster (10), 230.
A dance version is in Ryan, 84.

King of the Cannibal Islands

Oh! have you heard the news of late,
About a mighty king so great?
If you have not, 'tis in my pate.
The king of the Cannibal Islands
He was so tall, nearly six feet six;
He had a head like Mister Nick's,
His palace was like dirty Dick's;
'Twas built of mud, for want of brick,
And his name was Poonoowinkewang
Flibeedee flobeedee buskeebang.
And a lot of Indians swore they would hang,
Hokee, pokee, wongee, fum,
Putte, po, pee, kabula, cum,
Tongeree, wongree, ching, ring wum,—
The king of the Cannibal Islands.

This mighty king had in one hut
Seventy wives as black as soot,
And thirty of a double smut,—
The king of the Cannibal Islands.
So just one hundred wives he had,
And every week he was a dad,—
Upon my word it was too bad,
For his smutty dears soon drove him mad.
There was Hunkee, Munkee, short and tall,
With Tuzzee, Muzzee, and Keako Pall,

And some of them sore they would hall all
The king of the Cannibal Islands.

No. 966

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

also known as

The Little Woman

The Old Woman Who Went to Market

There Was a Little Woman

An old nursery piece. According to Linscott, the song came "originally from Ulster, in the north of Ireland" and is related to the Wee Wifie Kee. In Gems of English Song, published at Boston by Ditson, 1875, the words are credited to F. F. Weatherly, the music to J. L. Molloy.

REFERENCES

Bertail, 64

Moore (BFSS), 227-228

Linscott, 258-259

Wier (YAM), I, 86

The King's Highway

There was an old woman, and I've heard tell,
Fol-lol, riddle dee all dol,
She went to market her eggs for to sell,
Fol-lol, riddle dee all dol.
She went to market one fine market day,
And she fell asleep trav'lin' on the King's Highway.
Fol dee rol dee rol rol, lol, lol, lol,
Fol-lol riddle dee all dol!

Along came a peddler by the name of Stout, etc.
He cut her petticoats all round about, etc.
He cut her petticoats above her knees,
And left her there all alone to freeze,
Fol dee rol dee rol rol, lol, lol, lol,
Fol-lol riddle dee all dol!

OF No. 967THE KING'S LAND

The King's Land is a New England game song. Linscott indicated a possible relationship to an ancient English game, The King of Cantland (see Gomme, I, 300). A Similar game is played in America to How Many Miles to Babylon?, which is given elsewhere in this Master Book.

For other versions of this song, see McIntosh (FSSG), 90 and Linscott, 30-31.

The King's Land

I'm on the king's land,
The king's not at home!
The king's gone to London,
To buy his wife a comb.

Here come the king's men,
To chase us away;
So we'll play the game, boys,
And teach them how to play.

If we are captured,
Appeal to the throne,
And beg his forgiveness,
But never to atone.

No. 968

KING WILLIAM

also known as

King and Queen	King William Was King James'
King Arthur Was King	<u>or</u> King Jamie's Son
William's Son	Prince Charles He is King
King Charles He Was King	James' Son
James' Son	Prince Charlie Was King
King William Was King	James' Son
David's Son	Prince William

A game song derived from an ancient tale that became a song. Origin is debatable. Gomme, I, 303, says: "In this game we have preserved one of the ceremonies of a now obsolete marriage custom—namely, the disguising of the bride and placing her among the bridesmaids and other young girls, all having veils or other coverings alike over their heads and bodies. The bridegroom has to select from among these maidens the girl whom he wished to marry, or whom he had already married, for until this was done he was not allowed to depart with his bride." It is quite possible that the wearing of a "bridal veil" in our day came from this custom.

For a similar piece, see Kneel on This Carpet in Talley, 82.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Ames (MPP), 313 | Collins, 20 |
| Arnold, 133 | Flanders (VFSB), 188-189 |
| Babcock, 247-248 | Ford (TMA), 255-256 |
| Ball, 10-11 | Gardner (FSH), 244-245 |
| Botkin (APPS), 226-227 | Gardner (SPPG), 107-109 |
| Brown, I, 113-117; V,
523-524 | Gomme, I, 302-304; II,
67-77 |
| Champlin, 447 | Hamilton, 295 |

Henry (FSSH), 406	Morris, 222-223
Hofer (CSG), 30	Northall, 372-373
Hudson (BSM), 191	Pound (TBN), 355-356
Hudson (FSM), 289-290	Puckett, 55
Jour (AFL), XIV; 299;	Quarterly (SFL), VI, 216-220
XXXI, 50, 131; XLII,	Randolph, III, 344-349
226; XLIV, 10	Randolph (OPP), 226-227
Korson (PSL), 57	Spenney, 111
Lomax (OSC), 65-66	Van Doren, 493-494
Maclagen, 58-59	Whitney & Bullock, 146
Mahan, 57-58	Wolford, 62-64
McDowell (FDT), 66-67	

King William(Version A)

King William was King George's son,
And all the royal race he run;
Upon his breast he wore a star,
And it was called the sign of war.

My lady will you list and go?
My lady will you list and go?
The broad-brimmed hat you must put on,
And follow to the fife and drum.

Go choose you East, go choose you West,
Go choose the one you love the best;
If he's not here to take your part,
Go choose another for your heart.

VERSION B

(Randolph, I, 429, gives a version of this piece as part of the Jacobite song, The White Cockade, but he recognized its relationship to version A above.)

Prince Charles he is King James' son,
And from a royal line he sprung;
So up with a shout and out with the blade,
We'll raise once more the white cockade.

The royal bird, our prince, is gone,
A stranger holds his rightful throne;
But up with a shout and out with the blade,
We'll stand or fall with the white cockade.

No. 969

KING WILLIAM AND KING JAMES

also known as

The Battle of Boyne Water	King James' Defeat at Boyne
The Battle of the Boyne	King William the Third
Boyne Water	William of Orange

This is one of several songs dealing with the historical battle at the Boyne River, and many of the songs share several common titles. William III of England defeated the forces of deposed James II in battle, July 1, 1690, at the Boyne River. For examples of the other songs celebrating that battle, see the one in Moore (BFSS), 151-152, which begins:

William leads on like a Protestant hero,
While James shrinks away from the Hill of
Dunmore,
Frightened to death by the lillibullero
That conquered the bays on the opposite shore.

And see the one in both Colum, 583-584 and Moffat (MI), 128-129, which begins:

July the first, in Oldbridge Town
There was a grievous battle,
Where many a man lay on the ground
By cannons that did rattle.

The song below has a narrow and limited tradition in the United States, but it has been recovered from oral sources in Indiana, Oklahoma and Pennsylvania.

REFERENCES

Brewster (BSI), 314-314

Korson (PSL), 47-48

Moore (BFSS), 152-155

King William and King James

Old King James made a vow,
Let him keep it if he can;
He swore he'd be in London Town,
To meet King William's whole army,
To meet King Willian's whole army.

King William rode on his milk-white stee,
Saying, "Gentlemen, now ain't this a pity?
For many a valiant man will be slain this day
Throughout King James' whole army, etc."

James rode up to the river bank,
Where his horse began to fall;
He pulled his mount to the heavy side,
And his soldiers heard his call, etc.

"Fight on! and do not fear,
But count my loss as only one;
Should I by chance fall in battle, boys,
Your king would be my own song, etc."

Mad King James made them brave,
And each decided he'd not yield;

The drums did beat, the fifes did play,
And King James died on the battlefield, etc.

Good King William sat his steed,
And called for their attention:
"Let us be good friends forevermore
And quit this mad contention, etc."

Both the drums and fifes were heard,
And they took themselves from battle;
And every man there, despite his rank,
Was glad to leave Boyne waters, etc.

No. 970

THE KISSING SONG I

also known as

How to Kiss Your Girl	When a Man Falls in Love
When a Fellow Falls in Love	With a Little Turtle Dove
	A Young Man's Love

This song dates from the final quarter of the 19th century, and it has all the earmarks of a professionally composed piece. I haven't been able to pin-point either author or composer, or date of publication, but this does not mean that the song was otherwise produced. It does not seem to be related to any of the other songs of like title, such as the Kissing Song in Talley, 82 and The Kissing Song II given in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Hubbard, 168-169
Loesser, 44-45

Randolph, III, 83-86
Thomas (DD), 140-142

The Kissing Song I

When a man falls in love with a turtle dove,
He will fumble all around her under jaw;
He will kiss her for her mother, her sister and brother
brother,

Till her daddy comes and kicks him thro' the door,
Draws a pistol from his pocket,
Pulls the hammer back to cock it,
And vows to blow out his giddy brains!
Oh, his sweetie says he mustn't;
Tain't loaded and he doesn't—
They're kissing one another quick, again.

Now the old maids they love it and widows ain't
above it,
For they've all got a finger in the pie.
Some girls they are so haughty, and they say it's
very naughty,
But you bet your life they'll do it on the sly.
It will make a fellow shiver,
Make him want to jump the river,
But they'll stick as tight as granulated glue.
Don't you ever dare to tell her
You're some other girl's feller,
For she'll masticate your smeller if you do!

When a girl is seventeen she thinks it very mean
If she cannot catch on something for a mash;
She will pucker up her mouth in a cunning little
pout,
And fumble under his big mustache.
If you want to kiss her sweetly,
Kiss her neatly and completely,
If you want to kiss and make the kissing nice,
When you get a chance to kiss her,
Make a dodge or two and miss her—
Then sock her on the kisser once or twice!

No. 971

THE KISSING SONG II

also known as

He Kept A-Kissing On
I Kept On

She Gave Him Kisses Three
We Kept Kissing On

I have seen only two versions of this song in published folk collections, and these were "cleaned-up" versions. There are several vulgar versions in circulation, one of which I learned at age nine (1927) in North Carolina. The "vulgar" texts in circulation is probably why the song is omitted from so many collections.

See Brown, III, 368-369; V, 224 and Randolph, III, 89-91.

The Kissing Song II

I gave her kisses one, kisses one,
I gave her kisses one, kisses one,
I gave her kisses one
And she said, "Oh my! it's fun!"
So we kept on kissing on, kissing on!

I gave her kisses two, kisses two, etc.
And she said it was too few! etc.

I gave her kisses three, kisses three, etc.
And she gave 'em back to me! etc.

I gave her kisses four, kisses four, etc.
And she said she wanted more! etc.

I gave her kisses five, kisses five, etc.
And she really came alive! etc.

I gave her kisses six, kisses six, etc.
And she started doing tricks! etc.

I gave her kisses seven, kisses seven, etc.
And she said, "O Lord! it's heaven!" etc.

I gave her kisses eight, kisses eight, etc.
And she said, "O Lord! it's great!" etc.

I gave her kisses nine, kisses nine, etc.
And she promised to be mine! etc.

I gave her kisses ten, kisses ten, etc.
And she said, "Let's start again!" etc.

No. 972

KITTY ALONE AND I

also known as

The Bed-Time Song

Kitty Alone

This children's song takes its title from the old Kitty Alone and I refrain found in several older songs, such as some forms of The Frog and the Mouse and Frog in the Well (see both in MB). American texts vary considerably from those recovered in England. Baring-Gould (GCS), 30-31 has a version which begins:

If as of old in Noah's flood,
Crock-a-my daisy, Kitty alone,
The world were lost, an ark of wood—
Kitty alone and I,
Would serve for home, and naught I'd care,
Having no beasts our ark to share;
Merrily I'd sail with Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.

In Baring-Gould (EFSS), 90-99, we find the same text as part of The Frog and the Mouse.

For additional versions of the song below, see Brown, III, 149; V, 81; Winn (1), 28-29; and Wyman (LT), 22-24.

Kitty Alone and I

Saw a crow a-flying low,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,
Saw a crow a-flying low,
Kitty alone and I.
Saw a crow a-flying low,
And a cat a-spinning tow,
Kitty alone and I,
Rock-a-ma-ree-a-rye.

Buzzing came the little bee,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,
Buzzing came the little bee,
Kitty alone and I.
Buzzing came the little bee,
With some honey on his knee,
Kitty alone and I, etc.

Next I saw a little flea,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,
Next I saw a little flea,
Kitty alone and I.
Next I saw a little flea
With a fiddle on his knee,
Kitty alone and I, etc.

Then there came a little rat,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,
Then there came a little rat,
Kitty alone and I.
Then there came a little rat,
And he shook hands with the cat,
Kitty alone and I, etc.

No. 973

KITTY CLYDE

also known as

Katie Clyde

Katy Clyde

Here we have a folk version of a one-time popular literary song; it dates from the 1850s. I have in my possession a sheet copy published by Russell & Richardson, 291 Washington St., Boston, Mass., and the copyright notice reads 1853. Both words and music are credited to L. V. H. Crosby. There is also a version in Ditson (SSB-1860), 6. This song is not related to Kitty Kline (see No. 975 in MB), although some collectors have so indicated.

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Gardner (FSH), 217-218	Shoemaker (NPM), 114
	Silber (HSB), 100

Kitty Clyde

O who doesn't know Kitty Clyde?
She lives at the foot of the hill,
By the shady nook of some old babbling brook,
That runs by her dear old father's mill.

Chorus

O how I dearly love you, Kitty Clyde!
You're the one I always will adore!
Nothing on this earth can change my mind—
O every day I love you more and more!

O who doesn't love Kitty Clyde?
That sweet sunny-eyed little lass,

With dimpled chin and roguish as sin,
And always a smile as you pass.

She has a basket for her fish,
Goes forth with line and hook;
A fine lass as she trods the grass
Straight down to the clear running brook.

She throws her line into the stream
And tries it along the river-side;
O how I wish I was a fish,
To be caught by sweet Kitty Clyde!

No. 974

KITTY KLINE

also known as

Free As a Bird	Katie Cline
Free Little Bird	Katie Kline
I'm As Free a Little Bird	Katy Cline
As I can Be	Katy Kline
I'm As Free As a Little	Pretty Little Bird
Bird Can Be	Take Me Home To My Mommer

This song is difficult to trace, which probably explains why some collectors have indicated a derivative-type relationship between it and the preceding song, Kitty Clyde. There are many versions with differences in texts, some so different that identification is made difficult. Sometimes, in fact, the name of Kitty Kline is not even mentioned in the text. What ties them all together is the appearance of specific expressions, such as the "free as a bird" and the "take me home" lines. Unfortunately, these lines are also combined sometimes with elements from The Lass of Roch Royal (see in MB), usually the

"who's gonna glove your hand" and "who will shoe your feet" lines. For examples of such combinations, see: Brown, III, 293-297 & V, 175-179; Jour (AFL), XXII, 240-241, XLVI, 49; Perrow, XXVI, 134; Seeger (1), 120; Shellans, 24; and Silverman, II, 152. Also see: Fuson, 130.

Kitty Kline

Take me home to my Mommer, Kitty Kline!
Take me home to my Mommer, Kitty Kline!
When the stars shine bright,
And the moon gives light,
Take me home to my Mommer, take me home.

I'm as free as a little bird can be, (2)
And I'll build my nest
On sweet Kitty's breast—
Take me home to my Mommer, take me home.

O tell me that you love me, Kitty Kline, (2)
You're the one I love,
You're my turtle dove—
Take me home to my Mommer, take me home.

O I cannot stay here all by myself, (2)
When the stars come out,
You will hear me shout:
Take me home to my Mommer, take me home.

Who is going to shoe your little feet? (2)
Who will kiss your lips,
And your finger-tips?
Take me home to my Mommer, take me home.

No. 975

KITTY WELLS

also known as

Katy Wells

Sweet Kitty Wells

This began as a minstrel-stage song during the Civil War years, when "Negro dialect" songs were very "in." The words are credited to Thomas Sloan, Jr. on a De Marsan broadside (List 6, No. 32), and the song was copyrighted in 1861. The music, according to Staton, was composed by T. Brigham Bishop, but Wilder credits it to Charles E. Atherton.

Early versions were published in Europe as well as in the United States. See: American Popular Songs (H. A. Franz, Berlin, 1867), p. 31; The "Blonde" of the Period Songster (1869), p. 41; The Captain Jinks, of the Horse Marines, Songster (1868), p. 44; Dan Bryant's Shoo Fly Songster (1869), p. 41; Partridge broadside (Boston), No. 540; and Gus Williams' Old-Fashioned G. A. R. Camp-Fire Songster, p. 7.

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273-276 | Owens (TFS), 146-147 |
| Cox (FSS), 395 | Pound, 202 |
| De Marsan (SJ), I, 28 | Pound (SFSN), XXIII, No. 13 |
| Henry (FSSH), 414-415 | Shearin (SKFS), 22 |
| Henry (SSSA), 185-186 | Shoemaker (MMP), 141 |
| Hubbard, 128-129 | Shoemaker (NPM), 135 |
| Jour (AFL), XLIV, 79;
XLVI, 47 | Songster (119), I, 38 |
| | Staton, 53 |
| | Stout, 80-83 |
| | Wilder, 132-134 |
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Kitty Wells

You ask what makes this darky weep,
Why he like others is not gay,
What makes the tears roll down his cheek
From early dawn to close of day?
My story, darkies, you shall hear,
For in my mem'ry fresh it dwells;
It will cause you all to drop a tear
On the grave of my sweet Kitty Wells.

Chorus

While the birds are singing on the morning,
And the myrtle and the Ivies were in bloom,
And the sun on the hill-tops were a-dawning,
It was there we laid her in the tomb.

I never shall forget the day
That we together roamed the dells;
I kissed her cheek and named the day
That I would marry Kitty Wells.
But death came to my cabin door
And took from me my joy and pride;
And when I found she was no more,
I laid my banjo down and cried.

I ofttimes wish that I was dead
And laid beside her in the tomb;
The sorrow that bows down my head
Is silent in the midnight gloom.
The springtime has no charm for me,
Tho' flowers are a-blooming in the dells;
For there's one bright form I do not see,
'Tis the form of my sweet Kitty Wells.

No. 976

KNIGHTS A-RIDING

also known as

The Duke	Ranchy Tanchy Teen
Duke A-Riding	Raz-ma-taz-a-ma-tee
The Duke of Riddeo, or	Ten Jews Arriving
Rideo	Three Brothers Come from
Dukes of York and Lancaster	Spain
Here Comes a Duke	Three Dukes
Here Comes a Young Man	Three Farmers
Courting	Three Jews from Spain
Here Comes Four Dukes A-	Three Kings
Riding, or A-Roving	Three Knights A-Riding
Here Comes One Duke A-Riding	Three Knights from Spain
Here Comes Two Dukes A-	Three Sailors
Roving	Three Soldiers
Here Come Three Dukes A-	Two Dukes A-Riding, <u>or</u>
Riding	A-Roving
Here Come Three Knights, <u>or</u>	We Are Three Brethren Out
Three Merchants A-Riding	of Spain
Here Come Two Dukes A-Roving	We Are Three Jews
Janet Jo	We Are Three Lords
Knights of Spain	

We are dealing here with two songs rather than one. As known in the United States, the song is compounded of two ancient European game-songs. The songs are so fused that scholars have encountered much difficulty in determining which is which. Much of the difficulty has been generated by scholastic-type specialists in folklore. The two songs have been lumped together on the basis of word similarity when, in fact, they should have been separated on the basis of game and word differences. There is no doubt whatsoever that the Three Dukes and the Three Knights derived from entirely different games

and sources. Which came first, however, is debatable—but both are rooted in antiquity.

According to Gomme, Knights A-Riding, or Three Knights, is derived from an ancient marriage custom that evolved into a game for children. This game reaches back, she informs us, to tribal marriage, or "marriage at a period when it was the custom for men of one clan to seek wives from the girls of another clan, both clans belonging to one tribe."

Knights A-Riding is scarcely remembered now, but it was a popular favorite in colonial America and until the final quarter of the 19th century. It exists throughout Europe under a score of forms, many of them traceable to the Middle Ages. Our versions and variants are all derived from English and Scottish forms brought to America by early settlers. The theme is courtship, but not in the modern romantic sense; it has to do with the ancient idea, when "love" was "a mercantile negotiation." When this idea was no longer considered natural, the game simply changed and "coquetry" replaced "bargaining"—the bride herself replaced the head of the house as negotiator. The game still survives in this transformed form, though the song (which vocalizes the game) became more and more entwined and confused with the other game-song, The Three Dukes. It followed, too, that both game-songs underwent local adaptation, with farmers, sailors and soldiers taking over from Dukes, Kings, and Knights.

For closely related game-songs in England and Scotland, see: Broadwood (ECS), 77; Chambers (PRS), 139; Dearmer (ST), 72; Douglas, 75; Gomme, I, 202, 203, 206, 287, 293; Halliwell (NRE), 126; Udal, 355;

For related songs in the United States, see: Babcock, I, 258; Bolton (CRC), 118; Gardner (SPPG), 129; Heck, 8; Randolph (OPP), 229; and in this Master Book, see: Here Comes a Lusty Wooer; Hog Drovers; The Jolly Rover; and

The Jolly Sailors.

Also see and compare: Janet Jo in Chambers (PRS), 143; Here Comes Three Lawyers in Brown, III, 101 and Davis (FSV), 228-229; Three Kings in Newell, 46-47; and Three Sailors in Gomme, II, 282.

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| Botkin (APPS), 328-330 | MacLagan, 90 |
| Broadwood (ECS), 77 | Meier, 107, 109 |
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516-517 | Muir, 24-25 |
| Brown & Boyd, 19 | Newell, 39-45, 46-51, 234 |
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IV, 51, 57 |
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| Folklore Journal, VII, 222-
224; V, 46 | Randolph, III, 360, 367 |
| Folk-Lore Record, IV, 174 | Ritchie (FS), 57 |
| Gomme, II, 233-255, 257-279 | Ritchie (SSB), 40-41 |
| Halliwell (NRE), 107, 222 | Scarborough (NFS), 131 |
| Halliwell (PRNT), 123-124 | Shearin (SKFS), 36 |
| Handelmann, 62 | Sumner, 20-21 |
| Henry (FSSH), 242 | Talley, 85-86 |
| Hornby, 38 | Thomas (SG), 14-15 |
| Hudson (FSM), 296-297 | Udal, 355-358 |
| Jour (AFL), VIII, 253; XXXI,
52, 130; XXXII, 486;
XXXIII, 113; XLVIII,
337; XLIX, 257-259 | Vernaleben, 55 |
| | Walter (OESG), 14-15 |
| | Whitney & Bullock, 148 |
| | Wolford, 52-54 |
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Knights A-Riding

Here come three knights a-riding,
Riding, riding,
Here come three knights a-riding,
Ransom and Tansom and Tee.

What are you riding here for, etc. (?)

We've come here to get married, etc.

Won't you have one of us, sir? etc

You're all too black and dirty, etc.

We're just as clean as you, sir, etc.

Then I will take the fairest, etc.

No. 977

THE KNOXVILLE GIRL

also known as

The Berkshire Tragedy	Last Saturday Night, Two
The Bloody Miller	Weeks Ago
The Boston Girl	The Lexington Girl
Come All of You Who's Been	The Lexington Miller
in Love	The Lexington Murder
The Cruel Miller	The Miller's Apprentice
The Ellen Sharpe Murder	The Murdered Girl
The Expert Girl	The Murdering Miller
Hanged I Shall Be	My Confession
I Asked My Love to Take a	The Noel Girl
Walk	Oxford City
Johnny McDowell	Oxford Girl
The Kosciusko Girl	The Oxford Tragedy

Poor Nell	Waterford Town
The Prentice Boy	The Waxford Girl
The Rexford Girl	The Wexford Girl
The Shreveport Girl	The Wexford Lass
The Tragedy	The Wittam Miller
The Waterford Girl	The Worcester Tragedy

This is an American "murdered girl" song. Unlike the series of historical "Murder of" songs in this Master Book, this one is not founded upon an actual murder case. Although people around Lanagan, Missouri, where the song is known as "The Noel Girl", say it is based on the death of Lula Noel whose body was found in the Cowskin river on December 10, 1892. But as one can tell by the also known as titles above, the song has been frequently adapted to the localities in which it is sung. Also the titles represent several different songs that have become fused in American tradition. There are at least six quite similar songs known in America and all of them, say the experts, are derived from an English broadside known as The Berkshire Tragedy; or, The Wittam Miller, versions of which are in the Douce and Roxburghe collections. The Berkshire Tragedy is merely one of many old ballads telling the story of a girl murdered by the man who has seduced her, but it dates back to about 1700. Another of the older ballads is The Bloody Miller, which deals with the murder of Anne Nicols on Feb. 10, 1684. A version of The Bloody Miller is in Rollins (PB), III, 118-122, and it has often been associated with an early 19th century Boston broadside, The Lexington Miller— see Jour (AFL), XLII, 249-250. For suggested derivatives, see The Banks of the Old Pedee and The Old Shawnee in Pound, 108-109. Another possible derivative is Banks of the Ohio (see in MB).

According to Peacock, The Knoxville Girl is an American

derivative of the Irish song, The Wexford Girl, and the English song, The Worcester Tragedy, both of which "were apparently based" on The Wittam Miller, or The Berkshire Tragedy. According to Belden, the form called The Wexford Girl, or The Cruel Miller is "a reduction of The Wittam Miller." According to an Edinburgh chapbook of 1744 (catalogued by Halliwell) Notices of Fugitive Tracts, Percy Society, XXIX, 90, The Wexford Girl is based upon an actual murder case, and, as Cox reports, "the miller's name was John Mauge." He murdered a girl (supposedly his mistress) at Reading (Berkshire) in 1744, and he was hanged for it that same year.

I have no urge to involve myself in the task of unraveling such a knotty ball of twine, but I will say this: The Bloody Miller given by Pepys and dated 1684 is quite different in structure and story detail and has, in my opinion, no relationship to The Berkshire Tragedy and its derivatives. A Case could possibly be made for a relationship with some versions of The Lexington Miller, but we would still be faced with the task of rolling back the covers of the traditional process. It is far easier to establish a relationship between The Berkshire Tragedy and The Knoxville Girl. Even after doing so, however, we would be forced to conclude that The Knoxville Girl is, at best, a distant variation. The three versions (A, B & C) given below should amply demonstrate the point.

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| Botkin (SFL), 737-738 | Flanders (VFSB), 59, 83 |
| Brewster (BSI), 204-205 | Friedman, 225-228 |
| Brown, II, 240-246; IV, 138-144 | Gardner (BSSM), 77-79 |
| Cox (FSS), 311-313 | Greenleaf, 119 |
| Doerflinger, 288-290 | Greig, Nos. 137 & 179 |
| | Henry (FSSH), 214-219 |

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| Hudson (SMFL), 25-26 | Peacock, II, 634, 638 |
| Jour (AFL), XXV, 11; XXX, | Petrie, No. 693 |
| 356; XXXIX, 125; XLII, | Pound, 108-109 |
| 247, 290; XLV, 125; | Pub (TFLS), VI, 213-214 |
| XLVI, 29 | Randolph, II, 92-104 |
| Jour (FSS), VII, 23, 44 | Richardson (AMS), 30 |
| Karpeles (EFS), I, 294- | Roberts (SBS), 107-108 |
| 297, 298-299 | Rollins, III, 118-122 |
| Laws (AB), P 35 | Scarborough (SC), 159- |
| Leach (BB), 786-787 | 164, 402 |
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| MacColl & Seeger, 242-246 | Sharp, T, 407-409 |
| Mackenzie, 293-294 | Shearin (SKFS), 13, 28 |
| Manny, 301-303 | Spaeth (WSM), 121-122 |
| Morris, 336-339 | Stout, 50 |
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The Knoxville Girl (Version A)

'Twas in the town of Knoxville
I used to live and dwell,
And in the town of Knoxville
I owned a flour mill.
I used to court the Knoxville girl
With dark and roaming eye;
I asked her if she'd marry me,
But she would not reply.

We went into her sister's house,
But when we got inside
I asked her to walk with me
Down by the river's tide.
We walked all thro' the grassy hills
And down to level ground;
Then I picked up a long fence stake
And hit and knocked her down.

She fell upon her bended knees,
"Have mercy," she did cry;
"Oh, Johnny, don't murder me—
I'm not prepared to die!"
But no attention did I pay,
And beat her all the more;
And soon my clothes and everything
Were in a bloody gore.

I took her by her golden hair,
I drug her o'er the ground,
Then threw her in the river
That flows thro' Knoxville town.
I started hom at twelve o'clock,
And when I reached the door
My aged mother spoke to me—
For blood dripped to the floor.

"O son, O son, what have you done,
To bloody so your clothes?"
I told her I had suffered
All from a bleeding nose.
Then early in the morning time
The poor dead girl was found;
They pulled her from the river deep
That flows thro' Knoxville town.

The Sheriff came that afternoon,
And locked me in the jail;
They charged me with her murder,
And would not give me bail.
Her sister swore my life away,
Without a fear or doubt;
She swore I was the only man
Who took her sister out.

The Knoxville Girl (Version B)

This is a version also known as The Cruel Miller and, in some places, as The Butcher's Boy. See: Creighton (FSNB), 194-195; Greig & Duncan, No. 200; Karpeles (EFS), I, 294-297; Kennedy, 713; Laws 5, 22, 103, 104, 109, 111, 112, 267, 301; and Peacock, II, 638.

My parents reared me tenderly
And good learning gave to me;
They bound me 'prentice to a miller,
To which I did agree,
Till I fell in love with a pretty girl
With a dark and a rolling eye;
I told her I would marry her
If she would with me lie.

I went unto her sister's house
About eight o'clock that night,
But little did that poor girl think
I only came for spite.
I asked her to take a walk
Down in the meadows gay,
And there we'd sit and talk a while
And fix our wedding day.

I picked me up a heavy stake
And I knocked her to the ground,
And soon the blood of innocence
Was dripping all around.
Now with her body's blood
My hands and clothes were dyed;
Instead of being a breathless corpse
I wish she were my bride.

I rode unto my master's house
About twelve o'clock that night;
My master did unlock the door
And for me struck a light.
He asked me and questioned me,
About my hands and clothes,
And quickly I did answer him,
"I had a bleeding nose."

I took from him a candle then,
And hurried straight to my bed
While knowing well as I lay down,
My true love she lay dead.
Before three days had passed
The murdered girl was found,
A-floating near the river bank
Outside of Wexford town.

They came and took me prisoner;
The jurors they did agree:
For murdering my own true love,
'Twas hanged that I must be.
Now come, all you young men,
And warning take in time,
For if you kill some poor young girl,
Your fate will be like mine.

The Knoxville Girl (Version C)

When I was young and a tailor boy
About sixteen years of age,
My father hired me to a miller,
That I might learn the trade.

I fell in love with a pretty girl
Who filled me with desire;
Her rosy cheeks, her curly hair,
I really did admire.

Her father he persuaded me
To take her as my wife;
The devil he persuaded me
To take away her life.

I went unto her father's house
About nine o'clock at night,
Invited her to take a walk,
To plan and make things right.

We had not gone so very far
Till looking about and around,
I saw a stake and picked it up,
Then struck and knocked her down.

I took her by her lily-white hands
And slung her around and around;
I dragged her off the river bank,
And plunged her in to drown.

About nine or ten days after that,
The girl's dead body was found
A-floating down by her father's house
Who lived in Oxford town.

No. 978

LA CALANDRIA
also known as

The Lark

The Sparrow

Spanish-language love song from New Mexico, collected by Charles Lummis sometime during the final quarter of the 19th century. Lummis thought the song came from Sonora. See: Lummis (LPT), 243-244.

La Calandria

Spanish Text

En una jaula de oro,
Pendiente de un balcon.
Una triste calándria
Lloraba su prision.

Chorus

Ay, Dios! no hay remedio?
Ay, Dios! no hay piedad?
Me robas del reposo,
Y adois tranquilidad.

Hasta un gorrioncito,
Amoroso la hallo,
Y dijo "Mi bonita,
Te quiero mucho yo."

Y luego la calándria
Le dijo y le juro,
"Me sacas de mi prision,
Me voy contigo yo."

English Text

In a cage of pure gold
Upon a balcony,
A sad lark was crying,
And longing to be free.

Chorus

Oh, God! is there no cure?
Oh, God! is there no pity?
You have robbed me of repose,—
Goodbye, tranquility.

Until a little sparrow,
So amorous and true,
Said, "O my little pretty,
I love you much, I do!"

Straight away the little lark,
She promised to be true:
"Oh, take me out of prison,
And I will go with you!"

No. 979

LA CUCARACHA
also known as

The Cockroach

Mexican Cockroach Song

This song originated in Mexico and is usually associated with Pancho Villa, Zapata, and other revolutionaries in that country. It has circulated in the United States in a variety of versions, but was largely ignored by collectors of folk material. The first collection in which a version of any length appears is Sandburg's American

Songbag.REFERENCES

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Sandburg (AS), 289-291

Silverman, I, 262

Whitman, 12

Wier (LS), 179

La Cucaracha(Spanish text)

Cuando uno quiere a una
Y esta una no lo quiere,
Es lo mismo que si un calvo
En la calle encuentr' un peine.

Chorus

La cucaracha, la cucaracha,
Ya no quieres caminar,
Porque no tienes, porque le falta,
Marihuana que fumar.

Las muchachas son de oro;
Las casadas son de plata;
Las viudas son de cobre,
Y las viejas oja de lata.

Las muchachas Mexicanas
Son lindas como una flor,
Y hablan tan dulcemente
Que encantan de amor.

Una cosa me da risa—
Pancho Villa sin camisa.
Ya se van los Carranzistas
Porque vienen los Villistas.

Necesita automóvil
Par' hacer la caminata
Al lugar a donde mando'
La convención Zapata.

English Text

When a fellow loves a maiden
And that maiden doesn't love him,
It's the same as when a bald man
Finds a comb upon the highway.

Chorus

The cucaracha, the cucaracha,
Doesn't want to travel on
Because she hasn't, O no, she hasn't
Marihuana for to smoke.

All the maidens are of pure gold;
All the married girls are silver;
All the widows are of copper,
And old women merely tin.

All the girls from Mexico
Are as pretty as a flower,
And they talk so very sweetly,
Fill your heart quite up with love.

One thing makes me laugh most hearty—
Pancho Villa with no shirt on;
Now the Carranzistas beat it
Because Villa's men are coming.

Fellow needs an automobile
If he undertakes the journey
To the place to which Zapata
Ordered the famous convention.

No. 980

LADIES MAN

also known as

I'll Always Be A Ladies Man

This light, humorous song is probably of music hall origin, but I have been unable to learn much about it. I have sung the song periodically over a thirty-five year span. It is not related to the 19th century popular song, The Ladies Man, a text of which is in Songster (10), 218. A version of the song below is also in Best, 42-43.

Ladies Man

Boys love cake and girls love silk,
And little pigs love buttermilk,
But ever since this world began,
Women have loved a ladies man.

I go along with the ladies;
Sing my song for the ladies.
As long as I can walk or stand,
I'll always be a ladies man.

The bluebird loves its little nest,
The baby loves its mother's breast,
But dressed in rags, or spic and span,
Women all love a ladies man.

I sympathize with the ladies,
Tell no lies to the ladies;
As long as I know sugar from sand,
I'll always be a ladies man.

Squirrels all love a hick'ry tree,
Preachers love eternity,
And ever since this world began
Women have loved a ladies man.

I go along with the ladies,
Sing my song to the ladies:
God bless them all, I think they're grand!
I'll always be a ladies man.

No. 981

THE LAD WITH THE AUBURN HAIR

also known as

The Boy With the Auburn Hair

Michael Roy

This is a "source" song, not a folk song. The tune is that used for California Joe and The Southern Soldier, both given elsewhere in this Master Book.

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Brown, IV, 351	Levy, 80
Carmer (SRA), 12	Lewis, 88
Chapple (HS), 408-409	Luther, 140-141
	Most (PCS), 90-91

The Lad With the Auburn Hair

In Brooklyn city there lived a maid,
And she was known to fame;
Her mother's name was Mary Ann,
And hers was Mary Jane;
And every Saturday morning
She used to go over the river,
And went to market where she sold eggs,
Sassages, likewise liver.

Chorus

For Oh! for oh! He was my darling boy,
For he was the lad with the auburn hair,
And his name was Michael Roy.

No. 982

LADY WALPOLE'S REEL

also known as
Boston Fancy

This is a country dance tune, and it is without words. The name of the dance associated with the tune is The Boston Fancy. The tune is probably of Scottish origin, but it is sometimes fused with another dance air, Pigtown Fling (see in MB). Often musicians will make it a trio, adding The Opera Reel—see Ford (TMA), 69 and Ryan, 150.

Since there is no text, see Lady Walpole's Reel in this Master Book, No. 983, under TUNES.

For other versions of the tune, some with dance calls and instructions, see: Elias Howe's Musician's Omnibus No. I, p. 45; Durlacher, 138; Linscott, 70; Tolman & Page, 111.

No. 983

THE LAIRD OF COCKPEN

The tune of this old song is more widely known in the United States than are the words. According to Johnson (FS), the Laird was a companion-in-arms and attached friend of Charles II; he fought with Charles at Worcester, and formed one of the merry monarch's little court at the Hague. The Laird was famous for his musical skill, and he often played a tune called Brose and Butter for the exiled King. That is the tune known now as Cockpen. Words were written to the air by Lady Nairne, turning it into a ballad. Later, a Miss Ferrier, added two stanzas, and the ballad became even more popular.

REFERENCES

Chapple (HS), 448
Hopekirk, 141-143

Johnson (FS), 417-418
Macfarren, 42-43
Rogers, 61

The Laird of Cockpen

The Laird of Cockpen he's prou'd and he's great,
 His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state;
 He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
 But favour wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

Doun by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
 At his table-head he thought she'd look well;
 M' Cleish's ae dochter a' Clavers'-ha' Lee,
 A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was well powdered as good as when new,
 His waist-coast was white, his coat it was blue;
 He put on a ring, a sword and cock'd hat—
 And who could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He mounted his mare, and rode cannillie,
 An' rapped at the gate o' Clavers'-Ha' Lee.
 "Go tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben:
 She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

An' when she cam ben, he bowed fu' low,
 An' what was his errand he soon let her know.
 Amazed was the Laird when the lady said, "No."
 An' wi' a laigh curtsie she turned to go.

No. 984

THE LAIRD OF DRUM

also known as

The Grassy Hills

The Ladye O The Drum

The Laird and the

Shepherd's Daughter

This ballad appeared in Kinloch's Collection in 1827, and
 he reported it to be a very popular boradsie in Scotland.

Alexander Irvine, the Laird of Drum, was loyal to the Stuart cause and suffered considerably as a result.

REFERENCES

Barry (BBM), 300	Dixon (TVAB), 53
Buchan (ABS), II, 194	Gardner (BSSM), 149
Buchan MSS, II, 101	Herd (AMSS), II, 6
Chambers (SSPB), 440	Johnson (SMM), No. 397
Child, IV, 322	Kinloch (ASB), 199
Christie, I, 24	Kinloch MSS, V, 9
Creighton (MFS), 28	MacMath MS., 13
	Muir, 256-257

The Laird of Drum

The Laird o' Drum has a-hunting gone,
All in the morning early,
When he did spy a well-far'd maid
A-shearing her father's barley.

"Good morning, lass," said the Laird o' Drum,
"And can you fancy me?
Of all the lasses here about,
I like none so well as thee."

"I will not go with you, fair sir,
I'm busy— as you can see;
I'm much too low to be your wife,
And mistress I scorn to be!"

No. 985

THE LAKE OF COLD FINN

also known as

The Lake of Cool Finn	The Lakes of Col Finn
The Lakes of Cold Finn	Willie Leonard

This is an Irish "mythological" broadside. Imported to America, the ballad drifted into tradition, where most of the mythological content disappeared. The original story tells how a mermaid fell in love with young Willie, awakened him and had him come to the lake, where, after tiring of him, she took him under water. It was first published by Joyce in his Ancient Irish Music, in 1873. The song is sung to several different airs, including a variation of Lord Randall.

REFERENCES

Barry (MWS), 26-27	Joyce (AIM), 103
Bulletin (FSSN), VIII, 9-12	Joyce (OIFMS), 227
Flanders (CSV), 22-23	Leach (BB), 732-733
Flanders (NGMS), 32-34	Morris, 437
Jour (IFSS), IX, No. 1, 15	O'Connor, 15-16

The Lake of Cold Finn Tune: The Unfortunate Life III

On a fine summer morning Willie Leonard arose,
And straight to his comrade's bed-chamber he goes,
Saying, "Comrade, oh comrade, let nobody know,
This very fine morning a-swimming we'll go."

They walked on together and came to a stream,
The first one they met was a keeper of game;
He addressed them with sorrow, said, "You mustn't go in,
For you'll surely be drowned in the lake of Cold Finn."

Young Willie stripped down to swim the lake 'round;
He swam to an island and came to dry ground,
Saying, "Comrade, dear comrade, don't venture in,
For there's deep and false water in the lake of Cold Finn."

Young Willie dove in once more to swim 'round,
And swam the lake over and couldn't find ground,

Crying, "Comrade, dear comrade, I feel very weak—"
And those were the last words Willie Leonard did speak.

Early that morning his sister arose,
Straight to her mother's bed-chamber she goes,
Saying, "Mother, dear mother, I've had a sad dream,
I saw Willie drowned in the lake of Cold Finn."

That very same morning his mother came there,
wringing her hands and a-tearing her hair,
Saying, "Where did it happen? Where did he fall in?
This is a sad day on the lake of Cold Finn."

No. 986

THE LAKE OF PONCHARTRAIN

also known as

The Creole Girl

On the Lake of the Poncho

Plains

On the Lakes of

Ponchartrain

The Ponsaw Train

Helen Flanders described this song as "a companion piece" to Little Mohea "with the situation altered. Ponchartrain is the name of a lake in Louisiana.

REFERENCES

Creighton (SBNS), 299

Flanders (NGMS), 147-148

Gardner (BSSM), 133

Jour (AFL), XXXV, 387-388

Larkin, 31-33, 46-48

Manny, 256-257

Pound, 127-128

Randolph, IV, 413

Stout, 90-91

Tolman & Eddy, 387

The Lake of Ponchartrain

It was a dark and stormy night,
I made my weary way

O'er hills and tides and meadowlands—
A-far my feet did stray.
Just at the close of evening,
Some higher ground to attain,
It was there I met a Creole girl
On the lake of Ponchartrain.

"Good evening, my pretty fair maid,
My money does me no good;
If it were not for the alligators
I would sleep out in the wood."
"You are most welcome, stranger,
To my cottage, tho' it's plain,
For we never turn a sailor out
On the lake of Ponchartrain."

She took me to her mother's house,
And treated me quite well;
Her hair hung down in ringlets
And about her shoulders fell.
I tried to paint her beauty,
But my efforts were in vain—
Oh! handsome was that Creole girl
On the lakes of Ponchartrain.

I asked her if she'd marry me;
She said that never could be,
For she had had a lover true
And he had gone to sea.
Yes, she had had a lover true,
And she would true remain,
Until he returned to claim her there
On the lake of Ponchartrain.

"Adieu, adieu, my pretty one,
We will meet again no more;
But I won't forget your kindness
In that cottage by the shore."

Long may this social gathering last
O'er this wide and spreading main;
We'll drink a toast to that Creole girl
On the lake of Ponchartrain.

No. 987

LA MENTIRA
also known as
The Lie

Spanish-language "philosophical love" song from New Mexico. The song was recovered by Charles Lummis, who said: "The song is beautiful—almost classic—Spanish verse; and no poet need have been ashamed of it." See: Lummis (LPT), 227-228.

La Mentira

(Spanish Text)

La vida es sueño, el porvenir mentira;
La amistad y el amor mentira son;
Y mentiras son también las ilusiones
Que se forja delirante el corazón.

Es mentira el amor de las mujeres,
Y mentira su belleza y su desden,
Y mentira el "te adoro" que pronuncian,
Y sus besos mentiras son también.

Son mentiras los dulces juramentos
Que pronuncian sus labios de carmin;
Son palabras prados á los bosques del confin.

Es la espina de que en vuelto va el veneno
Con que halagan su maléfico querer;

Con que matan mestros pobres corazones—
 Cuan malvada, cuan malvada es la muger!

English Text

Life's a dream, the future but a lying vision,
 As for friendship and for love mere lies are they;
 And but lies as well are all the fond illusions
 The misguided heart is conjuring-up alway.

'Tis a lie, this love the women all are feigning,
 And a lie their beauty and their proud disdain,
 And a lie the "I adore thee!" that they murmur,
 And their very kisses are a lie as vain.

They are lies—the sweetest vows of passion
 That their carmine lips breathe tenderest of all;
 They are words, and only words the winds shall
 scatter

Down the valley like the dead leaves of the fall.

Love! it is the thorn that holds the hidden poison
 Wherewithal they wreak their cruel whims and blind;
 Wherewithal they slay our trusting hearts forever—
 Ah, that wicked, ah, that wicked womankind!

No. 988

LAMENT OF A BORDER WIDOW

also known as

A Bonnie Bower
 Fair Eleanor

Sweet William
 Sweet Willie

The original ballad has long since disappeared from
 England, where it was first published in doctored form
 in Percy (RAEP), III, 86. A similar ballad, The Lady

Turned Serving-Man, was found in Scotland and published by Sir Walter Scott in his Minstrelsy, III, 83. Child has it as No. 106, which aided its survival in the U. S. The ballad is known under various titles, such as: The Famous Flower of Serving-Man, or Men and The Famous Flower and Her Serving Man. Barry found a version in a pocket songbook printed in America during the 1840s (The Blackbird Songster, New York, 1845), and said the ballad dated back to at least 1660-1675.

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| Creighton (TSNS), 62-63 | Moore (BFSS), 83-84 |
| Flanders, III, 77-88 | Muir, 199 |
| Flanders (BMNE), 127-129 | Percy (RAEP), III, 86-89 |
| Greig & Duncan, No. 163 | Quiller-Couch, 793-794 |
| Greig & Keith, 85-86 | Scott (MSB), 381-382 |
| Kinloch (ASB), 95-96 | Thomson (OSA), IV, 162 |
-

Lament of a Border Widow

My lover built me a bonnie bower,
And sent to me a lovely flower;
A nicer bower you never will see,
Than my own true love built for me.

There came a man around mid-day,
He spied his sport and went away;
He brought the king that very night,
Who broke my bower and slew my knight.

He slew the knight, to me so dear;
He slew my knight and took his gear.
My servants all for life did flee,
And none were left to comfort me.

I sew his sheet and made my moan,
And watched his corpse, myself alone;
I watched his body, night and day—
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,
Awhile I rode, awhile I sat;
I dug a grave and laid him down,
And covered him with cold, cold ground.

No living man will cause me pain,
Now that my lovely knight is slain;
With a lock of his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart away from care.

No. 989

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT

also known as

I'm Sitting on the
Stile, Mary

The Irish Emigrant
I Was Sitting on a Stile

This is a "source song" as well as a traditional piece.
Written and composed by Helena Sheridan (who later became
Lady Gifford) and William Dempster, who, as a singer, was
responsible for the song's popularity in America.
For a forecastle shanty with a near-like title, The
Irish Emigrant, see Hugill (1), 300-301.
For a gold-rush song sung to this tune, see The Gold
Seeker XV in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Brown, II, 369

Lair (SLL), 30

Dean, 81

Peacock, II, 462-464

Johnson (FS), 85-87

Lament of the Irish Emigrant

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin', long ago,
When first you were my bride;
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye,
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day as bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again.
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath warm on my cheek;
And I still keep listenin' for the words
You never more will speak, etc.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends.
But oh! they love them better for
The few our Father sends.
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

No. 990

THE LAND OF CANAAN

also known as

Bound for Canaan	I Am Bound for the Land
Bound for the Land of Canaan	of Canaan
Bright Canaan	O Canaan, Sweet Canaan
Canaan, Bright Canaan	Sweet Canaan

This campground-type hymn is based upon a poem by Isaac Watts, author of many well-known protestant hymns. The stanzas and refrains are quite numerous, having accumulated over the years of its traditional use. We know it was sung in 19th century protestant churches, because versions appear in both the Baptist Hymn and Tune Book, 1857, p. 334 and the Methodist Hymn and Tune Book, 1889, No. 885.

See and compare Canaan in Richardson (AMS), p. 70 and Pray Give Me Your Right Hand in Marsh (SJS), 243.

REFERENCES

Benziger, 15	Lair (SLL), 8
Jackson (SFS), 198	Songster (197), 271
James, 87	White, 438
	White & King, 87

The Land of Canaan

Now on the day I say goodbye,
I am bound for the land of Canaan!
No need to grieve, no need to cry,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

Chorus

Oh, Canaan, bright Canaan,
I am bound for the land of Canaan!
Sweet Canaan will be my happy home,
I am bound for the land of Canaan!

Oh, who will come and go with me?
I am bound for the land of Canaan!
I'm bound fair Canaan's land to see,
I am bound for the land of Canaan!

Before me many friends have gone,
I am bound for the land of Canaan!
And I'll be glad to travel on,
I am bound for the land of Canaan!

No. 991

LARKIN THE MASON

also known as

Bauld Randkin	Lambkin
Beau Lamkin	Lamerlinkin
Beaulamkins	Lamferd, or Lamfin
Boab King Henry	Lamkin the Mason
Bolakin	Lammikin
Bo Lamkin	Long Lankyn, or Longkin
Bold, or Bow Lamkin	Long Lonkin
Bold Rankin	Lord Arnold's Castle
Cruel Lammikin	Squire Relantman
False Lamkin(s)	Tamkin
False Linfinn	Tumkin
Lambert Linkin	Young Alanthia

This old Scottish song has been collected in all areas of the United States, and in quite a few slightly differing versions. But as Child says, "The story is told without material variation in all the numerous versions." Yet the tune to which it is sung varies greatly, and is not so easy to identify if encountered without a text.

REFERENCES

- Allingham, 297
Barry (BBM), 200-206
Beck (FLM), 91-92
Brewster (BSI), 122-124
Brown, II, 140-143; IV,
74-76
Brown (BLNC), 9
Bulletin (TFLS), VIII, 75
Campbell & Sharp, No. 23
Chappell (FSRA), 76
Child, II, 320-342
Christie (1876), I, 60
Coffin, 94-96
Creighton (MFS), 20-21
Davis (MTBV), 214-220
Davis (TBV), 354-359, 583
Dean-Smith, 83
Eddy, 59-60
Finlay, II, 45, 55
Flanders, II, 296-316
Flanders (BMNE), 104-107
Friedman, 199-201
Gainer, 63
Greig & Duncan, No. 187
Greig & Keith, 71-72
Henry (BMFB), 20
Henry (FSSH), 91-93
Henry (SSSA), 62-64
Herd (AMSS), I, 145
Herd MSS, I, 25
Hubbard, 23
Jamieson, I, 176-181
Jones, 301
Jour (AFL), XIII, 117; XXIX,
162; XXX, 318; XXXV, 344;
XLIV, 61; LII, 70
Jour (EFDSS), I, 1
Jour (FSS), I, 212; II,
111; V, 81-84
Karpeles, 68-72
Karpeles (FSN), I, No. 4
Kinloch MSS, I, 306; V,
246; VI, 31
Kinsley, 313-317
Leach (F), 288-295
Leather (FLH), 199-200
Linscott, 303-305
Maidment (NBOB), 73
Moore (BFSS), 72-74
Motherwell, II, 164-167
Niles (BB), 213-215
Notes (2d series), II, 324;
(3d series), II, 381
Peacock, III, 806-807
Quarterly (SFL), V, 137-138
Randolph, I, 141-142
Reeves (EC), 171
Sharp, I, 201-207
Sharp (100), 62-64
Whitelaw, 246
Whiting (TBB), 61-64

Larkin the Mason

Young Larkin was the best mason that ever laid a stone;
He built Lord Arnold's castle, but the lord paid him none;
And Larkin swore revenge, and revenge it would be;
He'd have Lord Arnold's castle, or the Lord's family.

One day as Lord Arnold was a-leaving his home,
He said to his wife, "What if Larkin should come?"
"I fear neither Larkin nor all of his kin;
The doors will be bolted and the windows locked in."

The doors were all bolted and the windows all pinned,
But nevertheless young Larkin got in;
He came through the cellar and straight up the stair,
And he called Lady Arnold, who knew he was there.

"O Larkin, O Larkin, turn around and go back,
And I'll give you enough gold to fill up a sack."
He took out a penknife, both pointed and sharp,
And stabbed her baby three times in the heart.

"Now even if you should offer me gold by the peck,
It wouldn't keep my knife from your lovely white neck."
"O spare me, Sir Larkin, at least for an hour,
And you shall have my daughter, a lovely young flower."

Lord Arnold came riding home and he opened the door,
And there was his family all dead on the floor.
He sent for young Larkin, to pay him his hire—
The hire that he gave him was to burn him in fire!

No. 992

THE LASS OF ROCH ROYAL

also known as

The Bonny Lass of Lochroyen

Bright Day

Fair Annie and Gregory

Fair Annie of Lochroyan,

or Lochyran

Fair Anny

Fair Isabel of Rochroyall	The Lass of Ogram
The False-True Lover	Lord Gregory
Georgie Jeems	Lover Gregor , or Gregory
The Lass of Aughrun	Oh, Open the Door, Lord Gregory
The Lass of Lochroyan	Sweet Jane

This old, tragic Scottish ballad was never widely known in the United States, but its title has been circulated by collectors of folk songs to, in my opinion, an unreasonable extent. The earliest published version of The Lass Of Roch Royal is, apparently, the one in David Herd's Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, 1776, I, 149. That is the version reprinted as No. 76 B in Child, II, 217. The first section of Child's work, vol. 1, part 1, was published in 1882, followed by additional sections at irregular intervals. The final section, vol. 5, part X, was published in 1898. Shortly thereafter the ballad numbers used by Child became something like reference numbers in other works. And thereby hangs a confusing tale.

A great many American collectors have consistently attempted to relate their song-findings to one or another of the ballads in Child's collection, and often without sufficient reason or cause. In the case of The Lass of Roch Royal (Child, No. 76), collectors have claimed relationship for a particular song on nothing more substantial than the appeared of lines and stanzas which were never clearly established as belonging to either Child, No. 76, or the song being related. The primary lines and stanzas used by most American collectors as a basis for relationship are those which go:

O who will shoe my bonny foot?

O who will glove my hand?

It is a rather far-fetched association, but collectors persisted in making and restating that association. Why did they do so? Probably because they were caught up in the

Child number game. For as Coffin, II, 75, observed: "There are few versions of (The Lass of Roch Royal) in America, if the widely sung 'shoe my foot' stanzas are discounted." And that is just the point. The "shoe my foot, glove my hand" stanzas have a long tradition as "floaters" and cannot be shown to belong to The Lass of Roch Royal. Those stanzas are not only common everywhere in the United States, they are also sung as a song in their own right. Also, the list of songs containing the two stanzas is quite extensive. Without even referring to my research notes, I am able to set down the following titles: The Blue-Eyed Boy; Bright Day; Careless Love; A Cold Winter's Night; The Daemon Lover (James Harris); The False True Lover; The False Young Man; The Foolish Girl; The Gambling Man; He's Gone Away; Honey Babe; The Irish Girl; I Truly Understand That You Love Some Other Man; John Hardy; John Henry; Kitty Kline; Lord Randal; My Dearest Dear; My Lady's Slipper; The New-Slain Knight; The Rejected Lover; The Storms Are Over the Ocean; The True Lover's Farewell; and Wild Bill Jones. For additional information and references, see The Floaters in this Master Book.

On the available evidence I am forced to conclude that the "shoe my foot, glove my hand" stanzas floated into The Lass of Roch Royal just as they floated into many other songs. Therefore, we cannot safely use such lyric matter for purposes of relating and identifying texts. It is as Helen Flanders said: The Lass of Roch Royal "has been abused by American collectors eager to swell the ranks of the traditional ballads discovered in this country." Nevertheless, this being a reference work, I am compelled to report what is printed by others in accordance with their claims and stipulations. So the works listed below (under References) include works wherein editors and/or

collectors "associate" their offerings with The Lass of Roch Royal, even to the extent of using that title for nothing more than the "shoe my foot, glove my hand" stanzas. In the interest of clarity, I decided to here set down as version B the Who Will Shoe Your Pretty Little Feet that I used to sing when I was a young performer in North Carolina and elsewhere.

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| Barry (BBM), 149-150 | Gainer, 47-50 |
| Belden (BS), 55, 480-482 | Greig & Keith, 59-63 |
| Brewster (BSI), 92-96,
348 | Henry (FSSH), 66-69 |
| Brown, II, 88-92; III,
250-254, 302, 307;
IV, 47-48 | Henry (SSSA), 24, 175-176 |
| Buchan, II, 149 | Herd MSS, I, 31; II, 65 |
| Buchan (ABS), II, 198 | Hudson (FSM), 91-93 |
| Chambers (SB-1829), 91 | Hudson (FTM), 21 |
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510-512 | Johnson (SMM), I, No. 5 |
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30; XXVIII, 147; XXX,
304; XXXIX, 148; XLV,
347 |
| Cochran, 153 | Jour (FSS), II, 86; IV,
286 |
| Coffin, 73-75, 79-81 | Kinsley, 144-149 |
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| Davis (FSV), 17 | McGill, 94 |
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Richardson (AMS), 37	Sharp, II, 96
Ritchie (FS), 84	Shearin (BBCM), 4
Roberts (IP), 45-46	Silverman, I, 104
Sandburg (AS), 98-99	Wells, 119

The Lass of Roch Royal (Version A)

Fair Isabel of Roch Royal
Abed and dreaming lay;
She dreamed of Lord Gregory
Before the dawn of day.

O slowly she then rose up,
And slowly she put on
Her silken gown of crimson,
And sadly faced the dawn.

Go saddle my steed, said she,
Go saddle up the brown;
I'll ride the swiftest steed, sir,
That ever rode the town.

She had not rode a mile or more—
Perhaps she had rode three—
When she met a rude rover
A-riding o'er the lee.

Is this the queen that I now see,
The queen herself? said he.
Or am I in the presence of
One of her Marys three?

I'm not the queen herself, said she,
Nor one of her Marys three;
I am the lass of Roch Royal
In search of Lord Gregory.

O see you now yon castle tower?
Go there and tirl the pin.
'Tis rumored here about, said he,
Lord Gregory is within.

Away she rode to yon castle,
She tirlled hard at the pin:
O open, open, Lord Greogry,
And let your true love in.

His mother stood behind the door,
And heard the maiden's plea;
In voice low she made reply,
Pretending to be he:

If you're the lass of Roch Royal,
As you so claim to be,
Then tell me of some love-tokens
That was betweixt you and me.

Have you forgot, Love Gregory,
As we sat upon the hill,
You robbed me of my maidenhead,
Tho' not against my will?

Lord Gregory is not to home,
He sails upon the sea;
If you have any word for him,
Leave it, pray, with me.

O who will shoe my bonny foot?
O who will glove my hand?
And who will bind my middle jimp
With the broad lilly band?

1119
Cw
B

O who will comb my bonny head
With my new silver comb?
And who'll be my child's father
'Til Gregory comes home?

Your father'll shoe your bonny foot,
Your mother'll glove your hand,
Your brother'll bind your middle jimp
With the broad lilly band.

And you will comb your bonny head
With your new silver comb,
But none shall be your child's father
'Til Gregory comes home.

O Then she turned her face about:
Well, since that it be so,
Let never woman that has born a son
Have heart so full of woe.

She set her foot upon a ship,
Sailed out upon the sea,
In search of her love Gregory,
Wherever he might be.

Lord Gregory started from his sleep,
And to his mother said:
I dreamed a dream this night, mother,
That fills my heart with dread.

Fair Isabel of Roch Royal,
The flower of her kin,
Was standing just outside my door,
But none would let her in.

There was a woman at the door;
She spoke with such alarm
That I refused to let her in,
For fear she'd done you harm.

O quickly, quickly rose he up,
And fast rode to the strand,
And there he saw fair Isabel
Was sailing from the land.

Lord Gregory he called her name,
He shouted out his plea;
The louder that he called to her,
The louder roared the sea.

The wind blew strong, the sea grew rough,
Her ship was rent in twain;
And soon he saw his Isabel
Come floating o'er the main.

He caught her by her yellow hair,
He drew her to the strand;
But cold and stiff was every limb
Before he reached the land.

O first he kissed her cherry cheek,
And then he kissed her chin;
And soon he kissed her ruby lips—
There was no breath within.

O woe betide my cruel mother,
And ill her death may be;
She turned my true-love from my door,
When she came so far for me.

He then drew forth his hunting knife,
With heart so sad and sore,
He gave himself a deadly wound,
And breathed a breath no more.

VERSION B

This song, Who Will Shoe Your Pretty Little Feet?, is not related to version A, except via stanzas dealing with the

questions, "who will shoe your feet?" and "who will glove your hand?"

For additional information, see headnotes above and The True Lover's Farewell in this Master Book.

.....

The time arrived for me to go,
The ship was set to sail;
I held my true-love in my arms,
And saw her face so pale.

O who will shoe your pretty little feet?
And who will glove your hand?
O who will kiss your red, ruby lips,
While I'm in some foreign land?

My father will shoe my pretty little feet,
My mama'll glove my hand;
And you can kiss my red, ruby lips
When you return to this land.

O fare you well, my own true love,
The time has come to part,
But I will wait for you, my love,
With sad and aching heart.

No matter where I go, my love,
To England, France, or Spain,
I'll never rest nor be at ease
'Til I see your face again.

No. 993

THE LAST FIERCE CHARGE

also known as

Balaclava

The Battle of Fredericksburg

The Battle of Gettysburg

The Charge At, or Of
Fredericksburg

The Comrades' Last Brave
Charge

Custer's Last Fierce Charge	The Last Charge
Custer's Last Fight	The Last Fearful Foe
Death in Battle	The Soldier Boys
The Fight at Bunker Hill	The Soldier Boy With the
Just Before the Last Great	Curly Hair
Charge	The Two Soldiers

This song has traveled from American battlefield to battlefield. Mackenzie thought it "may have come into existence as early as the second year of the Civil War." Actually, it may be much older. Up until World War I it was adapted to practically every military engagement fought in the United States, including the one at Bunker Hill. Text has also served for Waterloo and other European battles. And strangely enough there is little variation in the story, as if there was no necessity to change the name of anything but the battle itself.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Barry (TFS), 70 | Henry (FSSH), 363-364 |
| Belden (BS), 383-387 | Hubbard, 277-279 |
| Botkin (WFL), 745-746 | Jour (AFL), XLV, 161-162 |
| Brown, II, 539-540; IV,
274-275 | Lingenfelter, 274-275 |
| Creighton (MFS), 156-157 | Mackenzie, 298-300 |
| Dean, 14-16 | Moore (BFSS), 276-278 |
| Eddy, 301-304 | Peacock, III, 1004-1006 |
| Emrich (FAL), 314-315 | Pound (SFSN), X, No. 4 |
| Fife, 127-128 | Pub (TFLS), VI, 132-134 |
| Friedman, 295-296 | Randolph, II, 297-303 |
| Fuson, 94-96 | Shearin (SKFS), 14 |
| Greig & Duncan, No. 105 | Thede, 79 |

The Last Fierce Charge

'Twas just before the last fierce charge,
Two soldiers drew their rein,
With a touch of hands, and parting words,
That they might not meet again.

One had blue eyes and wavy hair—
Just nineteen years or so—
With rosy cheeks and childish brow,
He was still a boy, you know.

The other, tall and dark and proud,
His faith in the world was dim;
He only trusted most in those
Who were all the world to him.

They rode together many a day,
They marched for many a mile;
But not 'til now had they met the foe
With a peaceful, common smile.

They looked into each other's eyes
In the face of an awful doom;
The tall, dark man was first to speak,
Saying, "Charlie, my time has come.

"I have a picture on my breast,
I will wear it in this fight;
A picture that is all the world to me;
It shines like the morning light.

"Like morning light was her true love;
It brightened my lonely life.
Now care has wrought a furrowed brow
Since she became my loving wife.

"Write to her, Charlie, when I am gone,
Send back this fair young face,
And tell her for me how I died
And of my resting place."

There were tears in the eyes of the boy,
His voice was filled with pain:
"I'll do my comrade's parting wish,
If I ride home again.

"But should you get back and I do not,
Will you do as much for me?
I have a mother left to hear the news,
So write her tenderly.

"One after another she has lost
Husband and sons— all are gone;
I am the last of all her boys,
But she cheerfully sent me on."

Just then they heard the order to charge;
For an instant hand touched hand.
They waved goodbye and rode away,
A brave and reckless band.

They rode together straight up the hill,
But the charge was all in vain;
And all of those whom death had spared
Rode slowly back again.

But among those dead upon the field
Was he with the curly hair;
The tall, dark man that rode with him
Lay dying by him there.

There's no one to write that blue-eyed girl
The words her lover said,
And the mother that's waiting at home
Will learn her son is dead.

No. 994

LAVENDER'S BLUE

also known as

Diddle Diddle
Dilly, DillyThe Kind Country Lovers
Sweet Lavender

This was not originally a nursery song, and it dates from 1672. Its prototype is a song called Diddle Diddle, or The Kind Country Lovers, which is extremely distant in spirit from the nursery. In olden times it was associated with the amusements of Twelfth Night, and it refers to the choosing of the King and Queen of the festivities. About 1805 it gained a new lease on life in an abbreviated form as a nursery song. It survived in the nursery until 1948, when it was given a modern "pop" treatment by Larry Morey and Eliot Daniel for the Walt Disney film, So Dear To My Heart. The song was sung in the film by Dinah Shore and soon became a nation-wide hit. It was revived again in 1959 by Sammy Turner, who had a hit record of it on the Big Top label. Since then the song has faded from the "pop" scene, but still retains a popular standing in the nursery. Version B is the original text.

REFERENCES

Bertail, 6	Linscott, 229-230
Cazden, II, 88-89	Moffat (LSLA), 49
Cole, 36-37	Moorat, 21
Leisy (LAS), 91-92	Opie, 265-267
	Wier (YAM), I, 93

Lavender's Blue(Version A)

Lavender's blue, diddle, diddle!
Lavender's green;
When I am king, diddle, diddle!
You shall be queen.

Call out your men, diddle, diddle!
Tell them to start;
Some to the hay, diddle, diddle!
Some to the cart.

VERSION B

(The Kind Country Lovers; a black-letter broadside that was published sometime between 1672 and 1685).

Lavender's green, diddle diddle,
Lavender's blue;
You must love me, diddle diddle,
For I love you.

I heard one say, diddle diddle,
Since I came hither,
That you and I, diddle diddle,
Must lie together.

My hostess maid, diddle diddle,
Her name was Nell,
She was a lass, diddle diddle,
That I loved well.

If she should die, diddle diddle,
By some mishap,
Then she shall lie, diddle diddle,
Under the Tap.

That she may drink, diddle diddle,
When she is dry,
Because she loved, diddle diddle,
My dog and I.

Call up your maids, diddle diddle,
Show them the clock,
Some to make hay, diddle diddle,
Some to the Rock.

No. 995LAY THIS BODY DOWN I

also known as

I'm a Long Time Traveling To Lay This Body Down
I'm Traveling To My (The) The Traveler
Grave

Campground spiritual with common title and common theme, with both white and black versions. Version A was published in the 1859 edition of the Original Sacred Harp and reproduced in the 1911 edition, p. 288. The tune was credited to Edmund Dumas of Georgia. The same version was reprinted in Jackson (SFS), 202-203.

According to McCurry (Social Harp, 1855), p. 37, version B was written by himself and William C. Davis in 1853.

This is the version that slaves adapted (see version C).

Version B is in Jackson (SFS), 230 and (WSSU), 260.

Version C is in Brewer, 188; Dett, 187; Jackson (WSSU), 261; Marsh (SJS), 146; and Pike, 186, 228.

Lay This Body Down I (Version A)

Ye fleeting charms of earth, farewell,
Your springs of joy are dry;
My soul now seeks another home,
A brighter home on high.

Chorus

I'm a long time trav'ling here below,
I'm a long time trav'ling away from home;
I'm a long time trav'ling here below,
To lay this body down.

Farewell, my friends, whose tender care
Has long engaged my love;
Your fond embrace I now exchange
For better friends above.

VERSION B

I'm traveling to my grave,
I'm traveling to my grave,
I'm traveling to my grave,
To lay this body down.

My fathers died a-shouting,
Rejoicing in the Lord;
The last word I heard them say
Was shout Jerusalem,
The saints' delightful home.

I'm traveling to my grave, (3)
To lay this body down.

VERSION C

My father died a shouting,
Singing glory hallelujah!
The last words he spoke to me
Was about Jerusalem.

Chorus

I'm a trav'ling to the grave,
I'm a trav'ling to the grave,
My Lord, I'm a trav'ling to the grave
For to lay this body down.

My mother died a shouting,
Singing glory hallelujah!
The last words she spoke to me
Was about Jerusalem.

My brother died a shouting, etc.

My sister died a shouting, etc.

No. 996

LAY THIS BODY DOWN II

also known as

I Know Moonlight

O Graveyard

This is a "slave" spiritual; it was first published in 1867.

REFERENCES

Allen (SSUS), 19-20, 54

Sandburg (AS), 451

Lomax (ABFS), 577-578

Scott (BA), 209-210

Lay This Body Down II

O graveyard, O graveyard,
I'm walking through the graveyard,
Lay this body down.

I know moonlight, I know moonlight,
I'm walking through the moonlight,
Lay this body down.

I know starlight, I know starlight,
I'm walking through the starlight,
Lay this body down.

I go to judgment, I go to judgment,
In the evening of the day,
Lay this body down.

No. 997

LAY YOUR MONEY DOWN

also known as

Lay Ten Dollars Down

This is a song from the Civil War era that comes to us in two distinct versions, one sung by blacks and the other by whites. It may be related to Pay Me My Money Down, a song collected in the Georgia Sea Islands by Lydia Parrish, which begins:

I thought I heard the captain say,
Pay me my money down!
Tomorrow is our sailing day,
Pay me my money down!

For other versions of the Parrish song, see Lomax (FSNA), 530 and Silber (HSB), 27.

Version A, below, was contributed from Dickson Hall, New York City and Wilmington, N. C., and it is a Confederate song. Version B (Lay Ten Dollars Down) is an adaptation by blacks recovered by Work (ANSS), 240.

Lay Your Money Down (Version A)

The Yankees came to Dixie
And gave the folks a scare;
They came to find Jeff Davis,
And they're searching everywhere.

Chorus

O! lay your money down!
I'm taking bets today;
I'm givin' two to one, boys,
Jeff Davis gets away.

They're lookin' in the mountains,
And lookin' by the sea;
They wanna hang Jeff Davis
From a sour apple tree!

Up there at Appomattox,
They cornered General Lee,
But they'll never catch Jeff Davis, boys,
You jus' wait an' see!

VERSION B

I went down to Macon,
But I did not go to stay;
Laid my head in a yaller gal's lap
An' there I stayed all day.

Chorus

O, lay ten dollars down!
Lay ten dollars down!
Lay ten dollars down!
Count 'em one by one.

I went down to Clinton,
But I did not go to stay;
Put my arms round a black gal's waist
An' hugged her tight all day.

June bug has a golden wing,
Lightnin' bug has a flame,
Bedbug has no wings at all,
But he gets there jus' the same.

No. 998

LAZY MARY

also known as

Lazy Mary, Will You
Get Up?

Lazy Roger
Mary Brown

This is a game song from England, where it is commonly known as Mary Brown. The game may sometimes vary but the action is usually carried out by children forming a ring around Mary, who is lying down or kneeling with eyes closed. They march around her, singing, and then stop and sing the answers to Mary's questions. At the song's conclusion, Mary catches one of the visitors who then becomes Mary.

For songs sometimes associated with this one, see:

She Won't Get Up in Brewster (GSSI), 254-255 and What Will You Give Me If I Get Up in Pound, 225-226.

REFERENCES

Bertail, 101

Brown, I, 55; V, 509

Gomme, I, 364-368

Halliwel (NRE), 218

Halliwel (PRNT), 119

Jour (AFL), XL, 18-19

Kit, P, 5

Linscott, 31-33

Newell, 96-97

Notes (6th series), II, 248

Quarterly (SFL), VI, 240-242

Shearin (SKFS), 44, 74

Whitney & Bullock, 143

Wier (YAM), I, 136

Winn (1), 17

Lazy Mary

Lazy Mary, will you get up?

Will you get up, will you get up?

Lazy Mary, will you get up,

Will you get up today?

O, no, mother, I won't get up,
I won't get up, I won't get up;
O, no, dear mother, I won't get up
So early in the morning.

O what will you give me for breakfast,
For my breakfast, for my breakfast,
O what will you give me for breakfast
So early in the morning?

A little bowl of bread and milk,
Of bread and milk, of bread and milk,
A little bowl of bread and milk
So early in the morning.

O, then, dear mother, I won't get up,
I won't get up, I won't get up,
O, then, dear mother, I won't get up
So early in the morning.

A nice young man with rosy cheeks,
With rosy cheeks, with rosy cheeks,
A nice young man with rosy cheeks
So early in the morning.

O, then, dear mother, I will get up,
I will get up, I will get up,
O, then, dear mother, I will get up
So early in the morning.

I'll bathe and eat some bread and milk,
Some bread and milk, some bread and milk,
I'll bathe and eat some bread and milk
So early in the morning.

No. 999

THE LAZY YOUNG MAN

also known as

Georgia Boy	The Young Man Who Wouldn't
Harm Link	Hoe Corn
The Lazy Farmer	The Young Man Who Wouldn't
The Lazy Man	Hoe His Corn
The Young Man Who Did Not	The Young Man Who Wouldn't
Hoe Corn	Plow Corn

A tremendous amount of "guessing" is in print concerning this song, even as to its place of origin. According to Cox (FSS), the song is "probably an American product," because it "had not" been reported from England. On the other hand, Cecil Sharp certainly considered it to be an English product, which is why we find a version in his Appalchian collection of English Folk Songs.

There are several versions in circulation and in print, and, according to Randolph, "it is sometimes sung to an old melody called The Blackbird and the Crow."

REFERENCES

Arnett, 10	Flanders (VFSB), 74
Barry (ABB), No. 72	Hudson (FSM), 200-201
Belden (BS), 440	Ives (SA), 160-161
Belden (PLSB), No. 106	Ives (SB), 242-243, <u>or</u>
Botkin (AFL), 874-875	220-221
Brewster (BSI), 307	Lomax (OSC), 286-287
Brown, III, 247-248; V,	Lomax (PB), 39
138-139	Lomax (USA), 230-231
Campbell & Sharp, 314	Moore (BFSS), 386-387
Cox (FSS), 494	Owens (TFS), 128-129
Davis (FSV), 172-173	Pound, 110-111
Eddy, 243-244	Pound (SFSN), XXI, No. 10

Randolph, III, 195-196

Scott (BA), 46-47

Seeger (6), 42

Sharp, II, 258

Silverman, II, 194

Stout, 91

Tolman, 181

The Lazy Young Man

I'll sing you a song, and it's not very long,
About a young man who wouldn't hoe corn;
The reason why, I cannot tell,
For he was young and strong and well.

He planted by the moon in the month of June,
And in July it was knee high;
But in September there came a frost,
And all this young man's corn was lost.

He went to the corn-field and peeped in,
And saw the weeds had grown to his chin;
The hungry weeds had grown so high,
They caused this young man for to cry.

He went to his nearest neighbor's door,
Where ofttimes he had been before;
And when his courtship he'd begun,
She asked him if he'd hoed his corn.

He hung his head and drew a sigh,
"O, no, dear madam, no, not I;
I've tried and tried but all in vain,
And know I shall not raise a grain."

"Then why do you ask me for to wed,
When you can't raise corn for making bread?
Single I am and single I'll remain,
For a lazy man I won't maintain!"

No. 1000

THE LEAPING STAG

also known as

As I Rode Out

The Deer Song

Sally Buck

This is an Americanized "tall tale" version of an old English "hunting" song. Its popularity in the United States was and is rather limited.

For a children's song called The Deer Song, or Sally Buck, see Seeger (3), 34-35 and Yolen, 80-81.

For other versions of the song below, see Sharp, II, 217-219 and Thompson (BBB), 154.

The Leaping Stag

Well, I went out a-hunting
One cold November day;
The leaves were turning green,
And the flowers were fresh and gay,
And the flowers were fresh and gay.

I rode down by the river,
And on the other side
I saw a thousand deer
All a-swimmin' on the tide, (2).

With gun all cocked and ready,
I under water went,
To get my self a deer or two—
Well, that was my intent, (2).

Now I was under water
A thousand feet or more,
And when I fired my pistols,
Like a cannon they did roar, (2).

I got me a great big buck,
And from the water went;
The rest of them were long gone,
But to trail 'em all I meant.

I waved and made a circle,
Then shot around a hill—
A thousand out of twenty
Is the number I did kill!

No. 1001

LEATHER BREECHES, or BRITCHES
also known as

Ledder Breeches

The Old Leather Breeches

This song is mainly viewed as an instrumental piece that is played by "old time fiddlers" at Square dances. It was, however, quite popular as a music-hall and minstrel-show song. It is claimed that Ledder Breeches is a parody of a song called Brother Jonathan, that the words were written by Dan Emmett and set to the tune of Saint Patrick Was A Gentleman. According to Peacock, an Irish version of Emmett's text—The Old Leather Breeches—appears on a Horace Partridge broadside, No. 105. Many fiddle-dance versions simply contain various made-up stanzas, such as the one given by Thede:

Leather breeches full of stitches,
Leather breeches, leather breeches,
Mammy cut 'em out an' m' daddy
Sewed and sewed th' stitches.

Two versions are given below, with A being from North Carolina and B is from Ireland, more like a ballad than a dance tune.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 374; V, 227	O'Lochlainn, 214-216 Peacock, I, 71-72
Ford (OTFM), 6	Thede, 115
Ford (TMA), 48	Thomas (DD), 134

Leather Breeches (Version A)

I went down to town
And I wore my leather breeches;
I couldn't see the people
For looking at the peaches.

I went down to town
And I got a pound of butter;
I come home very drunk
And I throwed it in the gutter.

VERSION B

At the side of the mill on the road to Clonmel,
Patty Ackerty kept many sheep in;
Sold pig's meat and bread, kept a nice lodging bed
They liked 'round the country he lived in.

Now him and his wife both struggled thro life,
In the week Patty mended the ditches;
And on Sunday he dressed in a coat of his best,
But his pride was his old leather britches.

For twenty-one years it so do appears,
Those britches his father had runned in;
On the day that he died he to his bedside
Called Patty his dutiful son in.

Advice then he gave ere he went to his grave,
He bid him take care of his riches;

He said, "It's no use to step into my shoes,
But I wish you'd pop into my britches."

One night as he lay a-dreaming away,
At the prill-dogs, their frills, and the witches,
He heard an uproar just outside the door,
And he crept to steal on his old britches.

Says Barry McGurke, with a voice like a Turk,
"Come, Patty, come get us some eating."
Says big Andy Moore, "We'll bust open the door,
For this is the night you'll be treating."

O scarce had he spoke when in the door broke,
They gather'd 'round Patty like leaches;
"By the good martial grog if you don't give us prog,
We'll eat you clean out of your britches!"

He took up the waist of his britches with haste,
He cut out the buttons and stitches;
And he cut 'em in stripes, right away they were
tripes,
And he boiled them his old leather britches.

They walloped the stuff, says Andy: "It's tough!"
Says Patty, "You're no judge of mutton."
When Barry McGurke on the point of his fork,
He lifted a bid ivory button.

'Twas well then for Pat he had gone out at that,
An' fled when he saw them all risin';
Says Barry, "Make haste, and go for the priest,
By the holy St. Jackstone, I'm Poisoned!"

For Patty's big joke they got up and broke
The table, the bowls and the dishes;
And from that very night they'd knock out your light,
If they caught you in old leather britches!

No. 1002

LEAVE HER, JOHNNY, LEAVE HER

also known as

Across the Rockies

Across the Western Ocean

Across the Rocky Mountains

Amanda, Where You Bound To?

This is an immigrant song from about 1850. Shortly after the Irish potato famine, packet ships carried thousands from Liverpool across the Western Ocean, to America. This is a capstan shanty sung during that time. Later, the song was adapted by sailors as a hauling shanty (see version B below).

REFERENCES

Bone, 133-136

Ives (SA), 86-87

Colcord, 118

Langstaff (1), 73

Glass (SS-1), 50-51

Sandburg (AS), 412 B

Greenway, 233

Scott (BA), 150-151

Harlow, 58-60

Shay (ASSC), 71-72

Hugill (1), 292-293

Smith (BOS), 71-73

Whall (SSS), 51

Leave Her, Johnny, Leave Her (Version A)

O the times are hard and the wages low!

Amanda, where you bound to?

The Plains of Kansas is my home,

Across the Western Ocean.

O I'll go ashore and I'll spend my pay!, etc.

When I get home I'll surely stay, etc.

To New York town I'll make my way!, etc.

I hate the High Plains any way, etc.

O the captain's mean as he can be!, etc.

I'm bound across the Western Sea,

To join the Irish army!

VERSION B

also known as

Leave Her, Bullies, Leave Her Time For Us To Leave Her
 Time To Leave Her

Some say this song grew out of version A (above), but others say it happened the other way around. Judging strictly by the number of published works containing a version of this, it is far more popular than version A.

REFERENCES

Bone, 135-136	King, 7
Bullen & Arnold, 8	Masefield (SG), 371
Colcord, 119-121	Masefield (SS), 73
Davis (SSC), 11	Patterson (SA), 233
Doerflinger, 89-90	Robinson, 124, 128
Finger (SCCS), 13	Sampson, 29
Grainger, No. 205	Sandburg (AS), 412
Harlow ('48), 376	Scott (BA), 135-137
Harlow ('62), 99-100	Sharp (EFC-2), 3, 4
Hugill (1), 293-298	Shay (ASSC), 86-87
Hugill (2), 134-135	Smith (BOS), 74-75
Jour (FSS), V, 36	Terry, II, 52
	Trevine, 16

.....

I thought I heard the old man say,
 Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
 Just go ashore and draw your pay!
 It's time enough for us to leave her!

The winds were foul, the work was hard, etc.
 From England to the Norfolk yard, etc.

The work was hard, the ship was slow, etc.
 The food was bad, the wages low, etc.

No. 1003

THE LEAVES ARE GREEN

also known as

Who Stoops Last

Game song, and one of many sung to the tune of Mulberry Bush.

For other versions and game directions, see Bancroft, 358 and Forbush, 87.

The Leaves Are GreenTune: Mulberry Bush

The leaves are green,
The nuts are brown;
They hang so high
They will not come down;
Leave them alone
Till frosty weather,
Then they will all
Come down together.

No. 1004

THE LEAVES SO GREEN, O!

also known as

Among the Leaves So Green, O!

The Keeper Would A-

The Keeper

Hunting Go

English "hunting" song with at least half a dozen different versions in America.

REFERENCES

Baring-Gould (SW), No. 113

Ebsworth (RB), VII, 557

Best, 22

Farnsworth, 42-43

Brown, V, 419-420

Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 271

Kit 24, No. 100	Sharp (100), 178
Leisy (SPS), 106-107	Silber (HSB), 124
Reeves, 138-139	Silverman, I, 301
Reeves (EC), 289-290	Wheeler (KMFS), 81-88
Seeger (6), 59	Winn (2), 86-87
	Yolen, 84-85

The Leaves So Green, O!

The keeper would a-hunting go,
And under his coat he carried a bow,
All for to shoot at a merry little doe
Among the leaves so green, O!

Chorus

Come along, sing along, sing it well, very well—
Hey down! Ho down! Derry, derry down,
Among the leaves so green, O.
To my hey down, down! To my ho down, down!
Hey down! Ho down! Derry, derry down,
Among the leaves so green, O.

The first doe he shot at he missed,
The second doe he trimmed he kissed,
The third doe went where nobody wist,
Among the leaves so green, O.

The fourth doe she did cross the plain,
The keeper fetched her back again;
Where she is now she may remain,
Among the leaves so green, O.

The fifth doe she did cross the brook,
The keeper fetched her back with a crook;
Where she is now you must go and look,
Among the leaves so green, O.

The sixth doe she ran over the plain,
The keeper took hounds and turned her again;
And there he did hunt in a merry, merry vein,
Among the leaves so green, O.

No. 1005

LET GOD'S SAINTS COME IN

also known as

Come Down, Angels

Trouble the Water

Black spiritual from slave-years, and another of those performed by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers. For other versions, see Allen (SSUS), 76, or 129-130 and Marsh (SJS), 234.

Let God's Saints Come In

I love to shout, I love to sing,
Let God's saints come in!
I love to praise my heav'nly king,
Let God's saints come in!

Chorus

Come down, Angels, trouble the water, (3)
Let God's saints come in.

I think I heard a sinner say, etc.
My Saviour taught me how to pray, etc.

I hope to meet my brother there, etc.
He used to join with me in prayer, etc.

Now Jesus told us all before, etc.
Go, He said, and sin no more, etc.

No. 1006

LET HER GO, LET HER GO

also known as

How Sad Was the Death of	Let Her Go, May God Bless Her
My Sweetheart	The Lover's Return
Let 'er Go	True Love

The stanza from which this song takes its title is a floater, as are at least several lines and two stanzas found in some other versions. There is a "male" and a "female" version, but the theme is almost always the same. For another version of the title stanza, see The Unfortunate Life V in this Master Book.

Of the two versions below, the first (A) is male and the second (B) is female.

REFERENCES

Best, 69

Leisy (SPS), 18

Fuson, 111

Shay (DFW), 80-81

Let Her Go, Let Her Go (Version A)

True love may be a blessing,
But it never was to me,
For the only girl I ever loved
Has turned her back on me.

Chorus

Let her go, let her go, God bless her
Wherever she may be;
Let her search this wide world over,
She'll never find a man like me.

There may be a change in the weather,
There may be a change in the sea,
But the only change she ever had
Is change she took from me.

Here's to a glass of good whiskey,
Here's to a good glass of beer;
They're not as sweet as a maiden's kiss,
But a damn sight more sincere.

VERSION B

Had I listened to mother,
I would not be here today;
But I was so young and foolish,
And had my own sweet way.

Chorus

Let him go, let him go, God bless him.
He's mine wherever he may be;
If he roams this wide world over
He'll never find a friend like me.

I have a big ship on the ocean,
It's lined with silver and gold;
Before I'd see my love suffer,
I'd have that ship anchored and sold.

If I had the wings of a sparrow,
I would spread my wings and fly;
I'd fly to the arms of my darling,
And there I'd stay 'til I die.

O who is that coming out yonder,
So brave, so handsome and strong?
I think it's my own darling Charlie,
For whom I've waited so long.

No. 1007

LET ME FLY
also known as
Trying Hard

19th century campground gospel song and spiritual. For other versions, see Okun, 182-183; Silber (HSB), 65; and Silverman, II, 111.

Let Me Fly

I'm goin' down to the middle of the field;
I'm gonna start workin' on a chariot wheel.
I don't care much about workin' on a wheel,
But I gotta find out how the chariots feel.

Chorus

I'm tryin', Lord, I'm tryin' hard;
Lord, you know I'm tryin' hard.

I know a man over in the Promised Land;
I'm gonna go over and I'll shake his hand.
I don't care much about skain' his hand,
But I wanna good look at the Promised Land.

No. 1008

LET ME GO, JACOB
also known as

Oh, Rastle Jacob Wrestle On, Jacob Wrestlin' Jacob

A slave spiritual featured by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers. It is still a favorite of vocal groups who feature religious material, but it is usually changed slightly by those performing it. For example, Brown's version contains lines and stanzas also found in two

other spirituals: Don't Be Weary and Keep Your Lamps Trimmmed and Burning.

Also see and compare the items in Fenner (RFSN), 131 and Jour (AFL), XLI, 580.

REFERENCES

Allen (SSUS), 4-5, 29-30

Dett, 70

Arnold, 167

Hallowell, 41

Brown, III, 684

Marsh (SJS), 180-181

Pike, 262

Let Me Go, Jacob

Wrestling Jacob, Jacob,
Day is a-breaking!
Wrestling Jacob, Jacob,
I will not let thee go!

Let me go, Jacob!
I will not let thee go!
Let me go, Jacob!
I will not let thee go
Until thou bless me.
I will not let thee go,
Until thou bless me.
I will not let thee go!

Wrestling Jacob, Jacob,
I will not let thee go.
I'll wrestle till the break of day.
I will not let thee go
Until thou come and bless my soul.
I will not let thee go!

No. 1009

THE LETTER EDGED IN BLACK.

This is a 19th century "pop" song that disappeared in the rural South and became a traditional song, re-emerging as a "country" song on radio and phonograph records in the late 1920s and through the 1930s. Song has been recorded by many "country" artists and printed in hundreds of folios by music publishers. The song is based upon the discarded practice of sending messages of death and disaster in envelopes edged in black.

REFERENCES

Kennedy (AB), 131-132

Shay (PF-2), 122-124

Kennedy (TAB), 208-209

Shay (PF-3), 192-193

Randolph, IV, 162-163

Spaeth (WSM), 38-39

Richardson (AMS), 35

The Letter Edged in Black

I was standing by the window yesterday morning,
Without a thought of worry or a care,
When I saw the postman coming up the pathway
With such a happy face and jolly air.
He rang the bell and whistled while he waited,
And then he said, "Good morning to you, Jack."
But he little knew the sorrow that he brought me
As he handed me that letter edged in black.

With trembling hand I took the letter from him,
I broke the seal and this is what it said:
"Come home, my boy, your dear old father needs you;
Come home, my boy, your dear old mother's dead.
The last words that your mother ever uttered,
Tell my boy I want him to come back.
My eyes are blurred, my poor old heart is breaking,
For I'm writing you this letter edged in black.

"Those angry words, I wish I'd never spoke them—
You know I did not mean them, don't you, Jack?
May the angels hear me witness, I am asking,
Your forgiveness in this letter edged in black!"
I could hear the postman whistling yesterday morning
Coming up the pathway with his pack,
But he never knew the sorrow that he brought me.
When he handed me a letter edged in black!

No. 1010

LEWIS AND CLARK

also known as

The Discoveries of
Lewis and Clark

On the Discoveries of
Lewis and Clark

An early American historical-type song. In 1803, at the request of Thomas Jefferson, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark set out to explore all the land beyond the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean. After the return of the explorers, much celebrating was done. Nevertheless, the expedition was ridiculed in song by an anonymous Federalist. Of course, it was more of a political attack on Jefferson than an attack on Lewis and Clark, though Lewis had once been Jefferson's secretary.

The "dusky Sally" named in the 9th stanza was Jefferson's housekeeper with whom, rumor had it, he was having a live-in love affair. The "Joel" mentioned in the last stanza is Joel Barlow, poet and statesman, who published a poem written for a dinner given in honor of Lewis and Clark in Washington.

The text below is from Lawrence, 184.

Lewis and Clark

Tune: Yankee Doodle

Good people, listen to my tale,
'Tis nothing but what true is;
I'll tell you of the mighty deed
Achieved by Captain Lewis.

How starting from the Atlantic shore
By fair and easy motion,
He journeyed, all the way by land,
Until he met the Ocean.

Heroic, sure, the toil must be
To travel through the woods, sir,
And never meet a foe, yet save
His person and his goods, sir.

What marvels on the way he found—
He'll tell you, if inclined, sir—
But I shall only now disclose
The things he did not find, sir.

He never with a Mammoth met,
However you may wonder;
Not even with a Mammoth's bone,
Above the ground or under.

And spite of all the pains he took
The animal to track, sir,
He ne'er could o'er-take the hog
With navel on his back, sir.

And from the day his course began,
Till even it was ended,
He never found an Indian tribe
From Welshmen straight descended.

Nor, much as of Philosophers
The fancies it might tickle,

To season his adventures, met
A Mountain, sous'd in pickle.

Let dusky Sally henceforth bear
The name of Isabella;
And let the mountain, all of salt,
Be christen'd Monticella.

The hog with navel on his back
Tom Paine may be when drunk, sir—
And Joel call the Prairie-dog,
Which once was call'd a skink, sir.

No. 1011

THE LEXINGTON MARCH

also known as

Brother Ephraim

Yankee Doodle

This song ridiculing Americans was published in England, where it was tremendously popular. The "Doctor Warren" referred to in the text is Dr. Joseph Warren, who wrote The Liberty Song, and many others. The text below is from Lawrence, 52.

The Lexington March

Tune: Yankee Doodle

Brother Ephraim sold his cow
And bought himself a commission,
And then he went to Canada
To fight for the Nation.
But when Ephraim he came home,
He proved an arrant coward;
He wouldn't fight the Frenchmen there,
For fear of being devoured.

Sheep's head and vinegar,
Buttermilk and candy,
Boston is a Yankee town,
Sing Hey Doodle Dandy.
First we'll take a pinch of snuff
And then a drink of water;
And then we'll say "how do you do?,"
And that's a Yankee supper.

Seth's mother went to Lynn,
To buy a paid of breeches;
The first time Nathan put them on
He tore out all the stitches.
Dolly Bushel let a fart,
Jenny Jones she found it,
Ambrose carried it to Mill
Where Docotor Warren ground it.

Our Jemima's lost her Mare
And can't tell where to find her,
But she'll come trotting by and by,
And bring her tail behind her.
Two and two may go to bed,
Two and two together,
And if there is not room enough,
Lie one a-top the other.

No. 1012

THE LIBERTY SONG I

also known as

In Freedom We're Born

The Sons of Liberty

This is a song with a common title. Several songs were known as The Liberty Song, or just plain Liberty, and the title is all they had in common. The text of this

song is by John Dickinson, of Delaware who became a member of the First Continental Congress. He was also an officer in the Continental Army. He wrote this song for the Sons of Liberty and published it in the Boston Gazette, July 18, 1768.

This song has the distinction of being the first patriotic song published in America. Two or three months later, the Boston Gazette published the first parody of it, a British version called Come, Shake Your Dull Noodles (see Liberty Song II in MB). The parody, in turn, inspired yet another Come, Swallow Your Bumpers (see Liberty Song III in MB). This song is not related to the Sons of Liberty ballad that was set to the air of Come, Jolly Bacchus and written for a celebration in 1768 commemorating the Stamp Act riots of August 14, 1765 (see Rabson, 12-13).

For other "Liberty" songs, see McCurry, 74 and Thomas (BMMK), 47.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| Agay (2), 20-21 | Lloyd, 16-17 |
| Brand (S-76), 9 | Rabson, 6-8 |
| Downes, 49-51, 56-57 | Silber (SI), 44-45 |
| Ives (SA), 248-250 | Vinson, 20-21 |
| Lawrence, 15, 26 | Whitman, 2-3 |

The Liberty Song I

Tune: Heart of Oak

Come, join hand in hand brave Americans all,
And rouse your bold hearts at fair Liberty's call;
No tyrannous acts shall suppress your just claim,
Or stain with dishonor America's name.

Our worthy forefathers—let's give them a cheer!—
To climates unknown did courageously steer;

Thro' oceans, to deserts, for freedom they came,
And dying bequeath'd us their Freedom and Fame.

The Tree their own hands had to liberty rear'd;
They liv'd to behold growing strong and rever'd;
With transport they cry'd, "Now our witness we gain
For our children shall gather the fruits of our pain."

Swarms of placemen and pensioners soon will appear,
Like locusts deforming the charms of the years;
Suns vainly will rise, showers vainly descend,
If we are to drudge for what others shall spend.

Then join hand in hand, brave Americans all,
By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall;
In so righteous a cause let us hope to succeed,
For Heaven approves of each generous deed.

All ages shall speak with amaze and applause,
Of the courage we'll show in support of our laws;
To die we can bear, but to serve we disdain,
For shame is to Freedom more dreadful than pain.

This bumper I crown for our Sovereign's health,
And this for Britannia's glory and wealth—
That wealth and that glory immortal may be,
If she is but just—and if we are but free!

Chorus

In Freedom we're born and in Freedom we'll live,
Our purses are ready, steady, friends, steady:
Not as slaves, but as free men our money we'll give!

No. 1013

THE LIBERTY SONG II

also known as

Come Shake Your Dull
Noodle, or Noodles

The Liberty Song
Parody

This song appeared shortly after publication of Liberty Song I (above), and in the same newspapers: the Boston Gazette and the Boston Evening-Post. Both papers published the text on the same day, September 26, 1768. The ballad was described as a Tory "law and order" parody. For other versions, see Brand (S-76), 11; Lawrence, 30; Rabson, 9; and Vinson, 22.

The Liberty Song IITune: Heart of Oak

Come shake your dull noodles, ye Pumpkins, and bawl,
And own that you're mad at fair Liberty's call.
No scandalous conduct can add to your shame,
Condemn'd to dishonor, inherit the fame.

Such villains, such rascals, all danger despise,
And stick not at mobbing when mischief's the prize.
They burst thro' all barriers, and piously keep
Such chattels and goods the vile rascals can sweep.

The tree which the wisdom of justice hath rear'd,
Should be stout for their use, and by no means be spar'd;
When fuddled with rum, the mad Scots to restrain,
Sure Tyburn will sober the wretches again.

Your brats and your bunters, by no means forget,
But feather your nests, for they're bare enough yet;
From the insolent rich, sure the poor knave may steal,
Who ne'er in his life knew the scent of a meal.

When in your own cellars you've quaff'd a regale,
Then drive, tug, and stink the next house to assail.
For short is your harvest, nor long shall you know
The pleasure of reaping what other men sow.

Then nod your poor Numbskulls, ye Pumpkins, and bawl;
The devil take such rascals, fools, whoresons and all!
Your cursed old trade of purloining must cease,
The curse and the dread of all order and peace.

Gulp down your last dram, for the gallows now groans,
And order depress'd her Lost Empire bemoans;
While we quite transported and happy shall be,
From mobs, knaves, and villains, protected and free!

Chorus

In folly you're born, and in folly you'll live;
To madness still ready, and stupidly steady—
Not as men, but as monkies, the tokens you give!

No. 1014

THE LIBERTY SONG III

also known as

Come Swallow Your Bumpers The Massachusetts Song of
Liberty

Early Americans no less than current Americans were determined to have the final word, so this song, written by Dr. Benjamin Church, a traitor masquerading as a patriot, is a parody on a parody. After the hostilities began in 1775, it was discovered that Dr. Church was a British agent. George Washington presided at the trial, and Church was found guilty but not put in prison. It was decided that the man was too old and ill, so he was

paroled and allowed to leave America. History records that the ship on which Church sailed was lost at sea and never discovered. His song achieved distribution in England as well as in America, apparently giving the Tories the final word—at least in the trio of "Liberty" songs set to the same air.

REFERENCES

Brand (S-76), 13

Dolph, 465-467

Luther, 33-35

Silber (SI), 47-48

Vinson, 24-25

The Liberty Song III

Tune: Heart of Oak

Come swallow your bumpers, ye Tories, and roar,
That the sons of fair Freedom are hamper'd once more;
But know that no cut-throats our spirits can tame,
Nor a host of oppressors shall smother the flame!

Our grandfathers, blest heroes, we'll give them a tear,
Nor sully their honors by stooping to fear;
Thro' deaths and thro' dangers, their trophies they won.
We dare to be their rivals, nor will be outdone.

Let tyrants and minions presume to despise,
Encroach on our rights, and make freedom their prize;
The fruits of their rapine they never shall keep,
Tho' vengeance may nod, yet how short is her sleep.

When oppress'd and reproach'd, our king we implore,
Still firmly persuaded our rights he'll restore.
When our hearts beat to arms, to defend a just right,
Our monarch rules there and forbids us to fight.

Chorus

In Freedom we're born, and like sons of the brave,
We'll never surrender, but swear to defend her,
And scorn to survive if unable to save!

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No. 1015

THE LIBERTY SONG IV

also known as

Brave America

Free Amerikay

Free America

New Massachusetts Liberty
Song

An early patriotic song by Dr. Joseph Warren, Boston, who was President of the Provincial Congress and one of the original Minute Men. He is also the person who started Paul Revere on that famous ride in 1775. Warren was killed in a battle at Breed's Hill—a position mistakenly fortified; and it was the first major engagement of the Revolution.

For another Revolutionary era song set to the same tune, see Lord Cornwallis' Surrender in Scott (BA), 88.

REFERENCES

Botkin (NEF), 847-848

Ives (SB), 96-97, 88-89

Brand (S-76), 43

Lawrence, 36-37

Chapple (HS), 45

Luther, 37

Dolph, 480-481

Silber (SI), 57-58

Ford (TMA), 455-457

Silverman, II, 284

Ives (SA), 258-259

Spaeth (REW), 14-15

Vinson, 28-29

The Liberty Song IVTune: The British Grenadiers

That seat of science, Athens, and earth's great mistress
Rome,

Where now are all their glories? We scarce can find their
tomb:

Then guard your rights, Americans! nor stoop to lawless
sway,

Oppose, oppose, oppose, oppose, my brave America!

We led fair Franklin hither, when lo the desert smil'd,
A paradise of pleasure, was open'd in the wild;
Your harvest, bold Americans! no power shall snatch away!
Assert yourselves, yourselves, yourselves, my brave
America!

Torn from a world of tyrants beneath the western sky,
We formed a new Dominion, a land of liberty;
The world shall own their masters here, then hasten
on the day,
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, for brave America!

Lift up your heads, my heroes, and swear with proud
disdain,
The wretch who would enslave you shall spread his snares
in vain;
Should Europe empty all her force, we'd meet them in
array,
And shout, and shout, and shout, and shout, for brave
America!

Some future day shall crown us the Masters of the Main,
And giving laws and freedom, to subject France and Spain;
When all the Isles o'er ocean spread, shall tremble and
obey,
Their Lords, their Lords, their Lords, their Lords of
America!

No. 1016

LIEBER AUGUSTINE

also known as

Ach, Du Lieber Augustin

Du Lieber Augustine

Dear August

O Du Lieber Augustin

Austrian-German folk song, and one quite widely and
well-known in the United States. Because versions are

available in hundreds of song books and and music folios, the song was not considered by folk collectors as being worthy of inclusion in their published collections. This song is probably sung more often by more people than those songs found in collections, and it is sung from the memories of the singers.

REFERENCES

Best, 88	Shay (PF-1), 41
Boyer, 151-155	Shay (PF-3), 17
	Wier (SWWS), 158

Lieber Augustine

Ach du lieber Augustine, Augustine, Augustine,
Ach du lieber Augustine alles ist hin!
Geld ist weg, Madl ist weg, alles weg, alles weg,
Ach du lieber Augustine alles ist hin!

No. 1017

A LIFE BY THE CABIN FIRE

One of many "gold rush" songs written by J. A. "Old Put" Stone. As usual, Stone borrowed the tune of a well-known song.

For another version, see Dwyer, 95-96.

A Life By The Cabin Fire Tune: A Life On The Ocean Wave

A life by the cabin fire,
A home in the northern mines,
We'll make a pile and retire,
Won't that be charming and fine?

We'll roam the Sierra Nevadas,
'Till we kill the grizzly bear
And send the fur home to the ladies,
For pantalets—how it will wear.

The city's no longer in view,
The ground is beginning to rise;
If stories they told us are true,
How the lumps will dazzle our eyes!
We built us a cabin so fine,
Got grub to last us a while,
Commenced in the morning to mine,
But at night fell short of a pile.

The Doctor would give us advice,
And the Lawyer would argue the point,
But we couldn't get rid of the lice,
No matter how often we'd oint:
The clerk, with his breeches worn out,
Look'd more like a Panama Ape,
That you'd see on the Chagres route—
What a change from needles and tape!

The Doctor and Lawyer combined,
And agreed that the Doctor should kill,
And the Lawyer should come on behind,
And collect the exorbitant bill.
The preacher could not make a pile
And the gospel he came out to preach;
He fiddled and gambled a while,
But money kept out his reach.

The cabin is now out of sight,
That stood on the western slope,
We left it for nothing but spite,
For that was our only hope.
The most of the party went home,
Disgusted with what they had seen,
And I left behind to roam—

"Oh, wasn't I wonderful green!"

No. 1018A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE

Source song. The words were written by Epes Sargent, born in Gloucester, Mass., Sept. 27, 1812. Epes was a journalist and long resided in Boston, where he died in Dec., 1880. The music was composed by Henry Russell. The song was extremely popular in both England and America during the 19th century. It was used as a fiddle and country dance tune, published in school song books, adapted as the official march of the Royal Marines by authority of the British Admiralty, and inspired several other songs. Tune was used for A Life By The Cabin Fire (see foregoing song) and for A Life On The Vicksburg Bluff (see next song).

The song was a commercial success, but the author was not paid anything. Sargent said, "The copyright of the song became very valuable, though I never got anything from it myself. A year or two after its publication, I received from England copies of five or six different editions that had been issued there by competing publishers."

The version given here is from Johnson (FS), 130-136.

REFERENCES

Chapple (HS), 431	Huntington, 87-89
Ford (OTFM), 24-25	Leisy (LAS), 70-71
Ford (TMA), 33, 408-409	Mackenzie (SH), 55-56
Glass (SS-1), 6-8	Songs (15), 102-103
	Staton, 6

A Life On The Ocean Wave

A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep:

Like an eagle caged I pine
On this dull, unchanging shore.
Oh! give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest roar!

Once more on the deck I stand
Of my own swift-gliding craft.
Set sail! farewell to the land,
The gale follows far abaft.
We shoot thro' the sparkling foam,
Like an ocean bird set free;
Like the ocean bird, our home
We'll find far out on the sea!

The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown,
But with a stout vessel and crew
We'll say, "Let the storm come down!"
And the song of our heart shall be,
While the winds and the waters rave,
A life on the heaving sea,
A home on the bounding wave!

No. 1019

A LIFE ON THE VICKSBURG BLUFF

This Civil War song takes a humorous view of a very serious situation. According to Dolph, "When Pemberton surrendered to Grant on July 4, 1863, the Confederate supplies were so depleted that a skimpy ration of mule meat ('Logan's beef') and pea-bread was the only food." Staton attributes the words of this song to Captain J. W. A. Wright. Others say the words were written by A. Dalsheimer, a member of Company E, Third Louisiana

Regiment, who not only witnessed but participated in the siege of Vicksburg.

REFERENCES

Carmer (SRA), 96-98

Glass (SS-2), 199-201

Dolph, 290-293

Luther, 287

Staton, 136

A Life On The Vicksburg Bluff

Tune: A Life On The Ocean Wave

A life on the Vicksburg bluff,
A home in the trenches deep,
Where we dodge Yank shells enough,
And our old pea-bread won't keep.
On "old Logan's beef" I pine,
For there's fat on his bones no more;
Oh! give me some pork and brine,
And truck from a sutler's store.

Chorus

A life on the Vicksburg bluff,
A home in the trenches deep,
Where we dodge Yank shells enough,
And our old pea-bread won't keep.
Pea-bread, pea-bread,
Our old pea-bread won't keep;
Pea-bread, pea-bread,
Our old pea-bread won't keep.

Old Grant is starving us out,
Our grub is fast wasting away,
Pemb' don't know what he's about,
And he hasn't for many a day.
So we'll bury "old Logan" tonight,
From tough beef we'll be set free;
We'll put him far out of sight,
No more of his meat for me.

Like a rebel caged I pine,
And I dodge when the cannons roar;
But give me corn dodgers and swine,
And I'll stay forever more.
Once more in the trench I stand,
With my own far-ranging gun;
Should the fray come hand to hand,
I'll wager my rations I run.

No. 1020

LIFE'S RAILWAY TO HEAVEN

This religious song was written by M. E. Abbey and C. D. Tillman and dates from 1891. It was a staple item on "country music" radio programs through the early 1940s. For another version, see Benziger, 24. Also see Pound (SFSN), XX, No. 2, 55.

Life's Railway to Heaven

Life is like a mountain railroad,
With an engineer that's brave;
We must make the run successful,
From the cradle to the grave.
Watch the curves, the fills, the tunnels,
Never falter, never quail;
Keep your hand upon the throttle,
And your eye upon the rail.

You will roll up grades of trial,
You will cross the bridge of strife;
See that Christ is your conductor,
On this lightning train of life.
Always mindful of obstruction,
Do your duty, never fail;

Keep your hand upon the throttle
And your eye upon the rail.

You will always find obstructions,
Look for storms of wind and rain;
On a fill, or curve, or trestle,
They will almost ditch your train.
Put your trust alone in Jesus,
Never falter, never fail;
Keep your hand upon the throttle
And your eye upon the rail.

No. 1021

THE LIGHT IS A-COMIN'

also known as

My Lord Says He's
Comin' By'n-By

Rise, Shine, For Thy
Light is A-Comin'

Campground spiritual that was taken over by black slaves
and turned into their kind of spiritual. It was featured
by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers.

REFERENCES

Marsh (SJS), 262 Work (ANSS), 47 Work (FSAN), 49

The Light is A-Comin'

Oh, wet or dry, I mean to try,
My Lord says He's comin' by'n-by,
To serve the Lord until I die,
My Lord says He's comin' by'n-by.

Chorus

O rise, shine, for the light is a-comin'!
Rise, shine, for the light is a-comin'!
O rise, shine, for the light is a-comin'!
My Lord says He's comin' by'n-by.

We'll build a tent on this campground, etc.
And give old Satan another round, etc.

I mean to shout and never stop, etc.
Until I reach the mountain top, etc.

No. 1022

LILLY DALE

Source Song. Lilly Dale was written by H. S. Thompson about 1852. Versions are found in many song books and folios published between 1890 and 1935. The melody was used for a quick-step, for a schottische, and by the Swiss composer Sigismund Thalberg for a set of piano variations. In California, during the gold rush era, the tune was borrowed for Gold Seeker XIII (see in MB). This song has survived in American tradition, perhaps because, as Lloyd reminds us, "it was the first classic torch song in American music."

REFERENCES

Agay (2), 94-95
Chapple (HS), 299
Keach, 11

Lloyd, 108-109
Luther, 160
Staton, 56
Wilder, 128-129

Lilly Dale

'Twas a calm, still night, and the moon's pale light
Shone soft o'er hill and vale;

When friends mute with grief stood around the death-bed
Of my poor lost Lilly Dale.

Chorus

Oh! Lilly, sweet Lilly, dear Lilly Dale,
Now the wild rose blossoms
O'er her little green grave,
'Neath the trees in the flow'ry vale.

'Neath the chestnut tree, where the wild flow'rs grow,
And the stream ripples forth thro' the vale,
Where the birds shall warble their songs in the spring,
There lay poor Lilly Dale.

No. 1023

LILY OF THE VALLEY

also known as

He's the Lily of the Valley

This was first a hymn (see version A) and then a spiritual (see version B). The tune, an old English melody, was adapted by Will S. Hayes and J. L. Peters for their famous composition, The Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane (see in MB). For other songs making use of this tune, see Little Old Sod Shanty and Little Joe, the Wrangler in this Master Book.

For a version of the hymn, see Sizemore (1), 47.

For other versions of the spiritual, see Dett, 145;

Jubilee (PS), 25; Marsh (SJS), 163; and Pike, 203, or 245.

Lily of the Valley (Version A)

I have found a friend in Jesus,
He's everything to me;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

The Lily of the Valley, in Him alone I see
All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.
In sorrow He's my comfort,
In trouble He's my stay,
He tells me ev'ry care on Him to roll.

Chorus

He's the Lily of the Valley,
The bright and Morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

VERSION B

King Jesus in the chariot rides,
Oh, my Lord!
With four white horses side by side,
Oh, my Lord!

Chorus

He's the lily of the valley,
Oh, my Lord!
He's the lily of the valley,
Oh, my Lord!

What kind of shoes are those you wear?
Oh, my Lord!
That you can ride upon the air?
Oh, my Lord!

These shoes I wear are gospel shoes,
Oh, my Lord!
And you can wear them if you choose,
Oh, my Lord!

No. 1024

THE LILY OF THE WEST

also known as

Flora, the Lily of the West.

Originally an English street ballad, this old murder song has survived by traditional means on both sides of the Atlantic.

According to Creighton (SBNS) "It used to be sung at the Revel of St. Breward's on the Bodmin Moors, and can be traced back there to 1839." Randolph says it was published in the United States as early as 1859 in The Dime Songster No. 3, Indianapolis, p. 8. A year later (1860), it was published in Beadle's Dime Song Book No. 5 (New York), p. 48.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------------|
| Baring-Gould (SW), No. 58 | Kincaid No. 1, 46 |
| Belden (BS), 132-133 | Moore (BFSS), 191-192 |
| Brown, II, 622 | Okun, 220-221 |
| Chappell (FSRA), 192 | O'Lochlainn, 184-185 |
| Creighton (SBNS), 84-86 | Peacock, II, 473-474 |
| Eddy, 147-149 | Randolph, II, 75-79 |
| Emrich (FAL), 585-586 | Robinson (YF), 22-24 |
| Fife, 152-154 | Sandburg (NAS), 61 |
| Kennedy (AB), 136-137 | Sharp, II, 199 |
| Kennedy (TAB), 316-317 | Silverman, I, 128 |
| | Tolman & Eddy, 368-369 |

The Lily of the West

When first I came to Louisville
Some pleasure for to find,
A maiden there from Lexington
Was pleasin' to my mind.
Her ruby lips, her rosy cheeks,
Like arrows pierced my breast,

The name she bore was Flora
The Lily of the West.

Her hair hung down in ringlets,
Her dress was spangled o'er,
A ring on every finger
And still a dozen more.
And to entice some wealthy man
So modestly she dressed—
Oh! how I loved my Flora,
The Lily of the West.

I courted her for many a day;
Her love I thought to gain.
Too soon, too soon, she slighted me—
And caused me grief and pain.
She robbed me of my liberty,
Deprived me of my rest:
They call her handsome Flora,
The Lily of the West.

One evening as I wandered
Down thro' yonder shady grove,
I saw a man of high degree
Conversing with my love.
He walked and talked so merrily
That I was sore oppressed—
He kissed my handsome Flora,
The Lily of the West.

In anger rushed I to them,
A dagger in my hand;
I tore him from my true love
And quickly bade him stand.
In a fit of desperation
My dagger pierced his breast—
I was betrayed by Flora,
The Lily of the West.

Oh, when I've gained my liberty,
 I'll rove the country through;
 I'll travel the city over
 To find my loved one true,
 The girl who stole my liberty
 And deprived me of my rest—
 For I still love my Flora,
 The Lily of the West.

No. 1025

THE LION'S DEAN

also known as

The Bold Lieutenant	The Hero Rewarded
The Brave Lieutenant	In Castule There Lived a
The Distressed Lady	Lady
The Faithful Lover	The Lady of Carlisle
The Glove	The Lady's Fan
The Hero Lover's Reward	The Lover's Test
	The Squire's Sons
	A Trial of True Love

This song dates from the 16th century and is said to have been quite popular in the Court of Francis I of France. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the source of the ballad is back in 16th century Spain (see A. L. Krappe, The Legend of the Glove, Modern Language Notes, XXXIV, 16ff). The theme was also used by Schiller in Der Handschuh, Leigh Hunt in The Glove and the Lions, and Robert Browning in The Glove. But the oldest known ballad version is The Distressed Lady, or A Trial of True Love (Percy Broadside, I, 69, on file in the Harvard University Library). The major difference between the literary versions and

the traditional ballad is the ending: in the literary versions of the story the lover returns the glove and deserts the lady; in the folk ballad the lucky suitor marries the lady.

REFERENCES

- | | |
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| Brewster (BSI), 279-280 | Jour (FSS), V, 258 |
| Brown, II, 296-299; IV,
166 | Karpeles, 140-145 |
| Christie, II, 126 | Laws, O 25, 237 |
| Creighton (MFS), 34-35 | Leach, 32 |
| Creighton (SBNS), 87-88 | Lomax (OSC), 162-164 |
| Davis (FSV), 38 | Mackenzie, 82-83, 396 |
| Flanders (BMNE), 207-208 | Okun, 135 |
| Flanders (GGMS), No. 17 | Ord, 393-394 |
| Flanders (NGMS), 67-70 | Pub (MLN), XXVI, 113, 167 |
| Hudson (FSM), 139-141 | Roberts (IP), 103-105 |
| Jour (AFL), XLIX, 227 | Sharp, I, 396-398 |
| | Sharp (FSFS), III, No. 56 |
| | Silverman, I, 200 |

The Lion's Den

A maiden was courted by many a noble,
But none of them her heart could win;
Then came two lovers, and they were brothers,
And both of them were tall, handsome men.
One was a captain aboard of the Vanity,
That sailed upon the seas afar;
And the other a young lieutenant,
Who served on the Yorkshire man-of-war.

When both of the brothers had asked her to marry,
They heard the maiden's soft reply:
"We'll take a walk to the lake for pleasure;
We'll walk and talk and answer I'll try."
They strolled along by the thickest of bushes,
And soon arrived at the lion's den;

She removed a glove from her small fair hand
And into the den she threw it in.

"Now which of you wishes to gain my favor?
O which desires my heart to win?

My glove lies there in the den of lions,
And he who gets it my heart shall win."

The bold sea captain did first speak up,
And to the maiden he did say:

"My dear, I know of no man so foolish
To brave that den of lions today."

Then up-spoke the handsome and bold lieutenant,
And to the maiden made reply;

"My dear, altho' I may be foolish,
I'll bring to you your glove or die."

Into the den he bravely ventured,
The lions all growled and fiercely grinned;
And with sword in hand he secured her glove,
And quickly returned to her again.

The moment she saw her lover approaching,
And saw no harm at all was done,

She fell into his arms and whispered,
"Take now the prize you have bravely won."

Then up-spoke the bold sea captain,
And he told her with a sigh:

"My dear, I'll sail to some far country,
And for your love I'll pine and die."

No. 1026

LISA

This is obviously a variation on an old Negro song
called Dinky, which was, in its turn, a rewrite of

an even older minstrel-show song, Juba (see in MB). For versions of Dinky, see Randolph, II, 337; Scarborough (NFS), 98; Talley, 233; and White, 163.

Lisa

Lisa, pretty little baby,
Lisa, pretty little baby,
Lisa up and Lisa down,
Lisa all around the town;
Lisa up and Lisa down,
Lisa all around the town.

No. 1027

LISTEN TO THE MOCKINGBIRD

also known as

The Mockingbird Schottische

Here we have one of the most popular fiddle "hoe-down" tunes in America. Song was composed by Septimus Winner under the alias Alice Hawthorne. Winner wrote and published Mockingbird in 1855. Folk song collectors ignored it, probably because it was easily available in print. Whatever their reason for not collecting this song, I can say with confidence that not one of them ever printed anything more genuinely folk than traditional versions of this song.

REFERENCES

Agay (2), 102-103
Armitage, II, 41
Chapple (HS), 384-386
Downes (1940), 280-282
Downes (1943), 328-330

Ford (OTFM), 16
Ford (TMA), 45, 161
Keach, 8
Mackenzie (SH), 78
Oberndorfer, 89

Pound (SFSN), IX, No. 6

Staton, 56

Silverman, I, 126

Wier (LS), 112-113

Songs (15), 136

Wier (SWWS), 64-65

Wier (YAM), III, 92

Listen to the Mockingbird

I'm dreaming now of Hally, sweet Hally, sweet Hally,
I'm dreaming now of Hally,
For the thought of her is one that never dies;
She's sleeping in the valley, the valley, the valley,
She's sleeping in the valley,
And the Mockingbird is singing where she lies.

Chorus

Listen to the Mockingbird, listen to the Mockingbird,
The Mockingbird still singing o'er her grave;
Listen to the Mockingbird, listen to the Mockingbird,
Still singing where the weeping willows wave.

Ah! well I yet remember, remember, remember,
Ah! well I yet remember
When we gather'd in the cotton side by side;
'Twas in the mild September, September, September,
'Twas in the mild September,
And the Mockingbird was singing far and wide.

When the charms of spring awaken, awaken, awaken,
When the charms of spring awaken,
And the Mockingbird is singing on the bough,
I feel like one forsaken, forsaken, forsaken,
I feel like one forsaken,
Since my Hally is no longer with me now.

No. 1028

LITTLE AH SID

This was originally performed on the minstrel stage, and it was extremely popular along the California coast and throughout the goldfields during the 1840s and '50s. Later, the song traveled to the cattle ranches and ranges and was adapted by cowboys. It is one of the less insulting "racial" songs about the Chinese in California, but typical of its time and place.

For other versions, see Luther, 285 and Sandburg (AS), 276-277.

Little Ah Sid

Little Ah Sid was a Chineese kid,
And a neat little cuss, I swear,
With eyes full of fun
And a nose that begun
Way up in the roots of his hair.

Chorus

Woo-ee, woo-aye, woo-yappy woo-aye,
woo-yappy woo-yappy woo-aye,
Sang little Ah Sid, the Chineese kid,
As he played cowboy thro' the day.

Happy and fat was the Chineese brat,
As he played thro' the hot summer day;
And he braided his cue
Like his Pa used to do
In Chinaland, far, far away.

Once on a lawn that Ah Sid played on,
A Bumble-Bee flew in the Spring.
"Ah, velly nice bullify!"
Said he, winking his eye,
"Me git 'um and pull off big wing."

Taking his cap, he gave it a rap
And stunned the big Bumble-bee;
Then he put its remains
In the seat of his janes,
For a pocket there had the Chinee.

Little Ah Sid was only a kid,
So how could one expect him to guess
What kind of bug
He was holding so snug
In the folds of his Chinee type dress.

"Woo-ee woo-aye, woo-yappy woo-aye!"
Cried he, as he leaped from the spot,
"Woo-ee woo-aye,
Me better not stay,
Me bullify velly damn hot!"

No. 1029

THE LITTLE BIG HORN

also known as

Old Sitting Bull Out Along, All Along Little Big Horn
Sitting Bull

Historical battle song. The tune to this is obviously a reworking of Old Uncle Tom Cobley (see in MB). The text however, relates more or less accurately what happened on July 25, 1876, when General George C. Custer led his men to their deaths at the Little Big Horn.

This song is from Songs and Legends of Great American Rivers, a 20th-Fox Album, by Dickson Hall and Gary Romero.

The Little Big Horn

The Indians gathered to hold a war dance
Out along, all along Little Big Horn;
Each Brave had a bow, a shield and a lance,
And there on the prairie they started to dance

Chorus

With Low Dog, Spotted Eagle, Red Horn and Gall;
Two Moon, Little Knife, Crazy Horse,
And Sitting Bull, Chief of them all,
Old Sitting Bull, Chief of them all!

The soldiers with Custer came riding that day
Out along, all along Little Big Horn;
Each soldier had orders he had to obey,
To capture or kill all the redskins that day
With Low Dog, etc.

The drums of war sounded that Sunday in June,
Out along, all along Little Big Horn;
The battle got started around about noon—
The soldiers were killed that Sunday in June
By Low Dog, etc.

George Custer, the general, sought glory they said,
Out along, all along Little Big Horn;
But there on the prairie he lay with the dead—
The glory he wanted was taken instead
By Low Dog, etc.

No. 1030

THE LITTLE BLACK MUSTACHE

also known as

The Black Mustache

Charming Beau

The Darling Black Mustache

His Little Black Mustache

That Little Black Mustache

This is a 19th century vaudeville song. The version below was obtained from Mary Hurt, a young lady from Alabama, who learned it from her grandmother. Miss Hurt was in New York City at the time, earning her living by singing "commercials" and doing back-up work on phonograph records.

This song was recorded in the 1920s by Vernon Dalhart.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| Arnold, 20-21 | Jour (AFL), XLV, 116-118 |
| Brown, II, 479; IV, 260 | Malone, 58 |
| Bulletin (TFS), IV, 76 | Morris, 142-143 |
| Combs (FSMEU), 210-211 | Payne (SBGG), 231-232 |
| Combs (FSUS), 180-181 | Randolph, III, 128-130 |
| Davis (FSV), 177 | Roberts (IP), 302-304 |
| Henry (FSSH), 295-297 | Stout, 85-86 |
| Hudson (BSM), 159-160 | |

The Little Black Mustache

Oh, once I had a charming beau,
I loved him dear as life;
His pockets were not filled with gold,
But still he cut a dash,
With diamond ring, and watch and chain,
And a darling black mustache.

Chorus

Oh! that little black mustache,
That little black mustache!
But you must know, I lost my Beau
With the little black mustache.

He came to see me Sunday night
And stayed till almost three;

He said he never loved a girl
As much as he loved me.
He said we'd live in finest style,
For he had plenty of cash—
And then he placed upon my lips
That darling black mustache!

There came to town a sour old maid,
She was worth her weight in gold;
She wore fake hair, she had false teeth—
She was forty-five years old!
So cruelly he deserted me,
Just for that old maid's cash;
And that is how I lost my beau
With his little black mustache.

No. 1031

LITTLE BO PEEP

One of the most popular nursery rhymes in the English language, Little Bo Peep is not really as old as one would suspect. According to Opie's Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes, "although bo-peep is to be found rhymed with sheep, in a ballad of the time of Queen Elizabeth, no recording or reference to the present verse is known before the 19th century." The rhyme has been set to music by several composers, including J. W. Elliot.

REFERENCES

Bertail, 87	Opie, 94
Chapple (HS), 207	Taylor (BR), 11
Mackenzie (SH), 128	Wier (SWWS), 189
Moorat, 14	Wier (YAM), I, 109

Little Bo Peep

Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep
And don't know where to find them;
Let them alone, and they'll come home,
Wagging their tails behind them.

Little Bo Peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
When she awoke 'twas all a joke,
For they were still all fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined sure to find them;
What was her joy to behold them nigh,
Wagging their tails behind them.

No. 1032

LITTLE BOY BLUE

Popular nursery rhyme from England, where it has been said that Little Boy Blue was intended to represent Cardinal Wolsey.

The nursery rhyme below is not at all related to the Little Boy Blue poem by Eugene Field.

REFERENCES

Bertail, 10
Opie, 98-99

Wier (SWWS), 194
Wier (YAM), I, 82

Little Boy Blue

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow and the cow's
in the corn;
Where is the boy that looks after the sheep?
He's under the hay-stack fast asleep.

No. 1033

THE LITTLE BROWN BULLS

also known as

The Brown Bulls

McCluskey and Gordon

A lumberman's song that Botkin calls "an old Wisconsin classic, dating from the days when oxen were used in the woods almost entirely." According to one of Rickaby's informants, the ballad was composed "in Mort Douglas's camp in northern Wisconsin in 1872 or '73." The tune is derived from a form of Derry Down, or King John and the Bishop to which Blue Mountain Lake is sung.

REFERENCES

Barry (MWS), 30-31
Beck (LLC), 66-69
Beck (SML), 92-95
Botkin (AFL), 849-851
Eckstorm, 54-60
Gardner (BSSM), 266

Glass (SFRF), 49-51
Laws (NAB), 152
Leach (BB), 775-777
Lomax (FSNA), 110-111
Lomax (OSC), 224-226
Rickaby, 65-68

The Little Brown Bulls

Not a thing on the river McCluskey did fear
When he drew the stick o'er the big spotted steers;
They were young, quick, and sound,
Girting eight foot and three,
Says McCluskey, the Scotsman, "They're the ladies for me."

Tag line chorus

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Bull Gordon, a Yankee, on skidding was full,
And he cried, "Whoa-hush!" to the little brown bulls.

Short-legged and soggy, girt six foot and nine.

"Too light," says McCluskey, "Too light for our pine."

For three to the thousand our contract did call;

Our hauling was good and the timber was tall.

McCluskey then swore he'd make the day full

And skid two to one of the little brown bulls.

"Now wait," says Bull Gordon, "that you cannot do!

Altho' we well know you've the pets of the crew.

And mark you, my boy, you would have your hands full,

If you skid one more log than the little brown bulls."

With a whoop and a yell came McCluskey in view

With the big spotted steers, the pets of the crew,

Both chewing their cuds— "O boys, keep your jaws full,

For you can easily beat out the little brown bulls."

Then out came Bull Gordon with a pipe in his jaw,

The little brown bulls with their cuds on the chaw;

And little we thought, when we saw them come down,

That a hundred and forty they could jerk around.

The sun had gone down when the foreman did say,

"Turn out, boys, turn out! you've enough for the day.

We have scaled them and counted, each man to his team,

And it's well do we know which one kicks the beam."

After supper was finished McCluskey appears

With the belt ready made for the big spotted steers;

To form it he'd torn up his best mackinaw—

He was bound he'd conduct it according to law.

Then up spoke the scaler, "Hold on, there, awhile!

The big spotted steers are behind just one mile,

For you have a hundred and ten and no more,

And Gordon has beat you by ten and a score."

The shanty did ring and McCluskey did swear;
He tore out by handfuls his long yellow hair.
Says he to Bull Gordon, "My colors I'll pull—
So, here, take the belt for the little brown bulls!"

No. 1034

LITTLE BROWN JUG

also known as

Ha-Ha-Ha, You and Me

An extremely popular song, Little Brown Jug has been sung and recorded dozens of times by professional entertainers and musicians, including a big-band version by Glen Miller. The words were written by J. E. Winner and the music was composed by R. A. Eastburn. This song is available in hundreds of folios and song-books.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|---|----------------------------|
| Agay (2), 92 | Kennedy (TAB), 201-202 |
| Best, 100 | Leisy (SPS), 116-117 |
| Belden (BS), 261 | Loesser, 230-231 |
| Brown, III, 62-64; V,
35 | Lomax (ABFS), 176-177 |
| Davis (FSV), 147 | Memoirs (AFLS), XXIX, 124 |
| Downes (1940), 286-287 | Minstrel, 30-31 |
| Downes (1943), 332-333 | Owens (ST), 35-36 |
| Ford (TMA), 33, 415-417 | Partridge, 14 |
| Howe (PS), 122 | Pound (SFSN), XXII, No. 10 |
| Hubbard, 244 | Quarterly (SFL), II, 161 |
| Jour (AFL), XXVII, 296;
XXXIII, 109-110;
LVI, 101-102 | Randolph, III, 141-142 |
| Keach, 7 | Roberts (SBS), 173-174 |
| Kennedy (AB), 30-31 | Shay (PF-1), 81-82 |
| | Shay (PF-3), 40-41 |
| | Silverman, II, 224 |
| | Songs (15), 110 |

Songster (115), 14

Spaeth (REW), 58

Williams (FSUT), 212

Little Brown Jug

My wife and I live all alone
In a little log hut we call our own;
She loves gin and I love rum,
And she and I have lots of fun.

Chorus

Ha! Ha! Ha! you and me,
Little brown jug how I love thee!

It's you who makes my friends and foes,
And it's you who makes me wear old clothes;
Here you are so near my nose—
So tip her up and down she goes!

If my old cow would give such milk,
I'd clothe her in the finest silk;
I'd feed her on the freshest hay
And milk her forty times a day!

When I go toiling on my farm,
My little brown jug goes under my arm;
I place it under a shady tree—
Little brown jug, it's you and me!

The rose is red, my nose is too,
The sky is blue and so are you;
And yet I guess before I stop
I'd better take another drop!

No. 1035LITTLE DAVID I

also known as

David, David, Yes, Yes, Little David Play on Your
Li'l David Play on Yo' Harp Harp
 Little David Play Yo' Harp

Early 19th century spiritual; and one that sprouted several versions, the most notable of which is known as Li'l Boy Named David, or King David (see Little David II in MB).

This spiritual is still widely known and performed, and specially in the South.

REFERENCES

Berger, 37	Johnson (EAS), 38
Brown, III, 647-648; V, 377-378	Jour (AFL), XXVII, 263
Chambers (TNS), 58-59	Kennedy (BC), 160
Dett, 64	Kennedy (M-1), 158-161
Downes (1940), 174	Mackenzie (SH), 121-122
Downes (1943), 208	Perrow, XXVI, 161
Fenner (RFSN), 139	Silverman, II, 97
Hayes, 30-33	Thomas (BMMK), 204-207
Jackson (WNS), 226-227	White, 66-68, 426
Johnson (BANS), 65-67	Work (ANSS), 124
	Work (FSAN), 64

Little David I

Little David was a shepherd boy,
He slew Goliath and shouted for joy!

Chorus

Little David, play on your harp, hallelu! Hallelu!
Little David, play on your harp, hallelu! Hallelu!

Ol' Joshua was the son of Nun;
He never quit till the work was done.

I tol' you once, I tol' you twice,
There's sinners in hell for shootin'
dice.

Go down angel, with ink and pen,
Write salvation for dyin' men.

No. 1036

LITTLE DAVID II

also known as

King David

Li'l, or Little Boy Named David

This is related to Little David I, the preceding song,
but the tune was adapted from another spiritual, Ole
Ship O' Zion (which is not to be confused with the old
Protestant hymn, Ship of Zion).

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 647

Courlander (NSA), 35-37

Chappell (FSRA), 143

Kennedy (M-2), 124-132

Little David II

Li'l boy named David, shepherd on the mountain,
An' they fetched him from the mountain,
Li'l boy named David, hallelu! hallelu! hallelujah!
David done slew Goliath, hallelujah!

Rose up that mornin', seekin' for his brethren,
An' he left his flock behind him;
Li'l boy named David, hallelu! hallelu! hallelujah!
David done slew Goliath, hallelujah!

Come from the mountain, went to see ol' Samuel,
An' he went to face the army;

Li'l boy named David, hallelu! hallelu! hallelujah!
David done slew Goliath, hallelujah!

Goli'ah was mighty; David stood before him,
An' he flung the stone an' slew him!
Li'l boy named David, hallelu! hallelu! hallelujah!
David done slew Goliath, hallelujah!

No. 1037

THE LITTLE FAMILY

also known as

Bethany

The Death of Lazarus

The Little Family of Bethany

Martha and Mary

Based on the Biblical story of the raising of Lazarus from the dead, this song is apparently an American creation. I say this because, at this writing, I have not seen a version of the song in any European collection. There are similar Biblical types, however, some of which date back to ancient times. For example, there is the Resurrection Ballad in Ebsworth (RB), I, 388.

I should point out that some American collectors do not believe that this song originated in the United States. Mac Edward Leach writes that it "doubtless goes back to an English stall ballad." If so, I have not seen the ballad and Mr. Leach did not name or otherwise identify it. Again, the Mary and Martha spiritual referred to in Frank C. Brown's North Carolina Folklore is not a version of this song despite the melodic similarities of some versions. The tunes vary, of course, but the more popular air seems to be an adaptation of the melody belonging to the secular song, Johnny German (see Sharp, II, 256). Several other songs have versions set to similar melodic strains, including Adam and Eve I and Joe

Bowers (see both in this Master Book).

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Botsford, I, 29-30	Jour (AFL), XXXII, 499
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Chase (AFTS), 183	Moore (BFSS), 237-238
Cox (FSS), 407-408	Pine Mountain, VII, No. 1
Davis (FSV), 295-296	Randolph, IV, 48-50
Eddy, 295-297	Ritchie (SFC), 253-254
Gardner (BSSM), 366-367	Scarborough (SC), 195-196
Henry (FSSH), 417-418	Thomas (BMMK), 218-222
Hudson (BSM), 174-175	Tolman, 182
Hudson (FSM), 212-214	Tolman & Eddy, 388
	Wells, 190-191

The Little Family

There was a little family that lived in Bethany;
Two sisters and a brother composed the family.
With shouting and with singing, like angels in the sky,
At morning and at evening they raised their voices high.

But while they lived so happy, so poor, so kind and good,
Their brother was afflicted and lay quite ill in bed.
Poor Martha and her sister, they wept aloud and cried;
For he did not grow better, but suffered on and died.

The Jews then told the sisters: "Put Lazarus in the tomb!"
They wept their hearts to comfort and drive away the
gloom.

Then Jesus heard their tidings while in a distant land,
And quickly he did travel to join their lonely band.

When Martha saw Him coming, she met Him on the way;
 She told Him how her brother had died and passed away.
 He cheered her and He blest her, and bade her not to
 weep—

For in Him was the power to wake him from his sleep!

No. 1038

LITTLE FIGHT IN MEXICO

also known as

Fight in Mexico	Had a Little Fight in Mexico
Had a Big Fight in Mexico	The Mexican War, <u>or</u> Mexico

There are many versions and variations of this song in circulation, some of which seem to have become distinct pieces. Collectors usually associate it with other songs. For example, Fife gives it as version B of the play-party song, Johnny Cake. Botkin also has it as a play-party song, but he sets it alone.

REFERENCES

Botkin (APPS), 232-233	Hamilton, 296
Botkin (WFL), 788-789	Hudson (FSM), 288-289
Brown, III, 112-113	Hudson (SMFL), 120
Davis (FSV), 220	McLendon (list), 214
Dudley & Payne, 14	Lomax (OSC), 66-67
Duncan (PPHC), 4-5	Piper (SPPG), 277
Fife, 23	Randolph, III, 357-359

Little Fight in Mexico

Had a little fight in Mexico—

'Twasn't for the girls, the boys wouldn't go.

Chorus

Sing fol dee roll, sing fol dee ray,

O fol dee roll, O fol dee roll dee ray.

Went to where the fighting blood was shed;
All the girls went back, the boys went ahead.

Had an old hat with a flip-flop brim,
Looked like a toad frog sittin' on a limb.

All the girls and boys, when they did meet,
They laughed and they talked and kissed real sweet.

No. 1039

THE LITTLE HUNTERS

also known as

Billy Barlow	Let's Go A-Hunting, Says Richard
The Cutty Wren	to Robert
Hunting of the Wren	Let's Go to the Woods
Hunting the Wren	Richat and Robet
Let's All Go Hunting	Says Robin to Bobbin
	The Wran, <u>or</u> The Wren

In America this is nothing more than a children's song. Most collectors have associated it with the ancient English-Irish song, The Wran (Wren), which, in Flanders (BMNE), 58-59, begins:

The wran, the wran, the king of all birds,
Saint Stephen's Day, he was caught in the firs;
Drolin, drolin, where is your nest?
It's in a place that I love best.

If a relationship exists, the connection has escaped me. The celebration of Saint Stephen's Day is, in my opinion, insufficient grounds upon which to establish a relationship between two songs as divergent in text as are these. But, since this is a reference work, I must follow to a degree where others lead.

John Lomax was the first American collector to publish a version of The Little Hunters.

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| Greenway, 110-111 | Opie, 367-370 |
| Henderson, 125 | Owens (TFS), 143-144 |
| Herd, II, 210-211 | Pound, 235-236 |
| Ives (SA), 122-123 | Pound (SFSN), II, 16 |
| Jour (FSS), V, 76-78;
VII, 177-180 | Pub (TFLS), VI, 70-71 |
| Leisy, 29-30 | Quarterly (SFL), XVIII, 70 |
| Linscott, 230-233 | Scott (BA), 165-166 |
| Lomax (FSNA), 311-312 | Seeger (1), 80-81 |
| | Silverman, I, 203 |
| | Williams (FSUT), 184-185 |

The Little Hunters

Let's all go hunting, said Jonathan Lee.
That's a good idea, said Donald MacGee.
We'll all go with you, said Tom, Bill and Joe.
I'll bring my sling-shot, said Willy Barlo.

What shall we hunt for? said Jonathan Lee.
It makes no difference, said Donald MacGee.
Let's think about it, said Tom, Bill and Joe.
We'll hunt for possum, said Willy Barlo.

Where can we find one? said Jonathan Lee.
That's a good question, said Donald MacGee.
Where else 'cept the woods? said Tom, Bill and Joe.
In Haunted Hollow, said Willy Barlo.

Where shall we eat it? said Jonathan Lee.
I really don't care, said Donald MacGee.
Well, make up your minds, said Tom, Bill and Joe.
Down in the cellar, said Willy Barlo.

I'll take the front leg, said Jonathan Lee.
I'll take a hind leg, said Donal MacGee.
We'll take the rib parts, said Tom, Bill and Joe.
Save me the Tail-bone, said Willy Barlo.

No. 1040

LITTLE JACK HORNER

Like most of our nursery rhymes, this one came from England and with the first colonials. Henry Carey referred to it in 1725, in his ballad Namby Pamby:

Now he sings of Jacky Horner
Sitting in the Chimney-corner
Eating of a Christmas pie....

According to one legend, the original Jack Horner was "steward to Richard Whiting, last of the abbots of Glastonbury."-Opie. This legend, however, dates back in print no further than the 19th century. The rhyme itself is far older than the earliest known printed versions, and may, as claimed by some, have originated during the reign of Henry VIII.

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Opie, 234-237	Wier (SWWS), 194
	Wier (YAM), I, 55

Little Jack Horner

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb
And pulled out a plum
And said, "What a good boy am I."

No. 1041LITTLE JOE THE WRANGLER

A cowboy song written in 1898 by Jack Thorp, who published it in his Songs of the Cowboys in 1908. John Lomax collected a version from oral sources and printed it in his Cowboy Songs, 1910. Since then it has been published many times in folios and folk collections. For a sequel, Little Joe the Wrangler's Sister Nell, see Ohrlin, 169-171 and Randolph, II 236-237. The tune is that of Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane (see in MB), which, in turn, was adapted from the Protestant hymn, The Lily of the Valley (see in MB).

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| Clark (HC), 19 | Rhinehart, 41 |
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| Davis (TTS), 27 | Silber (HSB), 28 |
| Emrich (FAL), 497-499 | Silverman, I, 50-51 |
| Fife, 214-216 | Sires, 48-49 |
| Gillis, 103-105 | Sizemore (1), 30 |
| Larkin (1931), 119-122 | Sizemore (2), 27 |
| Larkin (1963), 123-126 | Utah Cowboy, 17-18 |
| Laws (NAB), 134-135 | Thorp (1908), 9-11 |
| Lee (CSB), 40-41 | Thorp (1921), 96-99 |
| Lingenfelter, 423-425 | Thorp & Clark, 16, 42 &
52 |
| Lomax (CS-1919), 167-171 | Thorp & Fife, 30-32, 35 |
| Lomax (CS-1938), 91-93 | Williams (CFCS), 24 |
| Lone Ranger, 8-9 | Wylder, 27-29 |

Little Joe the wrangler
He'll wrangle never more,
His days with the remuda, they are gone.
'Twas a year ago last April
When he rode into our camp—
Just a little Texas stray, and all alone.

He said he had to leave his home,
His Pa had married twice;
And his new Ma beat him ev'ry day or two.
He saddled up old Chow one night
And lit a shuck this way—
Now he's trying to paddle his own canoe.

He said if we would give him work,
He'd do the best he could,
Tho' he didn't know straight-up about a cow.
The boss he cut him out a mount
And kindly put him on,
For he sorta liked this little kid somehow.

He learned to wrangle horses,
And tried to know 'em all,
And to get them at daylight, if he could;
And to trail the old chuck wagon
And always hitch the team,
And to help the cocinero hustle wood.

We had traveled to the Pecos;
The weather being fine
We had camped on the south side, in a bend.
When a norther commenced blowin'
We had to double up the guard,
For it took all of us to hold 'em in.

Little Joe the wrangler
Was called out with the rest;

Altho' the kid had scarcely reached the herd
 When the cattle they stampeded
 Like a duster movin' west,
 Then we were all a-ridin' for the lead.

At last we got 'em milling
 And kinda quieted down,
 And the extra guard back to the wagon went;
 But there was one a-missin'—
 We could see it at a glance—
 'Twas our little Texas stray, wranglin' Joe.

Next Morning just at daybreak
 We found him where he fell,
 Down in a washout some twenty-feet below;
 Beneath the horse, mashed to a pulp,—
 His spur had wrung the knell—
 Was our little Texas stray, wranglin' Joe.

No. 1042

LITTLE MARTY GRAY

also known as

Handsome Marty Gray	Little Moscrow
Little Massey Grove	Little Mose Graves, <u>or</u> Groves
Little Matha Grove	Little Musgrave
Little Mathey (Mathie)	Little Musgrave and Lady
Groves	Barnard, <u>or</u> Barnswell
Little Mathy Graves	Lord Arnold
Little Matthew Groves	Lord Arnold's Wife
Little Matthey (Matthy)	Lord Banner
Groves	Lord Banner's Wife
Little Mattie Groves	Lord Barnabas' Lady
Little Matty Gross, <u>or</u>	Lord Barnaby
Groves	Lord Barnett and Little
	Musgrove

Lord Daniel	Lord Valley, <u>or</u> Vanover
Lord Daniel's Wife	Matty Groves
Lord Darnell	The Red Rover
Lord Donald	Wee Messgrove
Lord Donald's Wife	Young Little Mathy Groves

This ballad seems to have enjoyed a greater popularity in America than in Great Britain, the land of its origin. Age is uncertain but we know it dates back at least to 1630, because on June 24 of that year the ballad was entered to Francis Coules in the Stationers' Register, London. We find a version in Wit Restor'd, 1658, p. 174. Percy, who included a version in his Reliques, said: "This ballad is ancient, and has been popular; we find it quoted in many old plays."

The ballad was first recorded from traditional sources in North America by W. R. Mackenzie in 1909, in Nova Scotia (see Journal of American Folklore, XXIII, 371-374). The first American texts to be printed with their tunes are in Campbell & Sharp, 1917, 78-79. By then of course the ballad had undergone some changes. It exists in a considerable number of versions and variations, as is demonstrated by the large number of works in the reference list below. Some derivatives are so far removed from the original versions as to make it difficult to establish a positive relationship. The game song for children known as Lord Daniel's Wife is an example, for it seems to have no connection with the ballad whatsoever. The tunes are as varied as are the texts. For example, in Bronson, II, there are 74 different melodies.

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| Barry (FMA), 78 | Buchan MSS, I, 27 |
| Belden (BS), 57-60 | Bulletin (FSSN), III, 6-8; |
| Brown, II, 101-111; IV,
53-57 | IV, 12-13; VII,
8-10 |

- Bulletin (TFS), III, 4, 95
Bulletin (VFS), Nos. 3, 6
7, 9 & 11
Cambiare, 50-54
Campbell & Sharp, No. 20
Chappell (FSRA), 29-31
Chappell (PMOT), I, 170
Child, II, 242-260
Coffin, 84-86
Cox (FSS), 94-95
Creighton (FLC), 71
Creighton (MFS), 11-13
Creighton (SBNS), 11
Creighton (TSNS), 43-49
Davis (MTBV), 170-181
Davis (TBV), 289, 577
Ebsworth (BB), I, 36
Eckstorm, 150
Eddy, 48-51
Flanders, II, 195-237
Flanders (BMNE), 86-91
Flanders (NGMS), 135-139
Friedman, 186-190
Fuson, 52-55
Gainer, 53-56
Gardner (BSSM), 46-49
Henry (FSSH), 73-79
Henry (SSSA), 65-68
Houseman, 126-130
Jamieson, I, 170
Jour (AFL), XXIII, 371;
XXV, 182; XLII, 265
Karpeles, 60-66
Kinloch MSS, I, 287
Kinsley, 168-172
Kittredge (BS), 309-317
Korson (PSL), 32-34
Leach, No. 5
Leach (BB), 265-273
Lomax (FSNA), 316-318
Mackenzie, 27-34, 392
Mackenzie (QB), 14-18
Manny, 204-205
Moore (BFSS), 63-68
Motherwell, No. 21
Motherwell (MS., 120, 305,
371 & 642
Niles (BB), 192-197
Peacock, III, 613-616
Pine Moutain, VII, No. 1
Pound, 37-39
Pub (MLA), XXXIX, 455
Quiller-Couch, 227-231
Randolph, I, 124-126
Ritchie (FS), 36-38
Ritchie (SFC), 135-139
Roberts (IP), 49-52
Roberts (SBS), 92-94
Robinson (YF), 103-105
Rollins (PB), I, 364;
III, 314
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146, 340
Scarborough (SC), 143, 400
Sedley, 99-102
Sharp, I, 161-182
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Silber (HSB), 104

Smith (TBSCS), No. 7

Silverman, I, 194

Wells, 110-113

Smith (SCB), 125-128

Whiting (TBB), 55-59

Wyman (TKMS), 22-35, 62-71

Little Marty Gray

O holiday, holiday, the best day of the year,
And little Marty Gray to church did go
Some holy words to hear, some holy words to hear.

Now first there came a gay lady,
The next to come was tall;
And then he saw George Arnold's wife,
The fairest of them all.

She stepped right up to Marty Gray
And looked him in the eye;
"You may go home with me tonight,
All night with me to lie."

"I cannot go with you tonight,
I cannot for my life;
I know the ring I see you wear,
You're George Arnold's wife."

"And if I am George Arnold's wife,
You know he's gone away;
He has gone to see New Orleans
And won't be back today."

A servant boy was standing near,
And quickly he did run;
He ran till he came to the riverside,
And there his tale he spun.

George Arnold stood and said to him,
"What news have you for me?
Has anything happened at my home,
Or to my family?"

"Your house and lands are safe and fine,
But still I bring you strife;
For little Marty Gray is in your house,
And sleeping with your wife."

George Arnold stood before his men,
And they stood in a row;
And he bade them all to silent be
And homeward with him go.

There was one man among them all,
A friend of Marty's still,
And he raised his horn up to his mouth
And blew both loud and shrill.

"O hear that sound?" cried Marty Gray.
"I heard a bugle blow.
And every single note cried out to me:
Arise! arise! and go!"

"Lie down, lie down," the woman said,
"My back is getting cold;
It is the shepherds out in the field
A-calling sheep to fold."

From that they fell to making love,
From that they fell to sleep;
When they awoke at the break of day,
George Arnold stood at their feet.

"Now get you up, young Marty Gray,
Put on your clothes and stand!

It never shall be said of George Arnold
He killed a naked man."

The very first blow Marty struck,
He wounded Arnold sore;
The very first blow that Arnold struck
Lay Marty on the floor.

George took his lady by the hand
And sat her on his knee:
"Now tell me who you like the best, my dear—
Young Marty Gray or me?"

"I really like your rose cheeks,
I like your dimpled chin,
But better do I like young Marty Gray
Than you and all your kin."

He took his lady by the hand
And led her o'er the plain;
He took the broad sword from his side
And split her head in twain.

"O don't you heard the nightingale?
O hear the sparrows cry!
For today I've killed two true lovers—
Tomorrow I must die!"

No. 1043

A LITTLE MORE CIDER

also known as

A Little More Cider for	A Little More Cider Sweet
Miss Dinah	A Little More Cider Too

This song came down a hazy path, taking detours as it
traveled. It possibly originated as a minstrel song,

but where and when is the question. Even the writer or writers remain unknown. The earliest printed version I have seen is one arranged by Austin Hart in 1888. Most traditional versions gathered from oral sources contain many lines and stanzas found in other songs.

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| Chapple (HS), 372-373 | Minstrel, 126 |
| Ford (TMA), 332-333 | Pound (SFSN), XXXIII, No. 19 |
| Hubbard, 374 | Shay (PF-2), 84-85 |
| Jour (AFL), XXXII, 249 | Shay (PF-3), 160-161 |

A Little More Cider

I love the blondes, I love brunettes,
And I love all the rest;
I love the girls for loving me,
But I love myself the best.
O Lord, I feel so thirsty!
I've just come down from supper;
I drank three pails of apple-jack
And a tub of apple butter.

Chorus

A little more cider, cider, cider,
A little more cider too;
A little more cider for Miss Dinah,
A little more cider too.

I wish I was an apple ripe,
And Dinah was another—
Just think how happy we would be
Upon the tree together!

If you love me like I love you,
We'd have no time to tarry;
We'd have the old folks runnin' 'round
For to fix us up to marry.

I'd rather marry my Dinah,
With a peach in her hand
Than marry me some wealthy gal
With a house and lots of land.
Consequence be what it may,
Be long or short or wider,
She is the apple of my eye,
And I'm bound to be beside her!

No. 1044

A LITTLE MORE FAITH IN JESUS

19th century spiritual that was popular with both blacks and whites. For an example of a white version, see Thomas (BMMK), 212-213.

The version here is a black slave version reproduced from Marsh (SJS), 178. For other versions, see: Chambers (TNS), 11; Jubilee (PS), 40-41; Pike, 260; and Thomas (BMMK), 211.

A Little More Faith In Jesus

Whenever we meet you'll hear me say,
A little more faith in Jesus!
O what's the order of the day?
A little more faith in Jesus!

Chorus

All I want, all I want, all I want
Is a little more faith in Jesus!

All I want, all I want, all I want
Is a little more faith in Jesus!

I'll tell you now what I've said before, etc.
The word came down from Heaven's shore, etc.

Go spread the word thro'-out the land, etc.
The Lord extends a giving hand, etc.

I do believe without a doubt, etc.
That Christians have a right to shout, etc.

Now shout out, children—you are free!, etc.
For Christ has bought your liberty!, etc.

No. 1045

THE LITTLE OLD LOG CABIN IN THE LANE

Source song. This song, written by Will S. Hays and J. L. Peters in 1871, was a commercial success almost immediately and was soon featured in minstrel shows all over the nation. The tune is an adaptation of the old Protestant hymn, The Lily of the Valley (see in MB) and the pop song, My Little German Home Across the Sea (see Randolph, IV, 396-397).

The success of Little Old Log Cabin led to a dozen or so songs, all using the same melody or slight variations thereof. For examples in this Master Book, see: The Double-Breasted Mansion on the Square, Little Joe the Wrangler, Little Old Sod Shanty I, II & III, The Miner's Life, and The X I T Chuck Wagon. For other examples, see The Little 'Dobie Casa, The Little Vine-Clad Cottage, and My Little New Log Cabin in the Hills in Fife, 70-71. Hobos and railroaders used the tune for The Little Old Caboose Behind the Train, a song that

fell into the hands of Bob Miller, a songwriter, in 1932, and he turned it into a hit by changing one word: he replaced "old" with "red" and made a lot of money. For versions of The Little Red Caboose Behind the Train, see Botkin (RFL), 455 and Brown, III, 263. In the 1950s the tune was used to advantage yet again by a songwriter, and the modern folk song Doctor Freud was born.

Despite its popularity and influence over the years, The Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane was ignored by all but three or four collectors of folk songs.

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Jour (AFL), XXVI, 359

Keach, 3
Morrison (SWL), 299
Pound (SFSN), XXIII, 63
White, 181

The Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane

I am growing old and feeble now,
I cannot work no more;
I have laid the rusty-bladed hoe to rest.
My ol' massa and ol' missus
Now are sleepin' side by side,
And my friends they are all numbered with
the blest.

O ev'ry thing is changing now;
The darkies are all gone—
I never hear them singing in the cane.
I'm the only one that's left now,
With this ol' dog of mine,
In the little old log cabin in the lane.

Coda: last 16 bars

The chimney's fallin' down
And the roof is cavin' in,
I ain't got long around here to remain;
But the angels watches o'er me
When I lays me down to sleep,
In the little old log cabin in the lane.

No. 1046

THE LITTLE OLD SOD SHANTY I

also known as

Little Old Sod Shanty on the Claim The Western Settler

This is a parody of the preceding song, The Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane. The parody has been ascribed to and claimed by several individuals, including Addison Bennet, a Kansas newspaper man, Harry Cline, a Civil War veteran, and Dr. Oliver E. Murray, South Dakota songwriter. According to Lomax, the words were written by a West Virginian named Lindsey Baker. We know where the tune came from, but according to D. K. Wilgus, it derives from Keep Your Feet Still, Geordie Hinny, a song credited to an English Music Hall comedian named Joe Wilson (1841-1874).

For a similar song, see The Little Old Sod Shanty on the Plain in Glass (SW), 36-39.

The parody itself became so popular that it, too, was parodied again and again. For examples, see The Little Old Sod Shanty II in this Master Book; Answer to the Answer to the Little Old Sod Shanty in Lingenfelter, 467 and McMullen, 59-60; The Little Adobe Shack, Way Out West in Thorp & Fife, 92; and The Little Old Log Cabin By the Stream in Thorp & Fife, 95-96.

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Ives (SA), 162-163	Pound (SFSN), VII, No. 4
Ives (SB), 278-279, 250- 251	Randolph, II, 219-221
Lingenfelter, 464-465	Sandburg (AS), 89-91
Lomax (CS), 187-189, 405- 406	Thorp & Fife, 93-94
	White (GALD), 169-171

The Little Old Sod Shanty I Tune: Little Old Log Cabin

I am looking rather seedy now,
While holding down my claim,
And my victuals are not always of the best;
And the mice play slyly round me
As I nestle down to rest,
In my little old sod shanty on my claim.

The hinges are of leather
And the windows have no glass,
And the board-roof lets the howling blizzrds in;
And I hear the hungry coyote
As he slinks up through the grass,
'Round the little old sod shanty on my claim.

But I rather like the novelty
Of living in this way,
Tho' my bill of fare is always rather tame;
Yet I'm happy as a clam
On the land of Uncle Sam,
In the little old sod shanty on my claim.

Now when I left my eastern home,
A bachelor so gay,
To try and win my way to wealth and fame,
I little thought that I'd come down
To burning twisted hay
In the little old sod shanty on my claim.

My clothes are plaster'd o'er with dough,
I'm looking like a fright,
And everything is scatter'd 'round the room;
But I wouldn't trade the freedom
That I have here in the West
For the table of the Easterners' old home.

Still I wish some kind-hearted girl
Would come and pity take,
And relieve me from the mess that I am in.
Oh! the angel, how I'd bless her
If this place her home she'd make,
In the little old sod shanty on my claim.

Oh, we would make our fortune
On the prairies of the West,
Just as happy as two lovers we'd remain;
We'd forget the trials and troubles
We endured at the first,
In the little old sod shanty on my claim.

And if fate would kindly bless us both
Now and then with an heir
To cheer our hearts with honest pride of fame;
Oh, then we'd be contented
With the time we had spent
In the little old sod shanty on my claim.

Coda: last 16 bars

And when time enough had passed us by,
And all those little brays
To nobleman and womanhood had grown,
It wouldn't look half so lonely
As around us we should look
At that little old sod shanty on my claim.

No. 1047

THE LITTLE OLD SOD SHANTY II

also known as

The Reply to "The Little Old Sod Shanty"

This is a woman's answer or reaction to the man's view
expressed in the preceding song; it appeared in the
Thomas County Cat, Colby, Kansas, December 3, 1885.

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The Little Old Sod Shanty II Tune: Little Old Log Cabin

My Sam is getting seedy now
While holding down his claim,
And his flapjacks, so he writes, are not the best,
So I'll put my hair in papers
Ere I lay me down to rest,
While Sam is in his shanty on the claim.

Yet I rather like the novelty
Of living in this way,
For such long engagements now are rather tame;

And I'm happy as a clam
Since I said goodbye to Sam,
When he went to seek his shanty on the claim.

Chorus: last 16 bars

The dances are so pleasant,
So delightful and so gay;
Here I have as many beaus as I could name!
Oh, the buggy rides I'll take
While my Sam is far away
In his little old sod shanty on the claim.

Oh, let him dabble in the dough,
I'm sure it served him right
For leaving me in the gutter for to roam;
Does he think me such a ninny
As to marry such a fright,
And be a slave in his dirty cabin home?

No doubt some tawny Indian miss
Will pity on him take
And help extricate him from the mess he's in;
He need not think a city belle
The sacrifice will make,
For there's many men to wed with lots of tin.

He says he'll make his fortune,
But I fear he'll lose his hair
'Way out among the wild Indians, frogs and sloughs;
He'd better get some other lass
To mother him an heir,
For I'm determined some other man to choose.

And if she is a vixen
She will make him toe the mark,
And thresh and thump and pound him till he's lame;

I think I'll wed the owner
Of the stone front near the park,
And leave Sam in his shnaty on the claim.

No. 1048

THE LITTLE OLD SOD SHANTY III

also known as

The Little Old Sod Shanty in the West

This is another parody on Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane, and it comes in many versions. The version below is shorter than the one collected by John Lomax and the text printed in the Dakota Farmer, Aberdeen, S. D., Dec. 15, 1909. The entire text, set to a tune collected and recorded for the Library of Congress by Vance Randolph, is in Fife, 72-74.

The Little Old Sod Shanty III Tune: Little Old Log Cabin

You may sing about
Your little old log cabin in the lane,
Or of little German homes across the sea,
But I'll take my old shanty
That is standing on my claim,
For it is the dearest spot on earth to me.
I built it while in poverty
There on my prairie claim,
And within it I found much peace and rest;
I was sheltered from the blizzards
And all the storms that came
In my little old sod shanty in the West.

Chorus: last 16 bars

It makes a pleasant memory, one I shall not forget;
Of all the homes I've known it suits me best.

Quite often now I wish that I was living in it yet—
In my little old sod shanty in the West.

Where once the cabin graced the gulch
Our shanties mark the plain,
With signs of wealth the homes and mansions rise;
The wigwam, too, has vanished now,
The braves are with the slain,
In their happy hunting grounds above the skies.
But we have save a little cash,
So we will not complain,
Tho' others of our fruits shall reap the best;
But we hope they will remember
Not to treat us with disdain
Because we built the shanties in the West.

No. 1049

LITTLE SPARROW

also known as

All Ye Fair and Tender Maidens	Fair and Tender Ladies
Come All Ye Fair and Tender	False Lover
Ladies, <u>or</u> Maidens	I Wish I Was a Little
Come All Ye Fair Maidens	Sparrow
Come All Ye Maids and Pretty	Lora Williams
Fair Maidens	O Waly, Waly
Come All You Fair and Tender	Say Oh! Beware
Ladies	Warning
Come All You Fair Maidens	You Fair and Pretty Ladies
	Young Ladies

Compounded of age-old elements, this song is still popular with singers and listeners. The original version came from Scotland, but American versions have since taken on lines

and meanings of their own. According to Cox (FSS), "This piece is somehow related to the celebrated 'O Waly, Waly, gin Love be Bonny' (Child, IV, 92), printed in the early part of the eighteenth century, but even then regarded as old."

For a variation, see the Come, Roll 'Round the Wheel of Fortune in Henry (FSSH), 260-261.

For a different song with a common title, see the Come All Ye Fair and Tender Ladies in Emrich (FAL), 529-531 and Fuson, 71-72.

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173-175 | Okun, 25-26 |
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| | Silverman, I, 104 |
| | Thomas (DD), 82-83 |
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| | Wyman (LT), 55-57 |

Come all you fair and tender ladies,
Take warning how you court young men;
They are like a star in the cloudy morning,
They'll appear, and then they're gone.
They'll tell to you some lovely story,
They will swear to you that their love is true;
Then away they will go and court some other—
And that is the love they have for you.

I wish I were a little sparrow,
Wish I had wings so I could fly;
I would fly away to my false lover,
And while he talked, I'd sit and cry.
But I am not a little sparrow,
And have no wings with which to fly;
So I'll sit right here, in grief and sorrow,
And bear my troubles until I die.

I wish I had known before I courted
That love would be such a killing crime;
I'd have locked my heart with a key of gold,
And tied it down with a silver line.
Young man, never cast your eyes on beauty—
Beauty is a thing that will decay!—
The prettiest flowers in yonder garden
All too soon will wither and fade away.

No. 1050

THE LIVERPOOL GIRLS

also known as

Firs to California, Oh,	Roll, Julia, Roll
Fondly I Went	Row, Bullies, Row
The Liverpool Judies	Row, Row, Row, Bullies, Row
Roll, Bullies, Roll	The Towrope Girls

This is called a capstan shanty. In his notes, Hugill says: "There are two regular patterns to this shanty....," one from the 1840s (when the shanty probably came into being) and one from the 1860s, or '70s. There are many versions, some with widely varying texts and some with different tunes. Two versions are given below, and the first is the older of the two.

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	Toye, 13

The Liverpool Girls (Version A)

When I was a young man I sailed with the rest
On a Liverpool packet bound out to the West.
We anchored one day in the Harbor of Cork,
Then sailed out to sea for the port of New York.

Chorus

O it's row! ho! row, bullies, row!
The Liverpool girls have got us in tow.

For more than a month we were hungry and sore,
The wind was against us, the gales they did roar;
At Battery Point we did anchor at last,
With jib-boom hove in and the canvas all fast.

The boarding house masters were rollin' the dice,
An' shoutin' and promising all that was nice;
An' one fat old crimp he sidled up to me,
An' said I was foolish to follow the sea.

The best of intentions they never go far,
An' after ten days at the door of the bar
I tossed down me whiskey—an' what do you think?
That son-of-a-bitch had put drugs in my drink!

The next I remember, I woke in the morn
On board a skysail yarder and bound round the Horn.
With an old suit of oilskins, and two pair of socks,
A floorin' of bricks at the foot of my box.

Now all you young sailors take warning from me:
Beware of your drink when the whiskey is free!
An' pay no attention to runner or whore,
Keep hat on your head and both feet on shore!

VERSION B

From Liverpool to Frisco a-roving I went,
And to stay in that country was my full intent;
But girls and strong whiskey, like other damn fools,
I soon was transported back to Liverpool.

Chorus

Singing, row, row, bullies, row!
The Liverpool girls they have got us in tow!

The Alaska of Boston lay out in the Bay,
Waiting for a fair wind to get under way.
The sailors on board were all sick and sore,
With whiskey all gone, and they can't get no more.

Along comes the mate with his jacket so blue,
A-looking for work that the sailors could do.
Then "Jib tops'l halliards!" he loudly did roar,
Calling "Lay aloft, Paddy, you son of a whore!"

It's one night off Cape Horn, I'll never forget,
And O God! don't I sigh when I think of it yet!

She was divin' bow under and the sailors all wet;
She was doin' twelve knots with her main skysail
set.

Here's to our ol' captain where'er he may be:
He's a friend to the sailor on land or at sea;
But as for the chief mate, that dirty ol' brute,
I hope when he dies straight to hell he will shoot!

No. 1051

LIZA JANE

also known as

Eliza Jane	Mountain Top
Farewell, Liza Jane	My Liza Jane
Get Along, Liza	Oh, Eliza!
Git Along Home	Oh, Miss Liza
Git Along, Liza Jane	Po' Little Lizy Jane
Going Down to Cairo	Po' Liza Jane
Goodbye, Liza Jane	Rejected By Eliza Jane
Goodbye, Liza, Poor Gal	She Died On the Train
Goodbye, Susan Jane	Shoopee, Liza Jane
I Gave My Horn a Blow	Steal, Miss Liza
I Went Up On the Mountain	Sugartown
Top	Sweet Liza Jane
Let's Go, Eliza Jane	Up, Eliza, Poor Girl
Li'l, <u>or</u> Little Liza Jane	Went Up On the Mountain
Liza in the Summertime	Whoa, Mule!

Liza, which is folk for Eliza, is a popular gal in American tradition. Being Southern, she usually has a middle name, such as Anne or Jane, but never a last name. Sometimes she is referred to in the polite, formal manner, and becomes "Miss Liza" or "Miss Eliza,"

but mostly it's the common "Li'l Liza" or "Po' Liza." She is generally greeted with "Hello, Liza," or excused with "Farewell, Liza," "Goodbye, Liza," or "So long, Liza." Sometimes she is dismissed with "Git Along, Liza," which is something of an order. She is praised, ridiculed and mourned for: She died on a train. But whether going or coming, praised or ridiculed, Liza is always accompanied by a lively, toe-tapping tune.

One of the more important things about Liza is this: She is forever young and always interesting. Nobody seems to know how old she is. And if versions and variants were clothes, she would have an extensive wardrobe. We know, for example, that she was around before the Civil War. A Texan who remembered those days, Judge W. R. Boyd, told Scarborough (NFS), 227: "...about sunset the Negroes on the plantation, before the war, would sing" the following lines:

Oh, Miss Liza, Oh, mah darlin'!—hoo ah hoo!

Gwine away to leave you—hoo ah hoo!

And that particular form is as sorrowful as any song about Liza ever gets.

Professional songwriters found Liza too alluring to ignore. Harry Von Tilzer courted her in 1903 and gave the world Goodbye, Liza Jane—A song containing the second line of Judge Boyd's version (above) and a tune partially taken from the old minstrel song, That's Where My Money Goes. In 1916, Miller Music, Inc., New York, published Li'l Liza Jane, with words and music credited to (Countess) Ada De Lachau. There are so many versions of Liza in circulation that it is difficult to sort them out. Most collectors tried to distinguish between variants and versions, but the tradition of interchange—and most Liza songs are interchangeable—compels them to refer to all such songs as being related. The terminology employed is generally "Family of songs," or "Form A, B, C," and so on. Thus the pattern of reference has long been estab-

lished, with the result that today we have variants and versions all over the place, and under so many different titles that isolation and specific identification of any particular Liza song practically impossible. In this case, therefore, it was decided that the best course would be to bring together under one title as many versions and variants of the Liza songs as possible, separating them by Roman numerals as a simple matter of convenience.

Even so, one must be cognizant of the dozens of songs similar to Liza Jane. Those songs borrow as well as contribute lines and stanzas from and to one another as well as from and to Liza Jane. As examples, the reader is invited to see and compare the following songs: Ain't I Goin' in Piper (SPPG), 271-272; Black the Boots in Botkin (APPS), 239, Dudley & Payne, 31-32, Randolph, III, 359, and Wolford, 25-26; Get Along Home in Southwest Review, XVIII, 171; Go On, Liza in Clarke, 290; Hawk Caught a Chicken in Botkin (APPS), 240; High, Low, Jack an' the Game in Douthitt, 35-36; 'Lasses Cane in Thede, 38-39; Oh, Ain't I Gone in Ames (MPP), 299-300; Shiloh in Blair, 97-98; The Squirrel in this Master Book; Standing on a Platform in Botkin (APPS), 238; Whoop Law, Lizzie in Botkin (APPB), 242.

For an interesting variation, see So Goodbye, Susan Jane in Hamilton, 296.

Other songs that deserve comparison, though not related, are: The Bronc Peeler's Song in Lomax (CS-1919), 377-379 & (CS-1938), 83-85; Liza Anne in Sharp, II, 355; and Scraping Up Sand From the Bottom of the Sea in Seeger (1), 96-97.

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Liza Jane(Version A)

You got a gal an' I got none,
Li'l Liza Jane!
Come, my love, an' be my one,
Li'l Liza Jane!

Chorus

Oh, Eliza! Li'l Liza Jane!
Oh, Eliza! Li'l Liza Jane!

I got a house in Baltimore, etc.
Street-car runnin' by my door, etc.

Persian carpet on my floor, etc
Silver plate upon my door, etc.

Oh, won't you come an' marry me, etc.
Think how happy we would be, etc.

VERSION B

Oh, when I think of travel,
I think about a train;
But when I think of loving,
I think of Liza Jane!

Chorus

Liza, sweet Liza! Oh, my Liza Jane!
Liza, sweet Liza! She died on the train!

Miss Liza she's so handsome,
Of that there ain't no doubt;
Her face looks like a coffee-pot,
Her nose looks like the spout!

I told her we should marry,
And this is what she said:
"I wouldn't marry you, big man,
If ev'rybody else was dead!

The hardest work I have done
Was strippin' sugar-cane;
The easiest work upon this earth
Is kissin' Liza Jane!

Now when I go a-fishin',
I take a hook and line,
But when I go a-courtin', boys,
I take that gal of mine.

You climb up the oak tree,
And I'll climb up the gum;
I never see a pretty girl
But what I court her some.

You ride that ol' gray horse,
And I will ride the roan;
You hug and kiss some other girl,
And leave my gal alone.

VERSION C

Liza in the Summertime,
Liza in the Fall;
If I can't see Liza all the time,
I won't see her at all!

Chorus

Po' little Liza, Po' gal,
Po' little Liza Jane!
Po' little Liza, Po' gal,
She died on the train.

Liza's got a rosy face,
Hair of chestnut brown;
And her eyes are like a thunder-cloud
Before the rain comes down.

Went up on the mountain top,
Gave my horn a blow;
And I thought I heard Miss Liza say:
"Oh, yonder comes my beau!"

Up there on the mountain top
Got my moonshine still;
I will make a quart of mountain-dew
For just a dollar bill.

Yonder in the far-most field
Got some sugar-cane,
And I'll make a jug of 'lasses sweet
To give to Liza Jane.

VERSION D

Went down to the depot,
Waited for the train;
Liza bought a ticket,
Oh! goodbye, Liza Jane!

Chorus

Whoo-ee, Liza, pretty little girl,
Whoo-ee, Liza Jane!
Whoo-ee, Liza, pretty little girl,
Goodbye, Liza Jane!

I ran down the mountain,
Running in the rain;
I got there just in time
For "goodbye, Liza Jane!"

She went up the post road,
I went down the lane;
She rode an old gray mule,
Oh! goodbye, Liza Jane!

Last time I saw Liza,
She got on the train;
No smile, no hug, no kiss—
Just "goodbye, Liza Jane!"

Climb back up the mountain,
Stay there 'til I die;
Liza's gone forever—
The sun has left the sky!

No. 1052

LIZIE LINDSAY

also known as

Bonnie Lizie Lindsay	Lizzie, <u>or</u> Lizzy Lindsay
Donald MacDonald	New Yealand
Donald of the Isles	Will Ye Gang to the High-
Leesie Lindsay	lands, Leezie Lindsay?

We have here an Americanized version of an old Scottish ballad. Early versions tell of a girl who is courted by a noble suitor disguised as a shepherd. He begs her to "go to the Highlands" with him. The girl's doubts are overcome by her maid's advice, and she accepts the invitation. When she arrives at her new home, the girl learns the truth—her lover is a rich nobleman. The details of the story have all but vanished from American versions, but several Scottish texts are available in print.

A derivative, The Blaeberry Courtship, is in Mackenzie, 69 and Toldman & Eddy, 345.

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-

Lizie Lindsay

Will ye go to the Highlands, Lizie Lindsay?
Will ye go to the Highlands wi' me?
Will ye go to the Highlands, Lizie Lindsay,
And dine on fresh curds and green whey?

O how can I gae to the Highlands,
And how can I gae wi' thee,
When I don't know where I'm going,
Nor what my life would be?

Down came fair Lizie's old father,
A fine rich noble was her;
If ye steal away my daughter,
It's hanged high you shall be!

Guard well your daughter and keep her,
Keep well your daughter from me;
I care as little for your daughter
As ye can care for me.

Then up bespake Lizie's best woman,
A bonnie young lass was she:
"Were I but the heir to a kingdom
Awa wi' young donald I'd be."

O say you so to me, Nelly?
And does my Nelly say so?
Must I leave my father and mother,
Awa' wi' young Donald to go?

He must be a witch or a warlock,
Or something of that low degree,
For I'll go awa' wi' young Donald,
Whatever my fortune may be.

She has kilted her coats o' green silk
A little below her knee,
And she's awa' to the Highlands wi' Donald,
To bear him company.

No. 1053

LOLOTTE

also known as

Pov' Piti Lolotte

This is a Creole song derived from a Negro song that came to New Orleans by way of the Caribbean Islands. It was published first in Allen (SSUS), 112, or 171, depending upon the edition used. Later versions are in Krehbiel, 136-137 and Lloyd, 150-151.

Lolotte

Pov' piti, Lolotte a mouin,
Pov' piti, Lolotte a mouin,
Li gagnin bobo, bobo,
Li gagnin doulé.

-repeat above lines

Calalou poté madrasse, li poté jipon garni.
Calalou poté madrasse, li poté jipon garni.
D'amour quand poté la chaîne,
Adieu courri tout bonheur.
D'amour quand poté la chaîne,
Adieu courri tout bonheur.

Pov' piti, Lolotte a mouin,
Pov' piti, Lolotte a ,ouin,
Li gagnin bobo, bobo,
Li gagnin doulé, doulé, doulé,
Li gagnin doulé dans ker à li.

No. 1054

LONDON BRIDGE

also known as

Charleston Bridge	London Bridge Is Falling
Fallen Bridge	Down
London Bridge Is Broken	London Bridge Is Washed
Down	Away
	Rock-a-by Ladies

This is a game song that dates back at least to the Middle Ages. In 1553, however, it was known under the more general title, Fallen Bridge (according to Rabelais, who was writing at that time).

The song was first printed in Gammer Gurton's Garland in the 18th century. A version in Gentleman's Magazine, September, 1823, was contributed by "an aged informant," who learned it from "a lady born in the reign of Charles II. Another version was published in The Critic, Jan. 15, 1857.

English folklorists tell us that the song is derived from the belief that the Devil had an especial antipathy for bridges, and that he (or his demons) would destroy any such structure unless frightened away or bought off. Bridges, the most important land structures in early times, were places of festivity, rituals, dances, trials and executions. They were places of sacrifice, too, for it was believed the only way to protect them was to immure a living man in the foundation of the structure. This ancient practice evolved into the ritual of "laying" or "dedicating" the corner-stone, which is usually done, in our time, by some well known citizen or public official. Folklore is loaded with stories of the Devil and his hatred for bridges and how he was bribed or frightened into letting them stand. That superstition is related to an even older religious belief that the soul, separated

from the body, had to cross a dangerous bridge, and subsequently undergo a literal weighing in the balance, the result of which decided its destiny. In time, children took these ideas and dramatized them and kept them alive in the form of a game. In America, the game is played in the same manner as another old English game, The Needle's Eye (see in MB).

The song below is, of course, widely known and still sung. For a different game song sung to the same tune, see MY FAIR LADY in this Master Book.

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London Bridge

London Bridge is falling down,
 Falling down, falling down,
 London Bridge is falling down,
 My fair lady.

How shall we build it up again,
 Up again, up again,
 How shall we build it up again,
 My fair lady?

Build it up with lime and stone, etc.

Lime and stone would wash away, etc.

Build it up with iron bars, etc.

Iron bars would bend and break, etc.

O what has this prisoner done, etc. ?

Broke my box and stole my keys, etc.

No. 1055

THE LONELY GLENS OF YARROW

also known as

The Banks of Yarrow	The Dewy, or Dowie Dens of
The Braes o' Yarrow	Yarrow
The Dens of Yarrow	The Dowie Downs o' Yarrow
The Dewy Dells of Yarrow	The Dreary Dream
The Dewy Dens of Darrow	In the Lonely Glens of Yarrow
	The Lady and the Shepherd

This ancient Scottish ballad was first published in Scott (MSB), 72, in 1803. It is much older than its date of publication, however, but how much older is a matter of speculation and conjecture.

In the United States, this ballad became mired down in a swamp of scholastic confusion. Each additional attempt at clarification caused it to sink a little deeper in that swamp. This happened because the ballad became mixed-in with another Scottish ballad, Rare Willie Drowned in Yarrow. This resulted in a mass of printed conjecture that produced an area of confusion so wide that one ventures into it at his or her own risk.

The two ballads were published by Child as separate items, but with much discussion regarding their relationship. It was suggested that both are split versions of one and the same ballad. It is also claimed that they are actually two distinct ballads, and that their relationship is the result of fusion through oral transmission. To complicate matters even more, there is all the early influence of William Hamilton's admitted imitation, published in an edition of his poems in Edinburgh, in 1760. Hamilton's imitation was again printed in Percy (RAEP), II, 362. So the Hamilton ballad brought the number of fusions to three, making clarification even more difficult. The fusion of lines and, sometimes, entire stanzas that occurred between the three ballads, all from Scotland and all with comparable themes, made it impossible for American collectors to determine exactly which ballad they were publishing.

A considerable number of collectors identified their finds with Child No. 214 (The Braes o Yarrow). Others elected to identify their discoveries with Child No. 215 (Rare Willie Drowned in Yarrow). A few collectors elected to play it safe and identified their versions with both ballads. Here, I have elected to follow Child's example and present the two ballads as distinct items (see Rare Willie Drowned in Yarrow in this Master Book).

For an excellent attempt at clarification of the all the confusion surrounding the two ballads, see an article by

Coffin in Jour (AFL), LXIII (1950), pp. 328-335.

For a close analogue of the ballad below, see Sir Helmer Blas and His Bride's Brothers in Leach (BB), 570 and Prior, III, 371.

The variety of tunes used with this ballad is quite extensive. For example, Bronson, III, has 42 different airs used for Child No. 14 (The Braes o Yarrow), a text of which is given below.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------------|
| Barry (BBM), 291-293 | Herd, I, 145 |
| Bronson, III, 314 | Herd MSS, I, 35; II, 181 |
| Buchan (ABS), II, 203 | Houseman, 131-133 |
| Cazden, I, 40-41 | Jour (AFL), LXVIII, 201-209 |
| Child, IV, 160-177 | Karpeles, 95-96, 269-270 |
| Coffin, 129-132 | Kinsley, 590-592 |
| Cox (FSS), 137-138 | Leach (BB), 568-570 |
| Cromek, II, 196 | MacColl & Seeger, 95-102 |
| Dixon, 68 | Moore (BFSS), 104-106 |
| Eddy, 69 | Motherwell, II, 126-129, 252 |
| Edwards, 171 | Niles (BB), 426 |
| Flanders, III, 255-260 | Ord, 426 |
| Flanders (BMNE), 235-237 | Quiller-Couch, 786-788 |
| Fowke (TSSO), No. 23 | Scott (MSB-1803), III, 72; |
| Friedman, 99-101 | (1833), III, 143 |
| Gainer, 77 | Sedley, 189-190 |
| Greig & Duncan, No. 215 | Silverman, I, 277 |
| Greig & Keith, 141-144 | Whiting (TBB), 35-37 |

The Lonely Glens of Yarrow

There lived a lady in the West,
A maid that lived in sorrow;
She was courted by nine gentlemen,
And a farmer lad in Yarrow.

These nine sat dinking blood-red wine,
And planning for the morrow;
They made a vow among themselves
To fight for her in Yarrow.

The lady stood and combed his hair
And tried to ease his sorrow;
She made him like a knight so bright,
To fight for her in Yarrow.

The farmer lad walked o'er the hills,
And down the way so narrow;
He saw before him nine armed men,
All in the glens of Yarrow.

"There's nine of you and one of me,
But still I feel no horror;
I'll fight you all, one by one,
In the lonely glens of Yarrow."

He bravely stood and fought them all,
And wounded many sorely;
Her brother John approached behind
And pierced his heart most foully.

"Go home, go home, you cowardly man,
And tell your sister, Laura,
That her true lover you have slain
In the lonely glens of Yarrow."

As she walked up the same high hill,
And down the way so narrow,
She saw there her own true love,
And he was dead on Yarrow.

"O, father, you have seven sons,
And each may wed tomorrow;

But none is fairer than the lad
I loved the most in Yarrow."

This fair maid, being great with child,
Her heart was filled with sorrow;
She died within her lover's arms
In the lonely glens of Yarrow.

No. 1056

THE LONE PILGRIM

also known as

White Pilgrim

This old religious ballad is known under two slightly different titles and it is sung to two distinct tunes: Lily Dale and Braes o' Balquhider. Authorship is in doubt, but in The Southern Harmony and Musical Companion, published in 1835, the words are credited to William Walker. In White & King the words are attributed to B. F. White. William Walker said the final stanza was written by J. J. Hicks of North Carolina. In the Christian Harp, 1858, the author is listed as Rev. Jonathan Ellis, who, according to Helen Flanders "was himself the subject of a ballad, Pretty Polly of Topsham," a version of which is in Bulletin (FSSN), II, 16-17.

The Ellis version is set to the air of Lily Dale and entitled, White Pilgrim. Walker's version is set to the tune of Braes o' Balquhider.

A broadside copy published by Andrews (New York) is mentioned in Robertson's Checklist of California Songs, p. 134, and a manuscript copy is in the Archive of Vermont Folk-Songs (Proceedings of the Vermont Historical Society, VII, June, 1939, p. 82). A copy of the

Andrews broadside, The White Pilgrim, is on file in the California State Library, Sacramento.
A Scottish version of the song, Braes o' Balquhiddier, see Gilchrist (FE), 77. An American version of song's text is in Shoemaker (MMP), 101. For a version of the air of Lilly Dale, see elsewhere in this Master Book. The tune for our text is that of Braes o' Balquhiddier.

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|------------------------------------|----------------------|
| Allsopp, II, 205 | Hudson (FSM), 209 |
| Brewster (BSI), 358-359 | Jackson (SFS), 47-48 |
| Brown, III, 599-600; V,
338-340 | McCurry, 163 |
| Cobb (SH), 208 | Randolph, IV, 56-57 |
| Flanders (NGMS), 187-189 | Walker (CH), 341 |
| Henry (GH), 89-90 | Walker (SH), 256 |
| | White & King, 341 |

The Lone Pilgrim

I came to the place where the lone pilgrim lay,
And pensively stood by the tomb,
When in a low whisper I heard something say,
"How sweetly I sleep here alone.

"The tempest may howl and the loud thunder roar,
And gathering storms may arise,
Yet calm is my feeling, at rest is my soul
For there are no tears in my eyes.

"The cause of my master compelled me from home,
I bade my companions farewell;
I blessed my dear children who now for me mourn—
In far distant regions they dwell.

"I wandered an exile and stranger from home,
No kindred or relative nigh;
I met the contagion and sank to the tomb,
My soul flew to mansions on high.

"And there is a crown that doth glitter and shine,
That I shall forevermore wear;
Then turn to the Saviour, his love's all divine,
All you who would dwell with me there."

No. 1057

THE LONESOME DOVE

also known as

The Dove	The Lonesome Grove
The Little Dove	The Minister's Lamentation
The Lone Dove	Newberry

Origin of this song is not known. A version is in the Social Harp, published at Philadelphia in 1885, where it is credited to William C. Davis. However, it is not like that Davis created this song. According to Jackson (SFS), "The first stanza was evidently inspired by the lines in the traditional English ballad entitled Giles Collins (see George Collins in MB). Jackson's statement should be read with emphasis put upon the words "evidently inspired," for there is no evidence to show that the lines referred to originated with the English ballad. For a discussion of said lines, see The Floaters, an article given in this Master Book. For other songs containing these "lonesome dove" lines see Turtle Dove (in MB), True Lover's Farewell (in MB), and Lass of Roch Royal in Davis (TBV), 277.

Actually, there is less variation in the texts recovered than there is in the tunes accompanying them. For example, Thomas (DD) prints a text almost identical to that given by Jackson (SFS) and other collectors, but her tune is quite different. The version given below also has a slightly different air from most reported versions, but, again, the text shows little variation.

For an example of distinct variation, see version B below: We'll Press for Canaan's Shore from McCurry, 97.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Arnold, 46 | Jackson (SFS), 63-64 |
| Barry (SAFS), 276 | Jour (AFL), XLV, 81, 83-85; |
| Belden (BS), 486 | LII, 13-14 |
| Brown, III, 359-360; V, 217 | Lloyd, 78 |
| Cambiaire, 77 | McCurry, 131 |
| Davis (FSV), 113 | Randolph, IV, 39-40 |
| Downes (1940), 191 | Sharp, II, 197-198 |
| Downes (1943), 225 | Shearin (SKFS), 22 |
| Henry (FSSH), 267-269 | Thomas (DD), 162-163 |
| | Yolen, 124-125 |

The Lonesome Dove

One day while in a lonesome grove,
Sat o'er my head a little dove,
And her lost mate began to coo,
Which made me think of my mate, too.

Oh, little dove, you're not alone,
For with you I'm constrained to mourn.
I once, like you, did have a mate
And now, like you, am desolate.

Consumption siezed her lungs severe,
And pressed on her for one long year;
When death did come at close of day—
Oh! my dear darling he did slay!

Her blooming cheeks, her sparkling eyes,
They withered like the rose that dies;
Her arms that once embraced me round
Lie moldering now in yon cold ground.

VERSION B

Ye weary, heavy laden souls,
Who are oppressed sore,
Ye travelers thro' the wilderness
To Canaan's peaceful shore.

Thro' chilling winds and beating rains,
The waters deep and cold,
And enemies surrounding you,
Take courage and be bold.

Tho storms and hurricanes arise,
The desert all around,
And fiery serpents oft appear
Thro' the enchanted ground.

Dark nights, and clouds, and gloomy fear,
And dragons often roar,
But while the gospel trump we hear,
We'll press for Canaan's shore.

No. 1058LONESOME VALLEY I

also known as

I Must Walk My Lonesome	That Lonesome Valley
Valley	Walk That Lonesome Valley
I Must Walk That Lonesome	You've Got To Go There By
Valley	Yourself

This is a campground spiritual of uncertain origin and date, but it definitely dates back to the turn of the century and is probably much older. It is related to the spiritual Got To Cross Jordan, or You Got To Cross It For Yourself in Brown, V, 485 and Sandburg (AS), 486.

There are enough similarities between it and Lonesome Valley II, which follows it, to assume some sort of relationship, if only by the "lonesome valley" lines. For a labor union adaptation, see You've Got To Go Down in Fowke (SWF), 25.

Also see and compare Valley of the Shadows elsewhere in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Botkin (SFL), 762

Lomax (USA), 352-353

Grissom, 2

Work (ANSS), 108

Jackson (SFS), 215-216

Work (FSAN), 53

Lonesome Valley I

You got to walk that lonesome valley,
You got to go there by yourself.
No one here can go there for you,
You got to go there,
You got to walk there by yourself.

You got to lie in that lonesome graveyard,
You got to lie there by yourself.
No one here can lie there for you,
You got to go there,
You got to lie there by yourself.

You got to stand before God at Judgment,
You got to stand there by yourself.
No one here can stand there for you,
You got to go there,
You got to stand there by yourself.

No. 1059

LONESOME VALLEY II

also known as

Go Down in the Lonesome Valley

This is an American slave spiritual; it was first published in 1867. For other versions, see Allen (SSUS), 5, or 30-31 (depending upon edition used), Kennedy (M-1), 98-99 and Mackenzie (SH), 122-123.

Lonesome Valley II

My brother, if you want religion,
Go down in the lonesome valley.
My brother, if you want salvation,
Go down in the lonesome valley.

Chorus

Go down in the lonesome valley,
Go down in the lonesome valley, O Lord!
Go down in the lonesome valley,
And meet my Saviour there.

Want to live yonder in the kingdom?
Go down in the lonesome valley.
Want Jesus to build you a mansion?
Go down in the lonesome valley.

Want to sit at the welcome table?
Go down in the lonesome valley.
And feed your soul on milk and honey?
Go down in the lonesome valley.

My brother, want to meet your Saviour?
Go down in the lonesome valley.
You better change your earth behavior!
Go down in the lonesome valley.

No. 1060LONG TIME AGO I

This is a song with a common title, with most songs using it being related, sometimes by text, sometimes by tune, and sometimes by both. This song was originally published in sheet music form in 1833 and immediately achieved popularity as a minstrel show favorite. In 1835 the tune was borrowed for a hymn, which appeared in the Southern Harmony. Later, came the shanties, all of which, according to Doerflinger and others, are derived from the song given below.

For a nursery song adapted from this, see Long Time Ago III in this Master Book. For a Presidential campaign song using this melody, see Harrison vs Van Buren II in this Master Book.

The version below is also in Nathan, 162.

Long Time Ago I

As I was a gwine down Shinbone Alley,
Long time ago,
To buy a bonnet for miss Sally,
Long time ago.

I rolled the dice and lost my money,
Long time ago,
Then I went home to see my honey,
Long time ago.

I asked my gal if she would marry,
Long time ago,
And she replied, "Not you, but Harry,"
Long time ago.

No. 1061

LONG TIME AGO II

Originally a love song, this piece is now used for old time country or square dancing.

For a similar version, see Ford (TMA), 355.

Long Time Ago II

Near the lake where drooped the willow,
Long time ago!
Where the rock threw back the billow,
Whiter than snow!

Dwelt a maid belov'd and cherished
By high and low!
But with autumn's leaf she perished,
Long time ago!

Rock and tree and flowing water,
Long time ago!
Bird and bee and blossom taught her
Love's spell to know!

While to my fond words she listened,
Murmuring low!
Tenderly her blue eyes glistened,
Long time ago!

Mingled were our hearts forever,
Long time ago!
Can I now forget her? Never!
No, never, no!

To her grave these tears were given,
Ever to flow!
She's the star I missed from heaven,
Long time ago!

No. 1062

LONG TIME AGO III

This is the nursery song adaptation. In Bertail, 146, the words are credited to Elizabeth Prentiss. Another version is in Lomax (ABFS), 306-37.

Long Time Ago III

Tune: Long Time Ago II

Once there was a little kitty.

White as the snow;

In a barn she used to frolic,

Long time ago.

In the barn ran little mousie,

Ran to and fro;

For she heard the kitty coming,

Long time ago.

Two sharp eyes had little kitty

Black as a sloe;

And they spied the little mousie,

Long time ago.

Four small paws had little kitty,

Paws soft as dough;

And they caught the little mousie,

Long time ago.

Nine white teeth had little kitty,

All in a row;

And they bit the little mousie,

Long time ago.

When the teeth bit little mousie,

Mousie cried, "Oh!"

But she got away from kitty,

Long time ago.

No. 1063

LONG TIME AGO IV

also known as

Around Cape Horn
Away Down South

Bully, Long Time Ago
A Hundred Years on the
Eastern Shore

This is a shanty based on the minstrel song, Long Time Ago I. There are several versions of the shanty in circulation and in print, four of which are given below as A, B, C, and D.

For a West Indies version, see Beck (FLS), 149-150. For a German version, see De Hoffnung in Hugill (1), 104. For an American variation and the only shanty which can be identified with the Baltimore clippers, see A Hundred Years on the Eastern Shore in Sharp (EFC-2), 57.

REFERENCES

Colcord, 65-68
Doerflinger, 37-43
Eckstorm, 237
Harlow, 62-63

Hugill (1), 97-105
Linscott, 141-142
Lomax (FSNA), 55
Sharp (EFC-2), 49, 59
Shay (ASSC), 40

Long Time Ago IV (Version A) Halyard shanty

Away down South where I was born,
To me way hay-i-Oh!
Among the fields of golden corn,
A long time ago.

Made up my mind to go to sea, etc.
And it will be the death of me, etc.

I wish to God I hadn't been born, etc.
To go rambling around Cape Horn, etc.

Around Cape Horn where the wild winds blow, etc.
Around Cape Horn thro' sleet and snow, etc.

Oh, I put to sea to round Cape Horn, etc.
How I miss the fields of golden corn, etc.

VERSION B

It's up aloft this yard must go,
To me way, ay, ay, yah!
It's up aloft this yard must go,
For it's a long time ago!

When I was young and in my prime, etc.
I thought I'd go and join the line, etc.

I placed my hand upon her knee, etc.
She said, "Young man, you're rather free!", etc.

It's one more pull and that will do, etc.
It's one more pul and then we're thro', etc.

VERSION C

(Long Drag Shanty. Harlow, 60-61, credits words to Captain
J. L. Botterill.)

A long time ago, I remember it well,
To me way, hey, hi-o!
I had an old wife, oh, I wished her in hell,
A long time ago!

She gave me some money, she gave me some clothes, etc.
And then she turned on me and broke my nose, etc.

O my life with her was more than I could stand, etc.
So I shipped away for a distant land, etc.

We sailed all the way around Cape Horn, etc.
But I had no clothes for to keep me warm, etc.

We braced, we squared, and we tacked and we
swore, etc.

The mate gave us hell worse than ever before, etc.

O never again will I ramble and roam, etc.
For the sea is worse than the hell at home, etc.

VERSION D

also known as

The 'Frisco Ship

In 'Frisco Bay

O-ho, three ships they lay in Frisco Bay,
Timme way, hay, ho, high, ho!
Three ships they lay in Frisco Bay,
Oh, a long time ago!

These smart Yankee packets lay out in the Bay, etc.
All a-waiting a fair wind to get under way, etc.

With all their poor sailors so weak an' so sad, etc.
They'd drunk all their limejuice, no more could be
had, etc.

Oh, I sailed out of 'Frisco in a full rigged ship, etc.
I sailed out of 'Frisco for a long, rugged trip, etc.

We wuz bound for New York with a cargo of gold, etc.
Bound south 'round the Horn thro' ice and cold, etc.

Oh, a long, long time, and a very long time, etc.
A long, long time ago I made this rhyme, etc.

No. 1064

LONG TIME AGO V

also known as

Hoosen Johnny The Little Black Bull Long, Long Time
Ago

This is another of the many songs patterned on Long Time Ago I (in MB). For a spiritual patterned on the same song, see Bound to Go, elsewhere in this Master Book. According to Sandburg, who gives a version of this song, Long Time Ago V was known to Abraham Lincoln who "heard it often. It was a favorite of his singing friend with the banjo, Ward Hill Lamon."

See and compare Out of the Wilderness II in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Lomax (PB), 33

Seeger (3), 54-55

Roberts (IP), 296-297

Silverman, I, 310

Sandburg (AS), 164-165

Yolen, 46-47

Long Time Ago V

The little black bull came down the meadow,
Hoosen Johnny,
The little black bull came down the meadow,
Long time ago.

Chorus

Long time ago, long time ago,
The little black bull came down the meadow,
Long time ago!

First he pawed and then he bellowed, etc.

He whet his horn on a white oak saplin', etc.

He shake his tail, he jar the river, etc.

He pawed the dirt in the heifers' faces, etc.

No. 1065

LOOK AWAY BEYOND THE BLUE

also known as

Look Away Beyond the Sun

This is a compounded song, with lines and stanzas and tune taken from other religious pieces. The tune was taken from the spiritual, Lord, Remember Me (see in Master Book).

The version below is from memory, because I used to sing the song on radio programs during the 1930s and '40s.

Look Away Beyond the Blue

Your days are numbered, no matter what you do!
Your days are numbered, no matter what you do!
Your days are numbered, no matter what you do!
Look away beyond the blue.

Get ready, sinner, he's coming after you! (3)
Look away beyond the blue.

O Lord, forgive us, forgive us one and all! (3)
Look away beyond the blue.

No. 1066

LOOK DOWN THAT LONESOME ROAD

also known as

The Lonesome Road
Look Down

Look Up, Look Down that
Lonesome Road

This song was first printed by Dorothy Scarborough in 1925. Other versions of "lonesome road" songs have been in oral circulation since pre-Civil War days. For example,

there is the two stanza piece in Talley, 128, which begins:

Look down dat lonesome Road! Look down!
De way are dark an' col',
Dey makes me weep, dey makes me mourn,
All 'cause my love are sol'.

A similar song, Don't Go Down That Lonesome Road, is in Odum (NWS), 37, 46 and in White, 300-301.

The song below was rewritten in part and promoted as a "pop" song in the 1930s.

REFERENCES

Agay (1), 42	Lomax (OSC), 404
Agay (2), 175	Sandburg (AS), 322-323
Best, 152	Scarborough (NFS), 73
Brown, III, 347-348; V,	Silverman, I, 149
210	Whitman, 106

Look Down That Lonesome Road

Look down, look down that lonesome road,
Hang down your head and cry.
The best of friends have been known to part,
And why not, why not you and I?
I'm weary totin' this ol' load,
But I keep trav'lin down, down, down that
lonesome road.
It's down, 'way down that ol' lonesome road,
And hang your head and cry.
True love, true love, what have I done
To make you treat me so?
Come home, come home, ease my broken heart
Just like you done some time ago.
I'm weary totin', etc.

No. 1067

LORD LOVEL

also known as

Lady Nancibel	Lord Lord and Nancy Bell
Lady Ouncebell	Lord Lover
Lord Lavel	Lord Lovinder
Lord Leven	Lord Revel
Lord Lovel and Lady Nanca	Lord Tavell
Lord Lovel and Lady Nancy	Nancy Bell and Lord Lover
Bell	St. Patrick's Bells
	St. Varnie's Bell

Here we have one of the traditional giants of American folk song. Like most old popular ballads it is from England, and probably came with the first wave of settlers. According to Child, "there are several sets of ballads, very common in Germany and in Scadinavia, which, whether they are or are not variations of the same original, at least have a great deal in common with Lord Lovel." The popular versions in the United States are derived from an English broadside of 1846. The versions recovered vary only slightly, which indicates that earlier versions were forgotten or replaced. The text has been frequently parodied and the tune has been used for several other songs. For example, a parody, Sukey Soapsuds, is in Hadaway's Select Songster, 75-76. For a Confederate parody, see Abraham Lincoln VIII (in this MB). For a political campaign adaptation, see Harrison vs Van Buren X (in this MB). The tune was used for a hymn, Land of Rest, that is in the Olive Leaf, Philadelphia, 1878, p. 117.

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| Barry (BBM), 139-149, 482 | Brown, II, 84-88; IV, |
| Belden (BS), 52-54 | 43-47 |
| Bell (EB), 134 | Brown (BLNC), 9 |

- Bulletin (FSSN), I, 4-5
Bulletin (TFS), III, 92
Campbell & Sharp, No. 18
Child, II, 204-213; V,
416
Coffin, 78-79
Cox (FSS), 78-82
Cox (TBFS), 32-37
Creighton (TSNS), 41-43
Davis (MTBV), 146-151
Davis (TBV), 240-258, 573-
574
Dean-Smith, 85
Dixon, 78-80
Eddy, 39-45
Flanders, II, 148-173
Flanders (VFSB), 215-216
Friedman, 97-99
Gainer, 45-46
Gardner (BSSM), 43-45
Gardner (FSH), 203-204
Greig, II, art. 159
Greig & Keith, 57-58
Hubbard, 17-18
Hudson (FSM), 90-91
Johnson (WTS), 225
Jones, 301
Jour (AFL), XVIII, 291-292;
XIX, 283; XXIV, 337;
XXVI, 352; XXIX, 160;
XXXI, 352; XXXV, 342
Jour (FSS), II, 209; III,
64; VI, 31
Kinloch MSS, VII, 83
Kirkland, 69
Leach (BB), 250-252
Leisy, 219-221
Linscott, 233-235
Lomax (FSNA), 401
McGill, 9-13
Moore (BFSS), 56-58
Morris, 273-277
Niles (BB), 163-165
Oberndorfer, 87
Pound, 4-7
Pound (SFSN), I, 2
Quarterly (SFL), II, 69-
70; VIII, 150; XI,
124
Quiller-Couch, 796-797
Randolph, I, 112-115
Randolph (OMF), 193-195
Ritchie (FS), 22-23
Roberts (IP), 43-45
Sandburg (AS), 70
Scarborough (NFS), 55-56
Scarborough (SC), 98-103,
389-390
Sharp, I, 146-149
Sharp (100), 60-61
Shay (DFW), 134-136
Shearin (BBCM), 3
Shearin (SKFS), 8
Shoemaker (MMP), 146-147
Shoemaker (NPM), 140-141
Silverman, I, 221
Smith (AA), 20
Smith (SCB), 121-124
Smith (TBSCS), No. 6
Songster (10), 145-147

Songster (82), 13

Wells, 108-109

Songster (117), 86-88

Wells (ANA), 326

Thomas (SG), 38-39

Williams (FSUT), 145-146

Lord Lovel

Lord Lovel stood at his castle gate
And combed his milk-white steed;
When along came Lady Nancy Bell
And she wished her lover God speed,
And she wished her lover God speed.

"O where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"O where are you going?" said she.
"I'm going, my dear Nancy Bell,
Strange countries for to see, etc."

"O when will you return, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"O when will you return?" said she.
"In a year or two, or three, at least,
I'll return to my Lady Nancy, etc."

He hadn't been gone but a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When a languishing thought came into his mind,
Lady Nancy Bell he must see, etc."

He rode and he rode upon his white steed,
Till he came to London Town;
And there he heard St. Varney's bell,
And the people all mourning 'round, etc."

"Has anybody died?" Lord Lovel he said,
Has anybody died?" said he.
"A lord's daughter, sir," a lady replied,
"And they call her Lady Nancy, etc."

He ordered the grave to be opened forthwith,
And the shroud to be folded down;
And there he kissed the earth-cold lips,
While tears came trickling down, etc.

O Nancy died as it were today,
Lord Lovel he died tomorrow;
Lady Nancy died of pure, pure love,
Lord Lovel died of sorrow, etc.

They buried her in the old churchyard,
And they buried him beside her;
And from her grave there grew a rose,
And from his grave a briar, etc.

They grew and grew up the old church wall
Until they could grow no higher;
They entwined in a lovers' knot,
The rose bush and the briar, etc.

No. 1068

LORD, REMEMBER ME

also known as

Do Lord, Do Lord	O Lord, Remember Me
Oh, Do Lord, Remember Me	When My Blood Runs Chilly
Oh, Lord, Remember Me	and Col'

This spiritual belongs to "a family of songs," which began with a campground hymn called Pisgah, the chorus of which begins:

O Lord, remember me!
O Lord, remember me!
Now in the bowels of Thy love,
O Lord, remember me!

Versions of Pisgah are in Burdett, 250; Jackson (SFS), 144; and McCurry, 205. For a variation, Remember Me, Remember Me, see White, 105-106.

Two versions are given below. The first (A) was obtained from the singing of black slaves in the South. A doctored version, When My Blood Runs Chilly and Col', is in Lomax (ABFS). Version B, the more recent, is sung to the air of Look Away Beyond the Blue (see in MB).

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Odum (NHS), 92

Scott (FSS), 27

Lord, Remember Me (Version A)

O death he is a little man,
And he goes along the way;
He kill some souls and he wounded some,
And he left some souls to pray.

Chorus

O Lord, remember me!
Do, Lord, remember me!
Remember me as the year roll 'round,
Lord, remember me.

I want to die like Jesus died,
And He died with free good will;
I lay out in the grave so cold
With arms out-stetched an' still.

I want to pray like Moses prayed,
And he prayed with faith so true;
I want to live the Christian way,
And love my Saviour, too.

VERSION BTune: Look Away Beyond the Blue

Do, Lord, do, Lord, do remember me!

Do, Lord, do, Lord, do remember me!

Do, Lord, do, Lord, do remember me!

O, do, Lord, remember me!

When I'm in trouble, do remember me! (3)

O, do, Lord, remember me!

When I am dying, do remember me! (3)

O, do, Lord, remember me!

When this world's on fire, do remember me! (3)

O, do, Lord, remember me!

When you call the roll, do remember me! (3)

O, do, Lord, remember me!

No. 1069

LORD, TAKE ME TO HEAVEN WHEN I DIE

also known as

I Wish I Could Pray Like Daniel Did

I Wish I Could Pray Like Mary Magdalene

I Wish I could Pray Like Moses Prayed

This is a song of many titles. Almost any Biblical character's name will fit the song and many of the better known ones have been included in the title from time to time. The line "I wish I could pray like" is found in several old spirituals. For example, see the final stanza of Lord, Remember Me (version A) in the preceding song.

Lord, Take Me To Heaven When I Die

I wish I could pray like Mary Magdalene, (2).
 I wish I could pray, I wish I could pray,
 Lord, I wish I could pray like Mary Magdalene.

Chorus

Oh, Lord! take me to heaven when I die, (2)
 Oh, take me up there! Oh, take me up there!
 Oh, My Lord! take me to heaven when I die.

I wish I could pray like Daniel prayed, etc.

I wish I could pray like Moses prayed, etc.

No. 1070

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELEANOR
 also known as

The Brown Bride and Lord	Fair Rillander
Thomas	Little Eleanor
The Brown Girl	Lord Thomas and Fair Annet
Fair Annie and Sweet Willie	Lord Thomas and Fair Eli-
Fair Eleanor and the Brown	nore, Ellen, Ellendar,
Girl	Ellender, or Ellinor
Fair Elendar and the Brown	Lord Thomas and the Brown
Girl	Girl
Fair Elinor and Lloyd Thomas	Lord Thomas's Wedding
Fair Ellen	Loyd Thomas
Fair Ellendar, or Ellender	The Nut-Brown Bride
and the Brown Girl	Sweet Willie and Fair Annie
Fair Ellener, or Ellenger,	Thomas and Ellen
or Ellinore	The Three True Lovers

This ballad, often known as The Brown Girl, has not suffered through the confusion surrounding the other Brown Girl (Child No. 295), which is also given in this Master Book. There has never been any doubt concerning the

identity of Lord Thomas. There is a Scottish as well as an English form in circulation, but the Scottish versions are rarely encountered in American tradition. Lord Thomas dates back to the reign of Charles II, in England, and perhaps is older. Certainly it is one of the most widely distributed ballads of the English-speaking world.

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| Burne, 545, 651 | Henry (BMFB), No. 8 |
| Cambiaire, 34-36, 115-116 | Henry (FSSH), 60-65 |
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| Chappell (FSRA), 23-24 | Herd, I, 246 |
| Child, II, 179-199 | Houseman, 121-125 |
| Coffin, 74-76 | Hubbard, 16 |
| Cox (FSS), 45-64 | Hudson (FSM), 78-87 |
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| Davis (MTBV), 123-137 | Jour (AFL), XVIII, 128, 295;
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XXVII, 62, 71; XXIX,
154, 159; XXXIX, 94;
XLII, 262-265 |
| Davis (TBV), 191-220,
568-570 | Jour (FSS), II, 105-108; V,
130 |
| Dean-Smith, 85 | Kidson (TT), 40-42 |
| Dobie (TBE), 144-146 | Kincaid No. 1, 36 |
| Eddy, 29-34 | Kinloch MSS, I, 1; III, 127;
V, 339 |
| Fawcett, 68 | |
| Flanders, II, 89-121 | |
| Flanders (VFSB), 209-213 | |
| Friedman, 84-88 | |

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Niles (BB), 147-155
Niles (SKMT), No. 7
Owens (TFS), 17-20
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 III, 234-238
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Sharp (100), 65-67
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Silber (HSB), 85
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Smith (AA), 17
Smith (SCB), 109-120
Stout, 5-7
Thomas (DD), 88-90
Wells, 106-107
Whiting (TBB), 48-52
Williams (EFS), 62
Williams (FSUT), 135-137
Wyman (TKMS), 14-15

Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor

Lord Thomas he was a fair young man,
No finer man was known,
But should he marry fair Eleanor,
Or bring the brown girl home?

Oh, should he marry fair Eleanor,
Or bring the brown girl home?

"Come, riddle my riddle, dear mother,"
he said,

"Although it is my own:
Now should I marry fair Eleanor,
Or bring the brown girl home?, etc."

"The brown girl has both houses and land,
Fair Eleanor has none;
Therefore, I say to you, my son,
Go bring the brown girl home., etc."

When summer brought on a holiday,
Lord Thomas took a ride;
Who should he meet but fair Eleanor,
That should have been his bride., etc.

"Sit down, sit down, Lord Thomas," she said.
"What news have you brought to me?"
"I bring you news of a wedding," said he;
"I've come to set you free., etc."

"O, God forbid such a thing!" she cried,
"And may it bring you strife.
You know I've waited for three long years
To be your loving wife., etc."

She dressed herself in her finest clothes,
No finer could be seen;
And as she rode from place to place,
She looked just like a queen., etc.

She came at last to Lord Thomas' home,
And knocked and knocked again;
And down the stairs came Thomas himself,
To let fair Eleanor in., etc.

"Is this your bride?" fair Eleanor said,
"This woman who looks so brown?
I've heard them say she's very rich,
And owns near all the town., etc."

"Despise her not," Lord Thomas then said,
"For she is kind to me;
And I care more for your finger-tip
Than for her whole body., etc."

The brown girl drew forth a little pen-knife,
And it was keen and sharp;
She raised it high and brought it down,
And pierced fair Eleanor's heart., etc.

Lord Thomas held Eleanor in his arms,
And said, "My love is gone.
The fairest woman in all the world—
O God! what have I done?, etc."

Lord Thomas took down a long, sharp sword,
And walked about the hall;
In anger he cut off the brown girl's head
And flung it against the wall., etc.

He set the sword down upon the ground,
The point against his heart,
And on it fell with all his strength—
And felt his life depart., etc.

No. 1071

LORENA

also known as

Lorena and Paul Vane

This mid-19th century love song was the most popular song of its time. The words were written by H. D. L. Webster, a trappist monk and Universalist preacher. The air was composed by a Racine, Wisconsin musician, J. P. Webster. The two Websters were not related. When first published in 1857, the song got nowhere; it remained practically unknown for six years. During the Civil War the song caught the public's attention, and by 1863 it was popular in the South as well as in the North. Abraham Lincoln stipulated that it was one of his favorite songs. Thousands of mothers named their daughters Lorena. The name was also bestowed upon several pioneer settlements and to a steamboat on the Ohio River.

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| Glass (SS-2), 222-224 | Randolph, IV, 257-258 |
| Hubbard, 130-132 | Shoemaker (MMP), 193-194 |
| Jour (AFL), XXXIX, 186; | Shoemaker (NPM), 189-190 |
| XLIX, 228-229 | Silverman, I, 160 |
| Lair (SLL), 80 | Staton, 59-60 |

Lorena

The years creep slowly by, Lorena,
The snow is on the grass again;
And winter's here once more, Lorena,
The frost gleams where the flow'rs have been.
Even tho' I know that we're apart,
There's always summer in my heart,

For you're still in my heart, Lorena—
It knows no other love but you.
Someday we'll meet again, Lorena,
Somewhere up there beyond the blue.

A hundred months have passed, Lorena,
Since last I held that hand in mine
And felt that pulse beat fast, Lorena,
Tho' mine beat faster far then thine.
A hundred months 'twas flow'ry May,
When up the hilly slope we climbed,
To watch the dying of the day
And hear the distant church bells chime,
To watch the dying of the day
And hear the distant church bells chime.

We loved each other then, Lorena,
More than we ever dared to tell;
And what we might have been, Lorena,
Had but our lovings prosper'd well.
But then, 'tis past—the years are gone—
I'll not call up their shadowy forms;
I'll say to them, "Lost years, sleep on!
Sleep on! nor heed life's pelting storms.

It matters little now, Lorena,
The past is in the eternal past;
Our heads will soon lie low, Lorena,
Life's tide is ebbing out so fast.
There is a future! O thnak God—
Of life this so small a part.
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod,
But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart.

No. 1072

LORENA'S ANSWER

also known as

Lorena's Answer to Paul
VaneLorena's Reply
Paul Vane

The popularity of Lorena (see preceding song) was so immense that the same author and composer issued this follow-up. The version below is from the original sheet music, published in 1863 in Webster's Western Gems, Ditson & Co., Boston. For a version recovered from traditional oral sources, see Randolph, IV, 258-259.

REFERENCESLorena's Answer

The years are creeping slowly by, dear Paul,
The winter's come and go;
The wind sweeps past with mournful cry, dear Paul,
And pelts my face with snow.
But there's no snow upon the heart, dear Paul,
'Tis summer always there;
Those early loves throw sunshine over all
And sweet mem'ries dear.

I thought it easy to forget, dear Paul,
Life glow'd with youthful hope;
The glorious future gleamed yet, dear Paul,
And bade us clamber up.
They frowning said, "It must not—cannot be;
Break now, the hopeless bands!"
And, Paul, you know how well that bitter day
I bent to their commands.

I've kept you ever in my heart, dear Paul,
Thro' years of good and ill;
Our souls could not be torn apart, dear Paul,
They're bound together still.

I never knew how dear you were to me,
'Till I was left alone:
I thought my poor, poor heart would break,
The day they told me you were gone.

Perhaps we'll never, never meet, dear Paul,
Upon this earth again;
But there where happy angels greet, dear Paul,
You'll meet Lorena there.
Together up the ever shining way
We'll press with hoping heart,
Together thro' the bright eternal day,
And never more to part.

No. 1073

LOSS OF THE CENTRAL AMERICA

A California gold mining era song by John Stone, published in Put's Golden Songster, San Francisco, 1858.
For another version, see Dwyer, 36-37

Loss of the Central America

Tune: Carry Me Back To Old Virginny

The Central America, painted so fine,
Went down like a thousand of brick,
And all the old tubs that are now on the line
Will follow two at a lick.
'Twould be very fine were the owners aboard,
And sink where they never would rise;
'Twould any amount of amusement afford,
And cancel a million lies.

Chorus

'Twould be very fine were the owners aboard,
And sink where they never would rise;
'Twould any amount of amusement afford,
And cancel a million lies.

These murdering villains will ne'er be forgot,
As long as America stands;
Their bones should be left in the ocean to rot,
And their souls be at Satan's commands.
They've murdered and swindled the people for years,
And never will be satisfied
Till death puts an end to their earthly careers!

No. 1074

THE LOST LOVER

also known as

California Boy	O Captain, Tell Me True
Captain, Can You Tell Me?	Oh, Bring Me Back the One
Captain, Captain, Tell	I Love
Me True	Oh, Captain, Can You Tell Me?
Captain, Tell Me True	Oh, Captain, Captain, Tell
Careless Love	Me True
The Deep Blue Sea	Oh, Father, Father, Go Build
Down By the River Side	Me a Boat
The Drowned Lover	Oh, Father, Go Build Me a
Father, Build Me A Boat	Boat
The Forsaken Lover	The Prentice Boy
Lost Willie	Sailor Bold
Moment's River Side	The Sailor Boy
My Boy Willie	The Sailor Boy and His
My Sailor Lad	Faithful Mary
My Sweet Sailor Boy	The Sailor Lad
My True Sailor Boy	The Sailor's Life

The Sailor's Sweetheart	Susie's Search For Her Lover
The Sailor's Trade	Sweet Lost Willie
The Sailor's Trade Is a	Sweet William
Weary Life	Sweet William the Sailor Boy
Soldier Lover	Sweet Willie
The Soldier's Life	There Is a Town Where I Did
The Soldier's Sweetheart	Dwell
A Song of the Sea	True Sailor Boy

A broadside that first gained popularity in England and Scotland, then repeated its rise to general acclaim in Canada and the United States.

Although there are many versions, the basic story told by the song is always the same: A young woman pleads for a boat, asking her father to build one, so she can sail it in search of her lover, usually a sailor but sometimes a soldier. Whenever she comes upon a ship, the girl asks about her lover, generally addressing the captain. She is told that her lover is either drowned or lost at an island (the name of which varies). Frustrated, the girl then sails her boat upon a rock or throws herself overboard. Some versions use an ending borrowed from The Butcher Boy (see in MB).

Since the appearance of the earliest broadside versions, such as The Sailor Boy and His Faithful Mary, many songs sung in Canada and the United States have borrowed lines from the ballad. As a result, there has been some confusion where references concerning it are concerned. For songs using lines taken from The Lost Lover, see Careless Love in Henry (BMFS), 24-25 and The Lumberman's Life in this Master Book.

Songs related to The Lost Lover through reference lists due to similar stories are numerous. For examples, see The Drowned Lover in this Master Book and The Soldier Boy, or The Soldier's Letter, in Arnold, 49; Cambiaire, 20; Cox (FSWV), 29; Cox (TBFS), 145; Fuson, 61; and Randolph, II, 314-317.

Sometimes two ballads are combined, fused together, so that one must refer to both in order to explain the true situation. A good example of this is The Prentice Boy in Brown, II, 328-329, in which lines and stanzas taken from Apprentice Boy I, II & III (see in MB) are combined with lines and stanzas of The Lost Lover, thus creating a new song. Also see and compare The Deep Blue Sea in Randolph, IV, 308-309, in which we found two stanzas belonging to The Lost Lover.

An American version in which the girl seeks a soldier instead of the usual sailor was taken from the MS. of a Confederate soldier and published in Frank Moore's Anecdotes, Poetry, and Incidents of the War, New York, 1866, p. 180.

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Pub (TFLS), XXIII, 134	Sharp (100), 162-163
	Stone, 174

The Lost Lover

A sailor leads a dreary life,
But never so dreary as his wife;
I loved Willie and he loved me,
But he went sailing on the deep blue sea.

Chorus

Oh, bring me back the one I love,
For he's fairer than the stars above.
They say our love can never be,
That he does not really care for me.

"O father, father, build me a boat,
That on the ocean I may float;
And ev'ry vessel I'll hail, ahoy!
And then inquire of my sweet sailor boy.

"O captain, captain, tell me true—
Does my sweet Willie sail with you?
O, answer quick and bring me joy,
For I love none but my sweet sailor boy."

"O no, fair maiden, he is not here.
Your Willie drowned sometime last year.
Forget a love that cannot be—
For he lies sleeping in the deep, blue sea."

With broken heart she wrote a song,
She wrote it large, she wrote it long;
On ev'ry line she shed a tear,
And ev'ry verse cried out "O, my dear!

"O dig my grave both wide and deep,
And place a stone at my head and feet;
And on my breast put a snow-white dove,
To show the world that I died for love."

No. 1075

LOVE-FEAST IN HEAVEN

A slave spiritual that has survived the years and is yet being performed. For a Creole-dialect version, see Cohen (LS), 75-76. Source of the version below is the Original Fisk Jubilee Singers. See Marsh (SJS), 182 and Pike, 264.

Love-Feast in Heaven

Oh! run up, children, get your crown,
There's a love-feast in heaven by-and-by,
And by your Saviour's side sit down,
There's a love-feast in heaven by-and-by.

Chorus

There's a love-feast in heaven by-and-by,
Children,
There's a love-feast in heaven by-and-by.
Yes, there's a love-feast in heaven by-and-by,
Children,
There's a love-feast in heaven by-and-by.

Old Satan told me not to pray, etc.
He wants my soul at Judgment day, etc.

Oh, brothers 'n sisters, how do you do, etc.
And does your love continue true?, etc.

Oh, brothers, brothers, how do you know?, etc.
Because my Jesus told me so!, etc.

No. 1076

LOVE IS PLEASING

also known as

Oh, Love Is Teasin'

This song is obviously derived from the old Scottish "O Waly, Waly" (see in MB). There are several extracted variations, including Must I Go Bound in Leisy, 235 and Okun, 185. Also see and compare Love Is Lovely (version D of O Waly, Waly in MB). For other versions, see Lomax (FSNA), 136; Peacock, II, 475-476; Reeves (EC), 179; Ritchie (FS), 30; Sedley, 150-151; and Silverman, I, 91.

Love Is Pleasing

O Love is pleasing, so warm and pleasing,
And such a pleasure when it's young and true;
But love grows older, and it grows colder,
And fades away like the morning dew.

I left my mother, I left my father,
I left my brother and my sister too;
I left my friends and my relations,
Left ev'rything for the love of you.

If I had known that love would flower
Only to wither, I'd be home today;
But love is pleasing, so warm and pleasing,
So pleasing I gave my heart away.

No. 1077

LOVELY MAISIE

also known as

Bonnie Susie Cleland	Lord Dillard and Lady Flora
Janet	Susie Cleland
Lady Maisry	Sweet Maisry
Lady Margery, or Marjory	Young Prince James

A Scottish ballad with a common story-line. The ballad has been recovered more often in Europe, where the story is widespread. In all versions the important points are similar: (1) all local suitors are rejected by the lady, (2) someone, usually an employee on her father's estate, reports that she is pregnant, (3), as a result, she is put to death in some violent manner, (4) her true lover arrives too late to save her, and (5) he proceeds to avenge her death with sword and fire. In American versions, however, the complete story is never told.

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Kinsley, 295-300	Sharp (FSE), I, 36
Leach (BB), 208-213	Sharp (100), 26-28

Lovely Maisie

Her father came into the room,
And he walked over the floor.
"Well! how do you do, lovely Maisie,"
said he,
"Since you became a whore?"
"O father dear, I am no whore,
Nor will I ever be;
But I am with child by the man I love,
And hope he'll marry me.
"My father was the first good man
Who tied me to a stake;
My mother was the first good woman
Who lit it with a match.
"They blew the fire and kindled it
Till it did reach my knee:
O mother, mother, quench the fire!
The smoke will smother me.
"I wish I had but one good friend,
Someone to favor me;
I'd send him to my lover's house,
Who'd come and set me free."
No one at all would heed her plea,
Tho' loudly Maisie did call;
They stood and watched until, at last,
She made no sound at all.

No. 1078

LOVE SOMEBODY

also known as

Love Somebody Tall and Handsome Love Somebody, Yes I Do

This song is an adaptation of an adaptation of an old
Scottish song, I'm Far Too Young To Marry Yet (see in MB).

The melody of the Scottish song was arranged for orchestra by Beethoven. The melody is also used for a country dance known as The Cumberland Square Eight. For a fiddle version, see Thede, 47, who says it is known as Old Lady Tucker in Illinois, Indiana, and Missouri. Chase (AFTS) relates it to My Love Is But a Lassie Yet— which is a song adapted from the song mention above, I'm Far Too Young To Marry Yet.

A similar song, Somebody, in Sandburg (AS), 464-465, may be a spin-off of the song below, but there is no evidence to support such a supposition. Except for the first line, the song, I Love Somebody, in Talley, 51, is not related to ours.

The song below dates from at least the 1880s.

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Love Somebody

Love somebody, yes, I do,
Love somebody, yes, I do,
Love somebody, yes, I do,
Love somebody,
But I won't say who.

Love somebody, yes, I do,
Love somebody, yes, I do,
Love somebody, yes, I do,
And I hope
Somebody loves me too.

No. 1079

LOVING HENRY

also known as

Anne Marie and Henry	Lord Heneary, <u>or</u> Henry
Clyde's Water	Lord Henry and Lady Margaret
Come In, Loving Henry	Lord Henry and Lydie
Earl Richard	Margaret
The Faulse Ladye	Lord John
Lady Margot and Love	Lord William
Henry	Love Heneary, <u>or</u> Henry
Little Scotch-ee	Loving Heneary
Lord Banyan	Proud Lady Margaret
Lord Barnet and Fair	Sir Henry and Lady Margaret
Eleonder	Young Henry, <u>or</u> Hunting
Lord Bonnie	Young Redin, <u>or</u> Riedan

This is an Americanized version of the English ballad, Young Hunting (Child No. 68). Under various titles, the ballad has been reported from every section of the United States. As is usual with European ballads preserved by oral tradition in America, Loving Henry omits much of the original text. The story is an ancient one, dealing with the love triangle: one man and two women. The rejected woman kills her lover. The crime is witnessed by a bird, and the bird talks. The victim's body is found. His new love is suspected but her innocence is established by "a test of fire." When the guilty woman is tested, the flames consume her. "The test by fire" never appears in American versions, but the talking bird remains.

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| Arnold, 60-61 | Brown, II, 67-68; IV, |
| Barry (BBM), 122-128 | 29-30 |
| Belden (BS), 34-37 | Bulletin (TFLS), VIII, 71 |

- Cambiaire, 28-29
Campbell & Sharp, No. 15
Child, II, 142-145; V,
416
Coffin, 73-74
Cox (FSS), 42-44
Creighton (TSNS), 36-39
Davis (MTBV), 111-122
Davis (TBV), 182-190, 566-
568
Dobie (TBE), 143
Flanders, II, 87-88
Friedman, 190-194
Gainer, 37-38
Henry (FSSH), 145-146
Herd, I, 148; II, 67
Herd MSS, I, 34, 182-185
Hudson (FSM), 77-78
Hudson (SMFL), No. 9
Jour (AFL), XVIII, 295; XX,
252; XLIV, 67
Kinloch (ASB), 1
Kinloch MSS, VII, 7
Kinsley, 87-91
Kittredge (BS), 297
Leach (BB), 232-234
Moore (BFSS), 47-51
Morris, 263-265
Motherwell MS., 189, 377
Niles (BB), 143-146
Owens (TFS), 16-17
Pub (TFLS), XXIII, 44-45
Quarterly (SFL), VIII, 146
Quiller-Couch, 129-134
Randolph, I, 90-93
Roberts (IP), 34-37
Sandburg (AS), 64-65
Scarborough (SC), 134-136,
398
Scott (MSB-1802), II, 42;
(1803), III, 265
Sharp, I, 101-114
Shearin (BBCM), 3
Shearin (SKFS), 8
Smith (SCB), 107-108
Smith (TBSCS), No. 4
Treat, 30
Wells, 152-154

Loving Henry

As Anne Marie was going to bed
She heard the sound of a horn;
It made her heart very, very glad,
For Henry had come home,
Love Henry had come home.

"Come into my arms, love Henry,
You're welcome as can be.
O, it has been a long, long time,
Since you have been with me, (2). "

"I will not stay, I dare not stay,
I don't love you at all;
I go to meet a fairer maid,
Who waits at Bannon's hall, (2):"

"A fairer maid than me, Henry?
How could that ever be?
A fairer maid than me, Henry,
Your eyes did never see, (2)."

He leaned toward her upturned face,
And thought to kiss and part;
She raised the penknife in her hand
And pierced him through the heart, (2).

"Why stab me deep, O Anne Marie?
Why do this thing to me?
There's none in all the land around,
That I love more than thee, (2)."

She watched him fall and, bleeding, die,
And never did she weep;
She threw his body in the pool,
That was both cold and deep, (2).

"Lie there and sleep, dear Henry," she said,
"Till flesh departs your bones;
And may that girl at Bannon's Hall
Has lost what she did own, (2)."

"Fly down, fly down, sweet bird," she said,
And light upon my knee;
And you shall have a cage of gold
In yonder willow tree, (2)."

"I can't fly down, I won't fly down
And light upon your knee;
For you have murdered your true love,
And soon would murder me, (2). "

"I wish I had a bow in hand,
With arrow to the string;
I'd shoot the dart into your heart,
So you could never sing, (2)!"

No. 1080

THE LOW-BACKED CAR

Source Song. One of many songs written by Samuel Lover for his Irish Evenings. He adapted the air of The Jolly Ploughboy, or Ploughman for his lyric. His song became widely popular in the United States during the first part of the 19th century, and it remained popular for many years.

For a version of The Jolly Ploughboy, see Moffat (MI), 12-13.

For a Newfoundland song called The Low-Backed Car, see Greenleaf, 238.

For an American song set to the same melody, see Gold Seeker IX in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Chapple (HS), 442-443
Elson, 56-58
Johnson (FS), 404-406

Oberndorfer, 142
Songs (15), 148
Wier (LS), 92-93
Wier (SWWS), 40-41

When first I saw sweet Peggy
'Twas on a market day,
A low-backed car she drove,
And sat upon a truss of hay;
But when that hay was blooming grass,
And deck'd with flowers of spring,
No flower was there that could compare
To the blooming girl I sing!
As she sat in her low-backed car,
The man at the turn-pike bar
Never asked for the toll,
But just rubbed his old poll,
And looked after the low-backed car.

In battle's wild commotion,
The proud and mighty Mars,
With hostile scythes, demand his tithes
Of death, in war-like cars;
While Peggy, peaceful goddess,
Has darts in her bright eye,
That knock men down in the market-town,
As right and left they fly,
While she sits in her low-back car,—
Than battles more dangerous far,
For the doctor's art cannot cure the heart
That is hit from the low-backed car.

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters
By far out-number these;
While she among her poultry sits
Just like a turtle dove
Well worth the cage, I do engage,
Of the blooming god of love!

While she sits in her low-backed car
The lovers come near and far
And envy the chicken that Peggy is pickin'
As she sits in the low-backed car.

I'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach-and-four and gold galore,
And a lady for my bride;
For the lady would sit forninst me
On a cushion made with taste,
While Peggy would sit beside me
With my arm around her waist,
As we drove in a low-backed car,
To be married by Father Mab'r.
O, my heart would beat high
At her glance and her sigh,
Tho' it beat in a low-backed car.

No. 1081

LOWLANDS I

also known as

Lowlands Away Low Lands Away, My John Lowlands Low

An inexperienced observer spotting this song in more than one collection would probably wonder whether or not the various collectors had ever compared notes. It is set down by Colcord as a capstan shanty, by Smith as a halyard shanty, and by others as a windlass shanty. Add to this list a version sung by black dock-workers and called a stevedore shanty (whatever that means!).

The origin of this song, in the opinion of several folk scholars, is embodied in Edwin in the Lowlands Low (see in MB), an old English song about a sailor that is murdered by his sweetheart's father.

This shanty was already popular among seamen during the 1850s. Sometime later, the shanty was made over by black stevedores at Mobile, Alabama (see Lowlands II in MB), and became even more popular in America.

For a different Lowlands Low, see Sharp (EFC-2), 34. Other shanties and songs are also known as Lowlands or Lowlands Low, but these are not necessarily related. Unfortunately, most published collections containing one or another of the Lowlands shanties make no distinctions in their references, which results in some confusion.

REFERENCES

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| Brown (SS-2), 295 | Luce, 225-226 |
| Bullen & Arnold, 12 | Masefield (SG), 348 |
| Clements, 39 | Meloney, 16 |
| Colcord, 44, 100 | Robinson, 44 |
| Davis (SSC), 20-21 | Sampson, 20 |
| Doerflinger, 80-82 | Sedley, 175 |
| Downes (1940), 86 | Sharp (EFC-2), 21 |
| Gilbert (100), 104 | Shay (ASSC), 43 |
| Glass (SS-1), 58-59 | Smith (BOS), 30-31 |
| Grainger, No. 157 | Smith (MW), 14 |
| Hugill (2), 130-131 | Terry, I, 12-15 |
| Jour (FSS), III, 233-236;
VIII, 97 | Whall (SSS), 57 |

Lowlands I

I dreamed a dream the other night,
Lowlands, lowlands, away, my John!
And it gave me an awful fright,
My lowlands, away!

I stood beneath the stars above, etc.
I dreamed I saw my own true love, etc.

She came to me all in my sleep, etc.
She made me promise not to weep, etc.

O, that is what my true love said, etc.
And then I knew my love was dead, etc.

I wish I had ten thousand pound, etc.
I'd sail my ship the world around, etc.

No. 1082

LOWLANDS II

also known as

A Dollar and a Half a
Day

Five Dollars a Day
My Dollar an' a Half a Day

This is an adaptation of the preceding song, Lowlands I.
According to Colcord, it was sung by Negro workers on the
docks at Mobile, Alabama.

REFERENCES

Colcord, 45, 101
Downes (1940), 89
Downes (1943), 100
Harlow, 127-128
Hugill (1), 68-70

Mackenzie, 277
Shay (ASSC), 46-47
Shay (IMWS), 48
Smith (MW), 15

Lowlands II

Intro

Lowlands, lowlands, away, my John,
We're bound away to Mobile Bay,
My dollar and a half a day.

O was you ever in Mobile Bay?
Lowlands, lowlands, away, my John!
A-screwing cotton for yo' pay?
My dollar and a half a day.

A dollar and a half is a black man's pay, etc.

A white man could never live that way, etc.

O, my old mother she wrote to me, etc.

She wrote to me to leave the sea, etc.

The white man's pay is kinda high, etc.

The black man's pay escapes the eye, etc.

No. 1083

THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND

also known as

The Enchanted Ring

The Soldier Bride's Lament

The Low, Low Lands of Holland

One of the "Pressed-into-service" ballads that once circulated widely and frequently throughout the British Isles. None of these ballads became very popular in the United States, probably because the system was not legal here. Nevertheless, this particular one received some attention. According to Child, II, 317, "The Lowlands of Holland is similar to Bonny Bee Hom (Child, No. 92), particularly in respect to "the ring that makes a man invulnerable, and that which indicates by the discoloration of the stone that his love is dead or untrue." The ring motif is also in Hind Horn (see The Magic Ring in MB). According to Cecil Sharp, the ballad (Lowlands of Holland) is in Garlands, a collection of songs printed about 1760. For an American variation, see Eckstorm, 138. For an American derivative, see The Lily of Arkansas in Randolph, I, 339.

A related ballad, The Soldier Bride's Lament, is seen in Combs (FSMEU), 173.

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| Allsopp, II, 213 | Jour (IFSS), II, 31 |
| Baring-Gould (SW), No. 103 | Joyce (AIM), No. 68 |
| Buchan (ABS), I, 169 | Joyce (OIFMS), 214 |
| Christie, I, 236 | Karpeles (EFS), I, 108-113 |
| Combs (FSUS), 150 | Kinsley, 347-348 |
| Emrich (FAL), 570-571 | Logan, 22-23 |
| Flanders (BMNE), 113-114 | MacColl & Seeger, 78-81 |
| Ford (VSBS), 55 | Ord, 328-329 |
| Gray, 88-89 | Quiller-Couch, 806 |
| Hayward, 54 | Reeves, 151-152 |
| Herd, II, 2 | Reeves (EC), 180-181 |
| Herd MSS, I, 97 | Sedley, 176-177 |
| Hughes, II, 70-75 | Sharp, I, 200 |
| Jamieson, I, 185 | Sharp (EFS), II, 16 |
| Johnson (SMM), No. 115 | Sharp (FSFS), No. 44 |
| Jour (FSS), I, 97; III, | Sharp (100), 54-55 |
| 307; V, 170; VII, | Shay (ASSC), 45 |
| 63 | |

The Lowlands of Holland

On the very first night of my marriage,
As I slept in the marriage bed,
There came a bold sea-captain
Who woke me up and said:
Come, rise you up, young married man,
And go along with me
To the Lowlands of Holland,
To fight for liberty.

O the wife that I have chosen,
With her I will be content;
And may all the oceans freeze,
If ever I repent.

O never will I sorry be
Until the day I die,
But the Lowlands of Holland
Is between my love and I.

O the lovely young bride sat a-mourning
All for her lover on the main;
"He's gone," she cried, "and they tell me
He won't come home again!
There is no man in all this land,
No other man for me;
I've loved no man but one,
And he's drowned in the deep blue sea.

"There shall no mantle cross my back, I swear,
No comb ever touch my hair,
And neither coal nor candle-light
Shall shine in my bower fair.
Nor shall I take another love
However sad I be,
Since the Lowlands of Holland
Lies between my love and me."

No. 1084

LUCY LOCKET

A children's rhyme and game song with a long and interesting history. According to Linscott, it came to America in 1755 and "was perhaps the base of 'Yankee Doodle'." (see latter in MB). It is claimed that Lucy Locket was one of two celebrated courtesans associated with the Court of Charles II, king of England. The other courtesan, also mentioned in the song, was Kitty Fisher. According to Opie, there was another Kitty Fisher alive in the 18th century and she, too, was a woman "of negligent virtue,

with whom attempts have been made to associate the rhyme. This second professional beauty (her portrait by Reynolds is at Petworth House) was at the height of her fame about 1759 and has a right to be considered if only because she was the subject of many other verses."

Today, however, the piece is nothing more than game-song for children, played (in some areas) in much the same way as the old English game known as Hunt the Squirrel (see Itiskit, Itaskit in MB).

REFERENCES

Bertail, 38

Opie, 279-280

Linscott, 37-38

Wier (YAM), I, 87

Lucy Locket

Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it;
But there was not a penny in it,
Just a ribbon 'round it.

No. 1085

LUCY LONG

also known as

If I Had a Scolding Wife	Oh, Take Your Time, Miss Lucy
Miss Lucy Long	Take Your Time, Miss Lucy Long

This is an early 19th century minstrel song. According to Botkin it was written by T. G. Booth. According to Pound it was written by E. P. Christy. The song was so popular that adaptations and parodies soon followed. For a Play-Party song using a stanza from Lucy Long, see Eighteen Pounds of Meat a Week in Botkin (APPS), 182. For an English shanty variation, see Sharp (EFC-2), 25. For songs

containing lines from and similarities to Lucy Long, see Ain't I Goin' in Piper (SPPG), 271-272 and The Roving Bachelor in Tolman & Eddy, 431-432. The final "If I had a scolding wife" stanza is a floater (see Floaters in MB), and is found alone as well as in several songs. The tune of Lucy Long was also used for other songs, including one given in this Master Book: CALIFORNIA BLOOMER. According to Randolph "there is a similar piece in nigger-minstrel dialect entitled, Oh Silber Shining Moon, broad-side by Andrews, N. Y., in the Los Angeles public library." For a version of that song, see Oh, What a Happy Day in this Master Book. Also see and compare the Miss Lucy song in Brown, V, 547, and the similar piece in Kit 48, 17 & 53, 19.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------------------|
| Brown, II, 478 | Lair (SLL), 46 |
| Chapple (HS), 289 | Marsh (SSM), I, 115; II, 192 |
| Ford (OTFM), 11 | Minstrel, 18, 140, 155 |
| Ford (TMA), 59, 395 | Perrow, XXVIII, 188 |
| Hugill (1), 396 | Pound (SFSN), XXIII, No. 14 |
| Johnson (EAS), 35 | Randolph, II, 360 |
| Johnson (RAS), 134 | Songster (75), I, 112 |
| | White, 449-450 |

Lucy Long

Oh, I came here from Georgia
To sing a little song
About a gal I know,
And her name is Lucy Long.

Chorus

Oh, take your time, Miss Lucy,
Take your time, Miss Lucy Long!
Oh, take your time, Miss Lucy,
Take your time, Miss Lucy Long!

She's a gal who's mighty pretty,
So slim and trim and tall;
And Lucy's got more fella's
Than a railroad train can haul.

O, I ask her for to marry,
She hadn't much to say;
Jus' said she'd rather tarry—
So I let her have her way.

O, the world was made in six days,
An' it was good an' strong,
But it took one day longer
To go courtin' Lucy Long.

If I had a scolding wife,
As sure as she was born
I'd take her down to New Orleans
An' trade her off for corn.

No. 1086

LULA I

also known as

Lula Gal

Lulu

My Lulu

This seems to be a composite song made up almost entirely of floating lines and borrowed melodies. Lula exists in many versions and variations in the Southern states (see Lula II & III in MB).

See and compare Lula Gal in Scarborough (NFS), 104; Seeger (1), 138 and White, 301. Another interesting variation is O Lulu, a rail-workers piece, in Botkin (RFL), 447 and Lomax (USA), 272-273. Also see and compare My Lula Lou in Fuson, 124.

In one or another version the song below was widely known

in the United States. For example, in chapter 9 of Owen Wister's The Virginian (1902), p. 96, the hero sings a version of this song.

REFERENCES

Jour (AFL), XXII, 248	Lomax (FSNA), 342
Lomax (ABFS), 182-184	Sandburg (AS), 378-379
Lomax (CS-1938), 263-264	White (GALD), 35

Lula I

If you fool with my Lula,
You know what I will do!
I'll cut you up with my jackknife,
And shoot you with my pistol, too!
And shoot you with my pistol, too!

My Lula is a dandy!
She drinks jus' like a man;
She likes both gin and brandy,
And she drinks 'em when she can!, etc.

O, Lula had two babies,
Both born on Christmas Day;
She set them children a-workin',
And she drank up all their pay!, etc.

When Lula hugged an' kissed me,
She tore her hair and cried;
She said I was the sweetest thing
That every lived or died!, etc.

No. 1087

LULA II

also known as

Lulu

Poor Little Lula

Shine, Little Lula, Shine

Shout, Little Lulu

In this form Lula contains so many floating lines it could be called a medley. Even the tune is found in other songs. For example, the tune given by Brown is the same as that used for a song known as Banjo Sam, or Catfish.

See and compare Old Corn Whiskey in Roberts (SBS), 177-178 and the song in Perrow, XXVI, 127.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 222-223; V,
129

Henry (FSSH), 436-437
Jour (AFL), XLV, 167-168

Lula II

Shine, pretty Lula, shine your best,
Your poor old granny's gone to rest.
Shine, pretty Lula, shine! shine!

I went a-fishin' an' caught a shad—
Best fish I've ever had,—
Jerked him up jus' like that,
An' then I caught a great big ol' cat.

Poor little Lula went to bed
An' never heard what grandma said.
Shout, little Lula, shout! shout!

My wealthy Missus once promised me
One day soon I'd be free;
Now she's dead and gone to hell,
An' I sure hope her body sizzles well!

I'll give two nickels or one dime
To see sweet Lula any time.
Shine, pretty Lula, shine! shine!

No. 1088

LULA III

also known as

Lulu

Lula, My Darling

Although this is a "work" song, it is still a form of Lula I & II. According to Smith (SCB), 20, it is a Negro work song, sung while digging with pick-axes.

Lula III

Lula my darling, Lula my dear,
Tell me you love me and long to be near.

Locked up in prison, six months in jail;
Sent for my Lula for to come go my bail.

Built me a cabin on a mountain so high,
See my sweet Lula as she passes by.

No. 1089

LULA WALLS

also known as

Aggravatin' Beauty Lula Walls

During the first quarter of the 20th century this song was a big favorite with "country" singers. The most popular version was one recorded by A. P. Carter (The Carter Family) for RCA-Victor records.

REFERENCES

Brown, V, 441-442

Jour (AFL), LIX, 451

Randolph, III, 101-102

Lula Walls

She is a maiden bright and fair,
She has lovely golden hair,
She's as pretty as an angel on high!
She stole my heart away,
And I don't know what to say—
Oh! that aggravatin' beauty Lula Walls!

Now one evening just at dark,
She and I met in the park;
She was sitting by the fountain all alone.
To her I tipped my hat,
And we both began to chat—
Oh! that aggravatin' beauty Lula Walls!

Oh, I'm going back tonight,
When the moon is shining bright,
And I'll ask her if she'll marry in the Fall.
But I know what she will say,
She will simply turn away—
Oh! that aggravatin' beauty Lula Walls!

Now if she were only mine
I would build a house so fine,
And around it I would build a fence so tall
That no one else but me
Would ever get to see,
That dear aggravatin' beauty Lula Walls.

No. 1090

THE LUMBERMAN COMES TO TOWN

also known as

The Lumberman in Town

This was popular in the woods, among lumber-workers, and
it appears to be a rewrite of the sea song, Jack's Disaster,
a version of which is in Ashton's Real Sailor Songs.

A variation on Jack's Disaster is The Sailor in Town, the air of which is almost identical to that of The Lumberman Comes To Town.

REFERENCES

Barry (MWS), 61
Eckstorm, 96-97
Glass (SFRF), 40-42

Gray, 58-59
Lomax (USA), 172-173
Silverman, I, 349

The Lumberman Comes to Town

When a lumberman comes down
With his pay to spend in town,
He goes looking for some fair girl to find;
If she is not too sly,
With her dark and rolling eye,
The lumberman is pleased in his mind.
The lumberman is pleased in his mind.

O he will carry on
Till his money is all gone,
And his landlady turns and starts to frown;
With her sharp and beady eye,
She will come to him and cry:
"Mister Lumberman, move out of this town!" (2).

To the woods again he'll go,
With his heart so full of woe,
And he wanders about from tree to tree;
When six months are gone and past,
He forgets it all at last,
And he feels its time to have another spree. (2).

When old age does him alarm,
He will settle on a farm,
And he'll find some young girl to be his wife;

But it's a sad mistake,
For with him mock love she'll make,
And kind death will take away his poor life! (2).

No. 1091

LUMBERMAN'S LIFE

also known as

The Dreary Life

A Shanty Lad

The Pinery Boy

A Shantyman's Life

This is one of the oldest of the lumbermen's songs; it came into existence sometime during the first half of the 19th century, and was known in lumbering camps from the Atlantic to the Great Lakes. Some collectors say the song originated in Canada, but the earliest known print is a De Marsan broadside (List 5, No. 98), where the copy reads: Composed and written by George W. Stace, La Crosse Valley, Wis.

Lumberman's Life may have been patterned on a much older song, probably an Irish one since the tune is certainly old Irish.

For a cowboy adpatation, see A Cowboy's Life in this Master Book. For an adaptation in which the lumberman is replaced by a raftsmen, see Rickaby, 85.

REFERENCES

Barry (MWS), 60

Downes (1940), 242-243

Beck (SML), 26-27

Downes (1943), 280-281

Botkin (NEF), 877-878

Eckstorm, 33-36

Carmer (SRA), 37-38

Fowke & Johnson, 67, 105

Cazden, I, 11

Gardner (BSSM), 258

Dean, 87-88

Gray, 53-57

Doerflinger, 211-213

Lomax (FSNA), 112

Mackenzie, 362

Rickaby, 43-47

Sandburg (AS), 290-291

Shoemaker (MMP), 261-263

Thompson, 256

Lumberman's Life

Oh, a lumberman's life is a dreary, dreary life,
Tho' some people may think it void of care;
We keep swinging with an axe every morning until night,
In the midst of a forest somewhere.

Oh, we sleep in a shanty that's bleak and cold,
While the fierce, stormy night winds blow;
But at dawn when the daylight starts to appear,
We are off to the woods through the snow.

We're transported afar from the tame haunts of man,
Up the river's wild raging stream;
Where the mountain cat growls and the hootinf of owls
Is a part of every man's dream.

Oh, the cook rises up in the middle of night,
And shouts: "Wake up, boys, it's day!"
And we find our slumbers are broken oft-times,
As the cold winter nights pass away.

There's no whiskey or beer and no women to love—
Such things are left far behind.
There's no one to care what happens out there,
But a lumberman has peace of mind.

With the coming of spring our hardships begin,
For the river is piercing cold;
And out clothes get all wet and our fingers grow numb,
And those hike-poles are sure hard to hold.

In the rocks, shoals and sand, it's hard for each hand;
There's a raft for each man to steer,

And the wild rapids we run hold more danger than fun,
But a lumberman laughs at all fear.

But the lumberman's life is the best life of all,
And I'll always tell you the same;
For I truly despise all the slick city guys,
For the think of all life as a game.

No. 1092

LYDIA PINKHAM

also known as

The Ballad of Lydia Pinkham

Lydia Pinkham's Compound

This is a satire on patent medicines, which is about all
I can say about this song. Even the author remains unknown.

REFERENCES

Kennedy (TAB), 366

Shay (PF-1), 86-87

Loesser, 281

Shay (PF-3), 46-47

Sandburg (AS), 210

Silverman, II, 156

Lydia Pinkham

Let us drink a drink a drink
To Lydia Pink a Pink a Pink
And her love for the human race;
She invented a vegetable compound,
And the papers published her face.

Oh, it sells for a dollar a bottle,
Which is very cheap you see,
And if one, one, one it doesn't cure you,
She will sell you four for three.

Let us drink a drink a drink
To Lydia Pink a Pink a Pink
And her love for the human race;
She invented a vegetable compound,
And the papers published her face.

Misses Green could have no children,
But loved children very dear,
So she drank, drank, drank, three bottles
of compound,
And now she has them twice a year.

Let us drink a drink a drink, etc.

Missus Jones she had no lover,
Blotchy skin had caused her plight,
So she drank, drank, drank, three bottles
of compound,
Now she gets it twice each night!

Let us drink a drink a drink, etc.

No. 1093

MacPHERSON'S FAREWELL

also known as

Below the Gallows Tree

MacPherson's Lament

A Scottish ballad about an actual person. According to traditional records, his name is James MacPherson, and he was the son of a Highland gentleman and "a beautiful gypsy woman." One report has him a leader of a gang of cattle-rustlers operating in the province of Moray. However, tradition in such cases is generally not trustworthy. It would be just as safe to assume that his crime was political, considering the fact that he became a folk hero and the ballad makes no mention of robbery. MacPherson died on the gallows November 16, 1700. Robert Burns later wrote a version, some words of which are in the version below.

REFERENCES

Bikel (FF), 234-235	MacColl & Seeger, 276-278
Buchan (SS), 96-97	Ord, 443
Dick, 292-293	Seeger & MacColl, 89
Herd, I, 99-101	Silber (HSB), 121
Knight, 130-131	Silverman, I, 60
MacColl (SS), 35-36	Weavers, 104-105

MacPherson's Farewell

Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,
Farewell, farewell to thee!
MacPherson's time will not last long
On yonder gallows tree.

Chorus

Sae rantin'ly, sae wantonly, sae dauntin'ly gaed he;
He played a tune and he danced it roon'
about the gallows tree.

It was by a woman's treacherous hand
I now face the gallows tree;
Below a ledge, at a window she stood,
And threw a blanket o'er me.

Untie these bands from off my hands
And give to me my sword,
And there's no man in all this land
But I'll brave him at a word.

There are some who've come to see me hang,
And some would buy my fiddle;
Before I'd ever part with it,
I'll break it through the middle.

He took the fiddle in his hands
And broke it on a stone:
No other man will play it now,
When I am dead and gone.

The reprieve was coming o'er the hill
To set MacPherson free;
They set the clock and made it fast,
And hanged him to the tree!

No. 1094

MADISON VS FEDERALISTS

also known as

James Madison, My Joe, Jim

This musical attack on James Madison came during the Presidential election campaign of 1816, when the two-term president was not a candidate. The attack was made to discourage votes for James Monroe, who was Madison's candidate.

There are two stanzas not given below in which Madison and Jefferson are accused of selling out to Napoleon.

The song appeared in The Patriotic Songster (1816), and the complete text is in Lawrence, 220.

Madison vs Federalists

Tune: John Anderson, My Jo

James Madison, My Joe, Jim,
I wonder what you mean:
You proclaimate, in chair of state,
A vision or a dream.
The war you did begin, Jim,—
And why did you do so?
You should have found some better ground,
James Madison, My Joe.

James Madison, my Joe, Jim,
We find your plans have failed.
Ere this you know, that deadly woe
And taxes you've entailed.
Upon this happy land, Jim,
You've brought disgrace also,
That you can't cure, nor we endure,
James Madison, My Joe.

James Madison, my Joe, Jim,
Twas when you first began,
The world did say, and well might they,
That you were not the man.
You were a dupe of France, Jim,
And Jefferson also:
With gun-boat fleet you'd Britons beat,
James Madison, My Joe.

Our Capitol you lost, Jim,
Much wealth with it likewise;
Your fame is fled, your honor's dead,
Your minions we despise.
In wisdom you're deficient, Jim,
In energy also;

Most manfully you ran away,
James Madison, My Joe.

James Madison, my Joe, Jim,
You wing'd your flight with speed!
With courage rare, you knew not where
You drove your lank old steed;
While British troops were feasting, Jim,
On wine and ale you know,
You weary fled, to seek a bed,
James Madison, My Joe.

I fain would here advise you, Jim,
Where you must next retreat:
In Carter's mount there is a fount,
At Thomas' country seat,
Where you may rest secure, Jim,
Likewise your friend Monroe,
Free from all harms and war's alarms,
James Madison, My Joe.

No. 1095

THE MAGIC RING

also known as

The Broken Ring	In Scotland Town Where I Was
The Broken Token	Born
The Golden Ring	The Jeweled Ring
Hind, <u>or</u> Hynd Horn	The Jolly, <u>or</u> Old Beggar
I Gave My Love a Gay Gold	The Old Beggar Man
Ring	The Pale Ring

This ballad is derived, apparently, from the popularity enjoyed by the "King Horn" romances that were highly esteemed throughout Europe from the 13th through the 15th century.

The first complete copy of Hind Horn (The Magic Ring) was printed in Kinloch's collection in 1827. Buchan printed a similar text the following year. The entire ballad was never collected from traditional sources in the United States, but fragments in the romantic mold were recovered in Canada and Northeastern U. S. A. under various "beggar-man" titles.

Bronson, I, gives 23 tunes for this ballad.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Barry (BBM), 73-80, 479-481
481 | Houseman, 138-140 |
| Bronson (BAS), 51 | Jour (AFL), XXII, 42-62 |
| Buchan (ABS), II, 268 | Karpeles, 30-31 |
| Child, I, 187-208; V, 413 | Karpeles (FSN), II, No. 5 |
| Coffin, 47-48 | Kinloch (ASB), 135 |
| Creighton (MFS), 5 | Kinsley, 112-114 |
| Creighton (TSNS), 11-17 | Leach (BB), 96-100 |
| Cromek, II, 204 | Manny, 206-208 |
| Flanders, I, 223-225 | Moore (BFSS), 25-27 |
| Flanders (BMNE), 47-48 | Motherwell, I, 36 |
| Fowke (TSSO), No. 32 | Motherwell MS., 91, 106,
413 |
| Friedman, 112-114 | Muir, 97-107 |
| Gainer, 22-23 | Niles (BB), 72-75 |
| Greenleaf, 12-14 | Quiller-Couch, 142-145 |
| Greig & Keith, 17, (1925),
20 | Sanders, 229-231 |

The Magic Ring

I gave my love a golden ring,
Saying, "Prize this ring above all things."
He gave to me a new gold clock,
To count the hours while he's away.

"O while this ring retains its hue,
You'll know my love is sound and true;
But if this ring turns pale and wan,
Your love is with another gone."

Seven long years he served his king,
And never once forgot the ring.
He looked upon the ring one day
And saw the hue had gone away.

He sailed back home with troubled mind,
The reason for his loss to find;
On food and drink he did not wait,
But hurried to her castle gate.

There he removed his costly robes,
Replacing them with beggar clothes.
"What is the news?" he did implore
Of one who stood outside the door.

He took the ring now grown so pale,
And said, "O servant, do not fail!
But take this ring I give to thee
And say her love is home from sea."

O see her coming down the stair!
O see the lovely golden hair!
And see the wine-glass in her hand,
All for the waiting beggar-man.

Then as he drank the final gulp,
She dropped the ring into the cup.
"Came it to you on sea or land?
Or came it from a dead man's hand?"

"It came from beither sea nor land;
It came instead from your own hand."
His beggar clothes he quickly shed,
And took the loving bride to bed.

No. 1096

MAID OF EDINBURGH

also known as

Catharine Jaffery	Katherine Jeffrys
Catherine Johnson	The Laird of Laminton
Catherine Johnstone	Loch-in-var
Edinburgh Town	A Scotch Ditty
The Green Wedding	The Squire of Edinboro, <u>or</u>
Hembrick Town	Edinburgh Town
Katharine Jaffray, <u>or</u>	The Squire of Edinburg
Jaffrey	Town

The original ballad, Katharine Jaffray (see Child No. 221), was never widely known traditionally in the United States. It was first published by Sir Walter Scott under the title, The Laird of Laminton. Later, he modeled Lochinvar on the ballad and thereby contributed to a second form's development. This is clearly demonstrated in the two types of the ballad recovered from Traditional sources in England and Scotland.

The Maid of Edinburgh, as we know it, is a re-worked version of the two forms of Katharine Jaffray.

For an Irish version popular in the 1850s that was sung to the tune of The Fairy Troop, see The Complete Petrie Collection of Irish Music, No. 544.

Another ballad, The Green Wedding, is remarkably similar and is, according to many, "a version or reshaping of Katharine Jaffray." For versions of The Green Wedding, see Karpeles, 97-99 and Sharp (FSFS), 40.

The result of all these forms and versions and variations was a large number of cross-references, many of which are quite different from the version accompanying them.

The list of works listed below cover all forms and all versions of Katharine Jaffray and the Maid of Edinburgh.

REFERENCES

Barry (BBM), 400-406	Gerould, 40, 94, 158
Brown, II, 169-171	Greig & Keith, 158-161
Buchan (GSEI), 74	Gummere, 263-264
Child, IV, 216-231	Herd MSS, I, 164
Christie, II, 16	Houseman, 147-148
Coffin, 133-134	Kinsley, 300-304
Creighton (SBNS), 22-24	Leach (BB), 578-579
Creighton (TSNS), 78-83	Moore (BFSS), 109-110
Flanders, III, 261-268	Motherwell (1827), 225
Flanders (CSV), 20-21	Motherwell MS., 75
Flanders (NGMS), 141-144	Peacock, I, 200-201
Friedman, 271-275	Wells, 329

Maid of Edinburgh

There was a maid in Edinburgh,
Kath'rine Jaffray was her name;
She was courted by a farmer's son,
And he thought her love he'd gained.

He told his loving parents, then
He told her nearest kin;
But when he told the maid herself,
She would not let him in.

Her father and her mother, too,
On hearing what she had done,
Insisted that she apologize
And wed the farmer's son.

She wrote a letter to her love,
The one and only one,
And she told him she was forced to wed
With a nearby farmer's son.

He mounted on his fastest steed,
And an angry man was he;
He rode till he came to Edinburgh,
And sought the bride to see.

He took her by her trembling hand,
And he led her from the hall;
He lifted her on his fastest steed,
And straightway left them all.

The drums did beat, the fife did play,
And they did so merrily sing;
She's living now in Edinburgh,
But wears no wedding ring.

No. 1097

MAID ON THE SHORE

also known as

The Fair Maid

The Maid on the Seashore

The Fair Maid By the Seashore

The Sea Captain

This ballad was first printed in fragmentary form in Joyce (OIFMS), 152, under the title: The Mermaid. Barry traced it back to Scandinavia and the Latin countries of Europe. Mackenzie related it to Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight (Child No. 4), a version of which is given elsewhere in this Master Book under the title of Myra Belle Lee.

The tune is an adaptation of the old Irish air, Cutting Down Broom.

For a different song that shares one title in common with this one, see The Sea Captain in Karpeles (FSE), II, No. 194. Also see Laws Q 12, 278.

REFERENCES

Barry (MWS), 40-41

Creighton (TSNS), 64

Belden (BS), 107-109

Friedman, 403-404

Bulletin (FSSN), VII, 12-13

Gillington (SOR), 18-19

Cazden, II, 8-9

Greenleaf, 63-64

Creighton (MFS), 41

Hubbard, 94-95

Joyce (OIFMS), No. 327
Karpeles, 117-121
Karpeles (FSN), I, 30-38
Korson (PSL), 54-55
Laws K 27, 154
Leach (BB), 731-732
Lomax (FSNA), 142-143

Mackenzie, 74-75, 394-395
Mackenzie (QB), 129
Peacock, I, 295-297
Reeves, 191-192
Silverman, I, 199
Wells, 156-157
Williams (FSUT), 75

Maid on the Shore

There was once a maiden all crossed-up in love,
She was deep in despair, O!
Nothing could she find to ease her sad mind
But to stray all along the seashore,
To stray all along the seashore.

There was a sea captain who sailed the seas round,
And fell very deep into love, O!
"I shall die! I shall die!" his men heard him cry,
"If I don't get that maid on the shore, (2)."

"Our captain has jewels, our captain has gold,
Our captain has plenty of wealth, O;
All these he will give, and we'll please him I know,
So let's bring him that maid on the shore, (2)."

After much persuasion on board she did go,
The captain he set her a chair, O;
He invited her down to his cabin below,
Singing, "Fare you well, sorrow and care," (2)."

"I will sing you a song, if you think it best,"
And how she made them all stare, O!
She sang it so sweet, so neat and complete,
That she sang all the seamen to sleep, (2).

She robbed them of jewels, she robbed them of gold,
She robbed them of costly array, O;

Of the captain's broad sword she made her an oar,
And she paddled her boat to the shore, (2).

"O were my men sleeping, or were my men mad,
Or were they all sank in despair, O?
She deluded you all, myself also,
And again she's a maid on the shore, (2)."

No. 1098

MANNING THE PIRATE

also known as

Bold Manan the Pirate	Manum the Pirate
Bold Manning, <u>or</u> Manum	William Craig and Bold Manone

This song was popular as a forecastle shanty and among lumber-workers. It is sometimes crossed with Bold Daniel, or Daniels (see Colcord, 149-151), but the songs are not otherwise related.

Also see and compare The Rovin' Lizzie in Eckstorm, 257-259.

REFERENCES

Doerflinger, 139-141	Jour (AFL), XLIV, 299
Eckstorm, 259-265	Peacock, III, 848-851
Gordon (OSMS-5/23/26), 191	

Manning the Pirate

Bold Manning went off to sea one day,
And a dreary day it was, too;
As drear a day as ever could be,
All wet with fog and dew.
He spied a large and lofty ship
About three miles ahead—
"Come, hist up our main-tops'l, boys,
And after her we'll speed!"

He called out to his bosun,
Whose name was William Craig:
"Hey! Craig! O, Craig, come up on deck
And h'ist up our black flag!"
The bosun was a valiant man,
With heart both stout and bold,
But when he saw his father's ship,
He felt his blood run cold.

"Where are you from?" cried Manning,
"I pray you tell me true,
For if to me you tell a lie,
It'll be the worse for you."
"We are the Fame, to New York sailed,
For Liverpool we're bound.
Our captain's name is William Craig,
A native of that town."

Those poor and frightened seamen,
They did as told to do;
They hove their main yard to the mast
And let their ship lay to.
These bold and crafty pirates,
With broadswords in hand,
They went on board the merchant ship
And slaughtered every man.

Some they shot and others they stabbed,
And all of them they drowned,
And most of these poor fellows
Lay bathing in their blood.
They searched the ship all over
And ransacked everything,
Until they came to a female
And stopped to hear her sing.

Some did stomp and some did swear
 They would make her their wife.
 "Stand back! stand back!" said Manning,
 "I've come to end your strife."
 He boldly rushed upon her,
 No show of fear or dread,
 And as she begged for mercy,
 He severed off her head.

No. 1099

THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE

also known as

The Darling Young Man on the

Flying Trapeze

This song, copyrighted on March 31, 1868, was originally sung by circus clowns. It became widely performed as a vaudreville piece, then entered tradition via barbershop quartettes and college students. For two parodies sung by college students, see Elliptical Skiers in Best, 76, and The Man on the Flying Skis in Best, 78.

REFERENCES

Agay (2), 162-164
 Best, 16
 Kennedy (TAB), 202-204
 Luther, 214
 Randolph, IV, 231-232
 Silverman, II, 214
 Lomax (ABFS), 338-340
 Loesser, 238-241

The Man on the Flying Trapeze

Once I was happy, but now I'm forlorn,
 Like an old coat that is tattered and torn;

Left in this wide world to weep and to mourn,
 Betrayed by a girl in her teens.
 Now this girl that I loved, she was handsome,
 And I tried all I knew her to please,
 But I never could please her one quarter so well
 As the man on the flying trapeze.

Chorus

Oh, he floats thro' the air
 With the greatest of ease,
 This daring young man
 On the flying trapeze;
 His actions are graceful,
 All girls he does please,
 My love he has purloined away.

He'd play with a miss like a cat with a mouse,
 With his eyes he caressed every girl in the house.
 Perhaps he is better described as a louse!
 But still people came just the same.
 Oh, he'd smile from his perch on the people below,
 And then one night he smiled on my love.
 She blew him a kiss and she shouted, "Bravo!"
 As he hung by his nose up above.

One night as usual I went to her home,
 And found there her father and mother alone;
 I asked for my love, and it soon was made known,
 To my horror, that she'd run away.
 Without any trousseau, she'd fled in the night,
 With him with the greatest of ease;
 From two stories high he'd lowered her down
 To the ground on his flying trapeze.
 Some months after that I went into a hall,
 And to my surprise I found there on the wall,

A bill in red letters which did my heart gall,
 That she was appearing with him.
 Oh, he'd taught her gymnastics, and dressed her
 in tights,
 To help him to live at his ease;
 He'd made her take on a masculine name,
 And now she goes on the trapeze!

No. 1100

A MAN WITHOUT A WOMAN

This little song does not appear in any of the scholastic
 folk collections, but, except for its popularity, nothing
 much is known about it. Author and composer unknown.
 For other versions, see Best, 72 and Lelsy (SPS), 138.

A Man Without a Woman

A man without a woman
 Is like a ship without a sail,
 Is like a boat without a rudder,
 And a fish without a tail.
 A man without a woman
 Is like a wreck upon the sand,
 But if there's one thing worse
 In the universe,
 It's a woman (I said a woman)—
 It's a woman without a man!

No. 1101

MANY THOUSAND GONE

also known as

Many Thousands, or

No More Auction Block For Me

This is a song that came to us directly from the singing of Negro slaves. It was published as early as 1867 and was performed all over America by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers.

REFERENCES

Allen (SSUS), 48, 94	Krehbiel, 18, 20
Arnett, 83	Tomax (ABFS), 577
Brewer, 187	Tomax (FSNA), 455-456
Creighton (TSNS), 279	Marsh (SJS), 146
Dett, 233	Pike, 186, 228
Greenway, 101-102	Scott (BA), 238-239
Jubilee (PS), 35	Silverman, I, 396

Many Thousand Gone

No more auction block for me!

No more, no more!

No more auction block for me!

Many thousand gone.

No more peck o' corn for me!

No more, no more!

No more peck o' corn for me!

Many thousand gone.

No more driver's lash for me, etc.

No more master's call for me, etc.

No. 1102

MAPLE ON THE HILL

also known as

New Maple on the Hill

This 19th century "sentimental" or "parlor" song was written by Gusste L. Davis, a well-known songwriter of the period. The song remained popular among the people even after it disappeared from print. During the 1930s it enjoyed a revival through performances of "country" singers and musicians. I, myself, made an RCA (Bluebird) recording of it in 1938.

REFERENCES

Brown, V, 443
Davis (FSV), 332
Jour (AFL), LIX, 452
Roberts (IP), 212-213

Maple on the Hill

Near a little country village
Where the sweet magnolias grow,
There is someone sleeping, and I love her still;
We would often walk together
While the sun was sinking low,
And we'd sit beneath the maple on the hill.
While the stars above were twinkling,
We would watch the clouds entwine,
And we'd listen to the lonely whippoorwill;
We would sing love songs together,
And she promised to be mine
As we sat beneath the maple on the hill.

No. 1103

MARCHING ALONG

This is a marching song sung by soldiers of the Union army during the Civil War. According to Eggleston (American War Ballads), this song rivaled John Brown's Body and When This Cruel War Is Over. It was written by William B. Bradburg. Other versions are in Dolph, 277-279 and Luther, 179.

Marching Along

The army is gath'ring from near and afar,
The trumpet is sounding the call to the war;
McClelland's our leader, he's gallant and strong,
We'll gird on our armor and be marching along.

Chorus

Marching along, we are marching along;
Gird on our armor and be marching along;
McClelland's our leader, he's gallant and strong;
For God and our country we are marching along!

The foe is before us in battle array,
But let us not waver, or turn from the way;
The Lord is our strength, and the Union's our song;
With courage and faith we are marching along.

We sigh for our country, we mourn for our dead;
For them now our last drop of blood we will shed;
Our cause is the right one—our foe's in the wrong;
Then gladly we'll sing as we're marching along.

Adler, 104	Glass (SS-2), 210-212
Chapple (HS), 310-311	Grand Army, 3-5
Ditson (WS), 30	Kennedy (TAB), 160-161
Dolph, 350-352	Kobbe, 164-165
Ford (TMA), 466	Lawrence, 423

REFERENCES

This Civil War song, by Henry C. Work, was published in 1865 by Root & Cady, Chicago. It was written in honor of General Sherman's march from Atlanta to the sea. The song inspired many parodies, including the Princeton University football cheer in which the words "Nassau! Nassau!" are substituted in the chorus for the "Hurrah's" of the original.

Ford (TMA), 434, prints a parody which begins: Georgia was a little girl who lived in Tennessee, She had a ticklish feeling on her ankle and her knee. Upon investigation, found a chigger and a flea, Hot dog! They were marching on Georgia! College students sang a parody with the following chorus:

Hurrah, hurrah, my father's going to be hung!
 Hurrah, hurrah, the dirty son of a gun!
 For he was very mean to me when I was very young!

The melody made its way around the world and was used as march by the Japanese in Manchuria, by the British in India, and by the American soldiers in the North African desert during World War II.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

No. 1104

Silverman, II, 298
Songs (15), 57

Whitman, 37-38
Wier (SWS), 219
Wier (YAM), III, 44

Marching Through Georgia

Bring the good old bugle, boys! we'll sing another song—
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along—
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus

Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free!
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkeys shouted when they heard the joyful
sound!

How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found!
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful
tears,

When they saw the honor'd flag they had not seen for
years!

Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth
in cheers,

While we were marching through Georgia.

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.

No. 1105

MARGARET'S GHOST

also known as

Fair Margaret and Sweet	William
Fair Margaret's Ghost	William
Fair Margaret's Misfortune	Prince William
King William and Fair, or	Prince William and Lady
Lady Margaret	Margaret
Lady Maggie, or Margaret	Sweet William
Lady Margaret and King, or	Sweet William and Lady
Sweet William	Margery, or Margaret,
Lady Margaret's Ghost	or Margaret
Lady Margarete, or Marget	Sweet Willie
Lady Margot and Sweet Willie	William and Margaret
Lady Margaret	

The original ballad probably dates from the 16th century, but certainly from the first decade of the 17th as it is quoted twice in Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle, produced in 1610. As we know it in the United States, the ballad is a derivative of David Mallet's poem-version, published about 1724. Mallet's poem is more a matter of "word changing" than "reconstruction," which is why the original ballad can be so easily identified and related. Incidentally, the same ballad was the basis for Lord Lovel (see in MB).

For early English versions, see the Douce Collection, fol. 72, The Village Opera (1729), and Watts' Musical Miscellany, II, 84 (1729).

Bronson gives 79 tunes for this ballad.

For an unrelated song known as Lady Margaret, see Wheeler (KMFS), 75-80.

REFERENCES

- Anderson (AESB), 66-68
 Ashton (CB), 345-348
 Barry (BBM), 134-139
 Belden (BS), 48-52
 Brewster (BSI), 71-78
 Brown, II, 79-84; IV, 40-43
 Brown (BLNC), 9
 Bulletin (VFS) Nos. 2-6,
 8-10
 Campbell & Sharp, No. 17
 Chappell (FSRA), 25-26
 Chappell (OEFM), II, 131-132
 Child, II, 199-203
 Coffin, 76-78
 Cox (FSS), 65-77, 522-523
 Davis (MTBV), 138-145
 Davis (TBV), 221-239, 570-573
 Dean-Smith, 65
 Eddy, 34-38
 Flanders, II, 122-147
 Flanders (BMNE), 80-85
 Flanders (VFSB), 213-214
 Friedman, 52-54
 Gainer, 42-44
 Gardner (BSSM), 40-42
 Greenleaf, 21-22
 Herd, 295
 Hudson (FSM), 87-90
 Hudson (SC), 7
 Jour (AFL), XIX, 281; XXIII, 381; XXVII, 154; XXVIII, 200; XIX, 160; XXX, 340; XXXI, 74; XXXV, 340; XLVIII, 301
 Jour (FSS), II, 289; III, 64
 Karpelès, 47-49
 Karpelès (FSN), I, 94-98
 Kinsley, 231-234
 Leach (BB), 247-250
 Lunsford, 2
 Luther, 20-21
 Mackenzie, 25-26
 Mackenzie (QB), 124-126
 McGill, 69-71
 Moore (FSS), 53-56
 Neely, 141-142
 Neely (FBB), 80
 Niles (BB), 157-162
 Peacock, II, 383-384
 Percy (RAEP), III, 124, 308
 Perrow, XXVIII, 154
 Pound, 40-43
 Quiller-couch, 281-284
 Randolph, I, 108-112
 Randolph (Ozarks), 181-183
 Ritchie (FS), 18-19
 Roberts (IP), 41-43
 Scarborough (SC), 103-105, 390
 Sharp, I, 132-145
 Sharp (ECFS), 31-33
 Sharp (NEFS), 19-22
 Shearin (BBM), 3
 Shearin (SKFS), 8
 Smith (TBS), 200
 Thomson (OC), I, 108-112
 Wyman (LT), 94-99

Margaret's Ghost

Sweet William's wife awoke one morn,
And saw him dressed in blue:

"Oh, tell me of this long, long love
Between Margaret Tyne and you?"

"No need for us to speak of her,

The truth you'll hear from me:

At four o'clock tomorrow, dear,

A rich wedding you shall see."

Fair Margaret sat in her bower

And combed her yellow hair;

She spied William and his sweet bride

As they were riding there.

Then down she laid her ivory comb,

And braided her hair in twain;

She went alive out of her bower,

To never go in again.

When day was gone and night had come,

And all were fast asleep,

The spirit of fair Mar'gret came

And stood at William's feet.

When day was come and night was gone,

And all were waked from sleep,

Sweet William to his Lady said,

"My dear, I have cause to weep."

He called upon his merry men,

By one, by two, by three,

And said, "I'll go to Mar'gret's bower

And for myself I'll see."

When he had come to Mar'gret's bower,

He knocked, with all his men,

And who but Mar'gret's own brothers
Came down to let him in.

He then turned up the cov'ring sheet:
"Pray, let me see the dead;

Me thinks she looks all pale and wan—
She's lost her cherry red.

"Deal on, deal on, my merry men,
Deal on your cake and wine;

What is dealt at her funeral today,
Shall be tomorrow at mine."

Fair Margaret she died today,
Sweet William dies tomorrow;

Fair Margaret she died for love,
And William died for sorrow.

She's sleeping in the lower tomb,
He's sleeping in the higher:

Out of her breast there sprang a rose,
And out of his a briar.

They grew and reached the old church top,
And there could grow no higher;

They grew into a true love knot,
For people to admire.

No. 1106

MARIANNE S'EN VA-T-AU MOULIN

also known as

L'âne de Marion Mary Anne Rides Down To The

Marianne's Going To The

Mill

Mary Ann Goes To The Mill

Mill

An old French song that was as popular in French-America
as it had been in France. Several versions have been

recovered in Canada, especially in Quebec, but the only one recovered in the United States (of which I am aware) is the Indiana version printed in Berry, 76-77.

For Canadian versions, see Barbeau (JSOQ), 161-165; Gagnon, 121-123; and Gibson, 13-15.

Marianne s'en va-t-au moulin (French)

Marianne s'en va-t-au moulin (2)
 C'est pour y fair' mondre son grain (2)
 A cheval sur son âne,
 Ma petit' mamzell' Marianne,
 A cheval sur son âne Catin,

Le meunter, qui la voit venir, (2)
 S'empres-e aussitôt de lui dire: (2)
 -Attachez-donc votre âne,
 Ma petit' mamzell' Marianne,
 Attachez-donc votre âne Catin,
 Par derrière' le moulin.

Pendant que le moulin marchait, (2)
 Le loup tout a l'entour rôdait. (2)
 Le loup a mangé l'âne,
 Ma petit' mamzell' Marianne,
 Le loup a mangé l'âne Catin,
 Par derrière' le moulin.

Marianne se mit à pleurer. (2)
 Cent écus d'or lui a donnés, (2)
 Pour acheter un âne,
 Ma petit' mamzell' Marianne,
 Pour acheter un âne, Catin,
 En r'venant du moulin.

Son père qui la voit venir, (2)
 Ne put s'empêcher de lui dire: (2)
 -Qu'avez-vous fait d votre âne,
 Ma p'titt' mamzell' Marianne,
 Qu'avez-vous fait d votre âne, Catin
 En allant au moulin?

-C'est aujourd'hui la Saint-Michel, (2)
 Que tous les ânes changent de poil, (2)
 J'vous ramèn' le même âne,
 Ma p'titt' mamzell' Marianne,
 J'vous ramèn' le même âne, Catin,
 Qui m' porte au moulin.

ENGLISH TEXT

Mary Anne rides down to the mill, (2)
 To grind the grain below the mill, (2)
 She's riding on her donkey,
 A donkey named Mister Bill;
 O Mary Anne's upon his back
 A-riding to the mill.

The miller saw her coming near, (2)
 And rushed toward her, saying, "Dear," (2)
 "Tie up your little donkey,
 Tie up your donkey Bill,
 O Mary Anne, my lovely maiden,
 Then come into the mill."

O while the mill was grinding round, (2)
 A wolf was prowling up and down, (2)
 And he devoured the donkey,
 And gnawed the bones of poor Bill,
 While Mary and the handsome miller
 Made love inside the mill.

Poor Mary Anne began to weep, (2)
 Said he, "A hundred dollars keep, (2)
 And buy another donkey
 To take the place of poor Bill,
 That some wild wolf attacked and ate
 Out there behind my mill."

As she approached her father's house, (2)
 He heard her make a tearful moan, (2)
 And said, "Where is the donkey?
 What have you done with poor Bill?
 Why do you ride a different one
 A-coming from the mill?"

"You know this is Saint Michael's day, (2)
 When donkey's change from brown to gray, (2)
 Which happened to our donkey,
 For this is surely poor Bill—
 I'm riding on the same donkey
 I rode down to the mill."

No. 1107

MARIANSON, DAME JOLIE

also known as

Marianne, Pretty Lady Marianne, My Lady Fair

The theme of this French song is an ancient one: a
 young bride becomes the victim of a cruel and jealous
 husband.

This song was brought to America by early French
 traders and explorers. The version below is from
 Gagnon, 157-160, and is, according to Tiersot (SP),
 59-61, "the sole remaining vestige of the music of
 this song. For a version collected in Indiana, see
 Berry, 16-18.

Martianson, Dame Jolie

Note: Each stanza consists of 2 lines and each, like the 1st, is sung twice.

Martianson, dame jolie,
 Ou est allé votre mari?
 Martianson, dame jolie,
 Ou est allé votre mari?
 -Mon mari est allé-z-en guerre,
 Ah! je ne sais s'il reviendra.
 -Martianson, dame jolie,
 Prêtez-moi vos anneaux dorés.
 -Il sont dans l'coffre, au pied du lit;
 Ah! prends les clefs et va les qu'ri'.
 -Bel orfèvre, bel orfèvre,
 Faites-moi des anneaux dorés.
 Qu'ls soy-ent faits aussi parfaits,
 Comm' les ceuz' de Martianson.
 Quand il a eu ses trois anneaux,
 Sur son cheval est embraqué.
 Le premier qu'il a rencontré,
 C'était l'mari d'Martianson.
 -Ah! bonjour donc, franc cavalier;
 Quell' nouvell' m'as-tu apportée?
 -Ah! des nouvell's je n'en ai pas,
 Que les ceuz' de Martianson.
 -Martianson, dame jolie,
 Ell' m'a été fidèle assez.
 -Oui, je le crois, je le décrois:
 Voilà les anneaux de ses doigts.

-Tu as menti! franc cavalier!
 Ma femme m'est fidèle assez
 Sa femme qu'était sur les remparts,
 Et qui le voit venir là-bas.
 -Il est malade ou bien fache,
 C'est une chose bien assurée.
 Ah! maman, montre-lui son fils:
 Ça lui réjouira l'esprit.
 -Ah! tiens, mon fils voilà ton fils.
 Quel nom donn'ras-tu à ton fils?
 -A l'enfant je donn'rai un nom.
 A la mère, un mauvais renom.
 A pris l'enfant par le maillot,
 Trois fois par terre il l'a jeté.
 Marïanson, par les cheveux,
 A son cheval l'a-t-attachée.
 Il a marche trois jours, trois nuits,
 Sans regarder par derrière lui.
 -Marïanson, dame jolïe,
 Où son les anneaux de tes doigts?
 -Ils sont dans l'coffre, au pied du lit;
 Ah! prends les clefs et va les qu'ri.
 Il n'ent pas fait trois tours de clef,
 Sos trois anneaux d'or a trouvés.
 -Marïanson, dame jolïe,
 Quel bon chirurgien vous faut-il?
 -Le bon chirurgien qu'il me faut,
 C'est un bon drap pour m'ensevelir.
 -Marïanson, dame jolïe,
 Votre mort m'est-elle pardonnée?

-Qu'il ma mort vous est pardonnée,
Non pas la cell' du nouveau-né...

ENGLISH TEXT

Marianne, lovely lady,
Where did your husband go, my dear?
-My husband's far away from me,
He's gone to face the enemy.
Marianne, so sweet and fair,
Lend me the golden rings you wear.
-You know I will, she sweetly said,
Unlock the chest beside my bed.
He stopped before the goldsmith's sign,
And asked for golden rings so fine.
-O make them well, the best you can,
And copy these within my hand.
And when the copies were supplied,
Away he hastily did ride.
But who did he happen to meet?
The spouse of Marianne sweet!
-Greetings! he said, greetings to thee!
I trust you've brought good news to me.
-No news have I, as you demand,
But rings from Marianne's hand.
-Marianne, my pretty one,
Is faithful still—untrue to none.
-This I accept and yet deny!
These rings of gold I did not buy.
-I know you've lied; it's plain to see.
My wife was never false to me.

His wife watched from rampart high,
And anxious seemed as he came by.

-My lord seems ill and weary there;
Unburden now your every care.

-O! mother, show to him his child,
And lift his spirits for awhile.

-Ah! take the child, behold our son!
And speak the name and give him one.

-A name I'll give unto the child,
A name the mother has defiled!

He took the child and swung it 'round;
Three times he threw it on the ground.

He took his wife by her long hair,
Attached her to his saddled mare.

And thus he rode three nights and days,
And not once upon her gazed.

But at the close of that third night,
He stopped and stood within her sight.

-Marianne, once sweet and fair,
Where are the rings you used to wear?

-Within the chest, she faintly said;
Within the chest, beside my bed.

He took the keys and hurried there,
And found the rings of gold so rare.

-Marianne, my lovely wife,
The doctor comes to save your life.

-Now this alone I need from thee:
A winding sheet to cover me.

-Marianne, my lovely one,
Forgive the wrong which I have done?

-You're pardoned for my death, dear one,
But not for that of your own son!

No. 1108

MARIA'S GONE

also known as

I Wonder Where Maria Is

Maria

Yonder She Comes Gone?

This is a game and a Play-Party song that originated in England, though it may have been put together with lines and stanzas taken from several similar pieces. The American version below is made up almost entirely of borrowed lines, and it dates back to at least the middle of the 19th century. The opening line, "I

wonder where Maria's gone?" is obviously adapted from "I wonder where Sister Mary's gone?", which appears in two old spirituals: Mary Bowed in Brown, III, 652-653

and I Heard From Heaven Today in this Master Book. The line "So early in the morning" is found in several old songs, one of which is Early in the Morning (see in MB), Three or four collectors have also suggested that there is a close relationship between Maria's Gone and several of the old "marriage" games, such as Here We Go Around Ring and Yonder Stands Two People (see Getting Married I & II in this Master Book).

REFERENCES

Ames (MPP), 298, 310
Gardner (FSH), 242
Hamilton, 290
four (APL), XXXII,
Sharp, II, 369
Kittredge (BRK), 275
Piper (SPFG), 268
Ritchie (SFC), 72-73
Shearin (SKFS), 39

Maria's Gone

I wonder where Maria's gone?
 I wonder where Maria's gone?
 I wonder where Maria's gone?

I guess she's gone to Birmingham,
 I guess she's gone to Birmingham,
 I guess she's gone to Birmingham,
 To see her dear old mother.

I wish I'd gone along with her, (3)
 So early in the morning.

I wonder when she's coming home? (3)
 Some one should do the ironing.

The old Gray Goose has broke her back, (3)
 The gossins are in mourning.

Maria's coming down the road, (3)
 I see her coming yonder.

We should ask her where she has been, (3)
 So early in the morning.

Maybe she don't want us to know, (3)
 So don't nobody ask her.

Give her a kiss and march on through, (3)
 So early in the morning.

O swing her right, then to the left, (3)
 Until you've swung your partner.

Now it's promenade, one, two, three, (3)
 Before you go this evening.

No. 1109

THE MARK OF GAIN

also known as

The Blood on the Lily-
 My Son, Come Tell It To Me
 Ronald
 Son David, or Davie
 What Blood On The Point Of
 Your Knife
 What's On Your Sword?
 The Little Yellow Dog
 Edward, Edward
 The Cruel Brother
 Dear Son
 The Murdered Brother

This dialogue-type murder ballad is quite old and has a wide tradition in the United States. The English claim it and the Scots claim it—and that's the argument. The ballad, as we know it, originated in Scotland. It is possible that the original ballad is from the continent. There is a Swedish version entitled, The Fratricide's Lament and Dialogue With His Mother, which is almost identical to the Scottish version. The original story was one of fratricide, as Child No. 13 and others have pointed out. Some scholars, however, have placed this ballad among the old "incest" songs. The words have been set to music by various composers, including Schubert (see Duncan, Lyrics From The Old Song Books, 1927, p. 370). The versions of this song known as Edward are not necessarily related to other songs of same or like title. For example, see The Two Brothers in this Master Book.

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- Barry (BBM), 433
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 Coffin, 45-46
 Davis (MTBV), 61-67
 Davis (TBV), 120-124, 558
 Eddy, 23-24
 Flanders, I, 208-212
 Campbell & Sharp, No. 7
 Bronson, I, 237-247
 Bronson (BAS), 13-14, 52
 Brown, II, 41-44; IV,
 23-25

Owens (TFS), 11-14	Flanders (BMNE), 96-99,
Percy (RAEP), I, 53, 82-84	100-101
Pound, 23-24	Friedman, 156-159
Quarterly (CFL), V, 310-311	Gainer, 18-19
Quarterly (SFL), IV, 1, 159	Hart, 16
Quillier-couch, 290-292	Henderson (BL), 25-26
Randolph, I, 67-71	Houseman, 101-103
Randolph (OMF), 207-208	Hudson (FSM), 70-72
Ritchie (FS), 12-13	Hudson (SC), 7
Roberts (IP), 23-25	Ives (SA), 44-45
Sanders, 39-41	Ives (SB), 56-57, or
Scarborough (SC), 180-184,	48-49
404-406	Jour (AFL), XXVIII, 200-
Sharp, I, 46-53	202; XXXIX, 93
Sharp (AEFS), 2-7	Kinsley, 219-240, 241-
Shearin (SKFS), 7	242
Smith (TBS), 62	Leach (BB), 85-88
Wells, 103-104	Lomax (FSNA), 25
Western Folklore Quarterly,	MacColl & Seeger, 58-60
VIII, No. 4, 314-319	Moore (BFSS), 24-25
Whitting (TBB), 24-27	Morris, 248-250
	Motherwell MS., 139
	Niles (BB), 65-68

The Mark of Cain

"What blood is that upon your shirt?
O son, explain to me."
"It is the blood of the old grey mare
That ploughed the fields for me, O me,
That ploughed the fields for me."
"Your mare's blood couldn't be that red!
My son, explain to me."
"It is the blood of my grey hound
That runs the woods so free, so free, etc."

"Your grey hound's blood is not so red!

O son, explain to me."

"It is the blood of my brother dear,

That I no more shall see, shall see, etc."

"What will you do when your father comes?

My son, explain to me."

"I'll sail away to a foreign shore,

As quickly as can be, can be, etc."

"And what about your lovely wife?

O son, explain to me."

"I'll leave her here alone with you,

While I'm across the sea, the sea, etc."

No. 1110

MARTHA CAMPBELL

I have no information regarding this old fiddle-dance tune except that it is widely known. It is played at square dances and on "country music" shows, and I've never met a fiddler who couldn't play it. See under TUNES, No. 111, in this Master Book.

No. 1111

MARY AND MARTHA

also known as

Mary and Martha Jes'

O Mary, O Martha

Ring Dem Charmin' Bells

Gone 'Long

This spiritual comes down to us from the Slave era. An early version was featured by the original Fisk

Jubilee Singers. Lines such as "ring dem bells" appear in several slave-era spirituals. For examples, see I Heard From Heaven Today in this Master Book and Rockin' Jerusalem in work (ANSS), 226. The title is not exclusive, and songs such as The Little Family (see in MB) are also known as Mary and Martha.

REFERENCES

Johnson (SBS), 81-83	Obernödter, 28
Jubilee (PS), 26	Pike, 210, or 252
Letey (IAS), 147	Pound (SFSN), XXIII, No. 5
Marsh (SJS), 170-171	Waite, 77

Mary and Martha

Mary and Martha's jus' gone 'long,
 Mary and Martha's jus' gone 'long,
 Mary and Martha's jus' gone 'long,
 To ring them charming bells.

Chorus

Crying free grace and dying love,
 Free grace and dying love,
 Free grace and dying love,
 To ring them charming bells.

Preacher and elder's jus' gone 'long,
 Preacher and elder's jus' gone 'long,
 Preacher and elder's jus' gone 'long,
 To ring them charming bells.

Oh, way over Jordan, Lord,

Way over Jordan, Lord,

Way over Jordan, Lord,

To ring them charming bells.

No. 1112

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB

also known as

Mary's Lamb

Mary's Lamb is one of the widest known verses in the English language. The original poem was written by Sarah Josepha Hale (1788-1879) and published for her by the Kiwanis Club in a little book entitled, Poems for Our Children, in 1830. She republished it herself a few years prior to her death in Godey's Lady Book, in 1875. The poem was set to music for the Tufts College Glee Club in 1888, and the sheet-music version was published by the B. F. Wood Music Company. For parodies, see Mary Had a William Goat in Sandburg (AS), 336-337 and Mary Had a Little Lamb in White, 201. The version set to music is given as version A. Version B is the original poem as written by Mrs. Hale.

REFERENCES

Bertall, 51
Chapple (HS), 345
Luther, 97, 237
Mackenzie (SH), 129
Opie, 299-300
Randolph, III, 51-52
Waite, 67
Water (SWS), 195
Water (YAM), I, 85
Winn, 77
Yolen, 48

Mary Had a Little Lamb (Version A)

Mary had a little lamb, little lamb, little lamb,
O Mary had a little lamb, it's fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went, Mary went,
And everywhere that Mary went, the lamb was sure to go.
It followed her to school one day, school one day,
It followed her to school one day, which was against
the rule.

It made the children laugh and play, laugh and play,
 It made the children laugh and play, to see the lamb
 at school.
 And so the teacher turned him out, turned him out,
 turned him out,
 And so the teacher turned him out, but still he lingered
 near,
 And waited patiently about, patiently about, patiently
 about,
 And waited patiently about till Mary did appear.

VERSION B: The Original

Mary had a little lamb,
 It's fleece was white as snow,
 And everywhere that Mary went
 The lamb was sure to go;
 He followed her to school one day—
 That was against the rule;
 It made the children laugh and play
 To see the lamb at school.
 And so the teacher turned him out,
 But still he lingered near,
 And waited patiently about,
 Till Mary did appear.
 And then he ran to her and laid
 His head upon her arm,
 As if he said, "I'm not afraid—
 You'll shield me from all harm."
 "What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
 The little children cry;
 "Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
 The teacher did reply:

"And you each gentle animal
In confidence may bind,
And make it follow at your call,
If you are always kind."

No. 1113

MARY HAMILTON

also known as

The Four Maries	Mary Myles
The Four Marys	The Purple Dress
Lady Malsry	The Queen's Maries
Marie Hamilton	The Queen's Mary

This English-Scottish ballad (Child No. 173) tells a story that was partly borrowed from Russian history.

Aside from the fact that the text refers to Mary Stuart and that she actually had as her companions four children and four girls named Mary, the story can't otherwise be associated with the Queen of Scotland. The four girls—

Mary Seaton, Mary Beaton, Mary Livingston, and Mary Fleming—went with her to France in 1548 and returned with her to Scotland in 1661. Mary Seaton eventually

became a nun, while the other three eventually married and left the Queen's service. There is no evidence that

a Mary Hamilton was ever associated with the Queen of Scots, and not even a rumor regarding such a woman bearing a baby fathered by Lord Darnly (the Queen's husband).

Likewise, there is no written record of the killing of the child and the subsequent execution of Mary Hamilton by royal order, as there would certainly be if such set of events had occurred. In fact, no scandal has ever

been traced to or associated with any of the four women know to have been in the service of Mary Stuart.

There is, however, a possibility that two other historical events were incorporated into the ballad, one occurring

in Scotland and the other in Russia. At the beginning

of the reign of Mary, Queen of Scots, there was, according to Knox's History of the Reformation, "a heinous

murder committed in the court... for a French woman that served in the queen's chamber had played the whore with the queen's own apothecary. The woman conceived and bare a child, whom, with common consent, the father and

mother murdered." The crime was discovered, of course, and both the man and the woman were "hanged upon the

public street of Edinburgh."

Scott (MSB), II, 154 (1802 edition) was the first to

print a version of the ballad, and he thought the story was inspired by the woman's affair with the Queen's

apothecary. On the other hand, Sharpe (BB), 1824, p.

18, tells us that "during the reign of the Czar Peter, one of his empress's attendants, a Miss Hamilton was

executed for the murder of a natural child." Sharpe

alludes to an event that occurred in the court of Peter of Russia in 1718-1719. Mary Hamilton, a Scottish

lady-in-waiting to Queen Catherine, fell in love with Ivan Orlov, an aide-de-camp. Accused of killing an

illegitimate child born of the affair with Orlov, she was executed on March 14, 1719. Orlov was exiled to

Siberia.

It seems obvious that these two stories somehow came

together and formed a folk ballad, but the actuality

of the fusion cannot be dated or described. It is likely

the imaginative work of some unknown but talented writer.

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| Child, III, 379-399; V, 421 | | | | | |

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 Davis (MPBV), 245-252
 Davis (TBV), 421-422, 590
 Emrich (FAL), 593-594
 Finlay, I, xix
 Flanders, III, 163-169
 Flanders (BMNE), 79-80
 Friedman, 183-186, 219-
 220
 Gainer, 70-71
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 Greig & Keith, 108-109
 Houseman, 205-207
 Jour (AFL), XXXVI, 204;
 LXX, 208
 Kinloch (ASB), 252
 Kinsley, 328-331

Leach (BB), 481-483
 Letsy, 108-111
 McCaskey, VI, 75
 Maltment (NG), 19
 Moore (BFSS), 93-94
 Motherwell, II, 184
 Muir, 231
 Niles (BB), 276-279
 Ord, 457
 Owens (TFS), 27-28
 Quiller-couch, 369-373
 Randolph, I, 151
 Scott (MSB), III, 294
 Sharpe (BB), 18
 Shekerjian, 12-13
 Silber (HSB), 115
 Silverman, I, 207
 Wells, 48-49
 Whitting (TBB), 80-83

Mary Hamilton

Word is to the kitchen zone,
 And word is through the hall,
 That Mary Hamilton is big with child
 By the highest Stuart of all!
 Arise, arise, Mary Hamilton,
 Arise and tell to me:
 What have you done with your new-born babe,
 The one I heard weep by thee?
 She tied it in her apron-sheet,
 She's thrown it in the sea;
 Says, Sink ye, swim ye, bonny wee babe!
 You'll never get more of me.

The words of this song were written in New Orleans, in April, 1861, by James R. Randall, a native of Baltimore. Randall was inspired to write the poem after reading about street fighting in his native city. Later, the music was wedded to the words by sisters, Hetty and Jenny Gary, who resided in Baltimore. They discovered that the tune of an old college song, Lauriger Horatius, matched the words perfectly. Lauriger Horatius was set to an old German air, Oh Tannenbaum, composed by Carl Wilhelm. The German song was translated by Longfellow and entitled My Hemlock Tree. The tune therefore was widely known when fitted to Randall's

MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND

No. 1114

Oh, often have I dressed my queen,
And helped with her royal gown;
But all the thanks I've gotten now
Is to be hanged in Edinburgh town.
Oh, little did my mother know
The day she cradled me,
The kind of life I was to live,
Or the kind of death I'd see.
They'll tie a fold around my eyes,
And hide my misery;
They'll pay no mind to all my prayers,
And hang me on the tree.
Last night there were four Maries,
To night there'll be but three:
There was Mary Beaton, Mary Seaton,
And Mary Carmichael and me.

Maryland text by the Carey sisters.
 The popularity of Maryland, My Maryland was second
 only to that of Dixie, and, like Dixie, it spawned
 many parodies, one of which was created and sung by
 Union soldiers in Tennessee:

They steal and eat thy pork and beef,
 Tennessee, my Tennessee!
 For cotton, too, thou'rt come to grief,
 Tennessee, my Tennessee!
 Thy daughters fair they're courting strong,
 With dance and marriage, cards and song,
 Woe is the day! for all goes wrong
 In Tennessee, my Tennessee!

For yet another soldier parody sung to the same tune,
 see The Infantry I in this Master Book.
 The three (A, B & C) versions below, all set to the same
 melody, are merely representative of the number of such
 songs known to exist.
 Version A is the Randall original. Version B is a Union
 reply, written by Sep Winner, author of such popular
 pieces as Listen to the Mockingbird and Whispering Hope
 (see both in MB). Version C is also a Union text; it
 is taken from Beadle's Dime Songster, c. 1862. Also see
 Lawrence, 361.

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| Kennedy (AB), 220-222 | Songs (15), 56 |
| Kennedy (TAB), 142-144 | Staton, 62-64 |
| Kobbe, 167-168 | Wier (SWS), 203 |

Maryland, My Maryland (Version A)

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

His torch is at thy temple door,

Maryland, my Maryland!

Avenge the patriotic gore

That flecked the streets of Baltimore,

And be the battle queen of yore,

Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,

Maryland, my Maryland!

Thy beaming sword shall never rust,

Maryland, my Maryland!

Remember Carroll's sacred trust,

Remember Howard's warlike thrust,

And all thy slumberers with the just,

Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the vandal toll,

Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not crook to his control,

Maryland, my Maryland!

Better the fire upon the roll,

Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,

Than crucifixion of the soul,

Maryland, my Maryland!

VERSION B

The Rebel horde is on thy shore,

Maryland, my Maryland!

Arise and drive him from thy door,

Maryland, my Maryland!

The rebel thieves were sure of thee,
Maryland, our Maryland!
And boasted they would welcome be,
Maryland, our Maryland!
But now they turn and now they flee,
With Stonewall Jackson and with Lee,
And loyal souls once more are free,
Maryland, our Maryland!
Through passways of the mountain crags,
Maryland, our Maryland!
They bore their vile secession flags,
Maryland, our Maryland!

VERSION C

Avenge the foe thy must abhor,
Who seeks thy fall, oh Baltimore,
Drive back the tyrant, peace restore,
Maryland, my Maryland!
I hear the distant battles hum,
Maryland, my Maryland!
I hear the bugle, life and drum,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Thou art not deaf, thou art not dumb,
Thou wilt not falter nor succumb,
I hear thee cry: We come, we come!
Maryland, my Maryland!
Ten hundred thousand, brave and free,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Are ready now to strike with thee,
Maryland, my Maryland!
A million more still yet agree,
To help thee hold thy liberty,
For thou shalt ever, ever be,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Like beggar troops, in filthy rags,
 Barefooted men and spavined nags,
 Their voices hoarse with Southern brags,
 Maryland, our Maryland!

Like dogs all raving for a crumb,
 Maryland, our Maryland!
 They madly rushed for bread and rum,
 Maryland, our Maryland!

But backward ran, with voices dumb,
 And drooping hands, and faces glum,
 They ran from Union's rolling drum,
 Maryland, our Maryland!

No. 1115

MARY OF THE WILD MOOR

also known as

A Cold Winter's Night
 The Wind Across the Wild
 Moor
 Mary of the Moor
 Mary Across the Wild Moor
 Poor Mary
 The Village Pride
 When Poor Mary Came Wander-
 ing Home
 The Wild Moor
 The Winds that Blew O'er
 the Wild Moor
 The Winds that Blow Across
 the Wild Moor

The words and music of this old English song were linked together by Joseph W. Turner, who added a few original lines and composed a piano accompaniment for publication. Whatever popularity the song enjoyed was due almost entirely to its melody. Today, however, it is frequently encountered with varying and sometimes quite different airs. It was issued in broadsides by Bebbington, Manchester, No. 44; Harkness, Preston, No. 60; Partridge,

Boston, No. 145; and Such, No. 75.

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Mary of the Wild Moor

One night when the wind it blew cold,
 Blew bitter across the wild moor,
 Fair Mary she came with her child,
 Wandering home to her own father's door.
 Crying, "Father, O pray let me in,
 Take pity on me, I implore,
 Or the child at my bosom will die
 From the winds that blow o'er the wild moor.

"Why ever did I leave this house,
 Where once I was happy and free,
 Doomed to roam without friend or a home—
 O! father, have pity on me."

Now think what her father he felt
 When he came to the door in the morn
 And found Mary dead, and her child
 Fondly clasped in its dead mother's arm.
 Wild and frantic he tore his grey hairs,
 As on Mary he gazed at the door,
 Who on the cold night there had died
 By the wind that clew on the wild moor.

The villagers point to the house
 Where a willow droops over the door;
 They cry out, "There poor Mary died,
 In the wind that blew o'er the wild moor."

No. 1116

MARY, WEEP NO MORE FOR ME

also known as

Mary and Sandy
 Mary of the Dee
 Mary's Dream
 Mary's Vision

This Scottish ballad was written by John Lowe, the son
 of a gardener at Kenmure Castle in Galloway. The story
 is based upon an incident that really happened. A young
 man named Alexander Miller, who was in love with Mary
 Macghie, was drowned at sea, and Lowe, a tutor in the
 family of Mr. Macghie at Airds, wrote the song, call-
 ing it Mary's Dream.

Versions of this song have been printed in many folios and songsters on both sides of the Atlantic. An American broadside (DeMarsan, List 2, No. 42) is on file at the New York City Public Library.

Versions are also in Cromek's Remains of Nithdale and and Galloway Song, 1810, pp 342-366; Davidson's Universal Melodist, II, p. 66; The Merry Songster, Boston, 1810, p. 9; The Nightingale, or Ladies' Vocal Companion, Albany, 1807, p. 28; and The Temple of Harmony, Baltimore, 1801, p. 69.

For a song with a similar theme, see The Ghostly Lover in Greenleaf, 76-77.

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Mary, Weep No More For Me

The moon had climbed the highest hill
Which rises o'er the source of the Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silvery light on tower and tree.

When Mary laid her down to rest,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,
Oh, soft and low, a voice she heard:
Dear Mary, weep no more for me.

From her pillow she raised her head,
To see who there might be,
And there her Sandy shivering stood,
With pale and deathly face to see.

"O Mary dear, cold is my clay,
That lies beneath the stormy sea;
The storm is past and I'm at rest,
Dear Mary, weep no more for me.

"Three stormy night and stormy days
We tossed upon the raging main;
Long we strove our ship to save,
But all our striving was in vain.

"Even when horror chilled my blood,
My heart was filled with love for thee;
I've come to say that I'm at rest,
Dear Mary, weep no more for me.

"O Mary dear, thyself prepare
To be with me upon that shore
Where love is free from grief and care,
And you and I shall weep no more."

Loud crew the cock and shadows fled,
No more of Sandy could she see;
But low the pausing spirit said,
"Dear Mary, weep no more for me."

The "masquerade" and the "disguise" ballads and songs are not the same, although many similarities exist between them. The "disguise" set are known as Disguised Lover ballads and songs (see in MB), and the fundamental difference between these and the Masquerade set is one of gender. The Disguised Lover is a man who disguises himself so that he may test the fidelity of his beloved from whom he has been separated for a great number of years. The Masquerader is a woman who disguises herself in order to deceive others into thinking she is a man.

All Masquerade ballads and songs have a central theme in common: A female who, for one reason or another, dresses herself in male attire, or expresses a desire to do so, to be with the man she loves. The tradition is old, going back to the days of Theseus and Hippolyta in the Mediterranean countries.

Since the theme is limited, it follows that all such ballads and songs have certain similarities. Although a female can disguise herself as a male for several reasons, the disguise itself is restricted to three or four types—sailor, soldier, highwayman and, sometimes, merchantman. In their original form these songs were clearly different pieces with a common theme, but over the years the folk process fused many of the differences. This fusion led to confusion, making identification of a specific ballad or song more and more difficult. Faced with the almost impossible task of specific identification, collectors began lumping all "masquerading woman" recoveries under a single title. For example, Cecil Sharp printed at least 20 derivatives under the title, Jack Went A-Sailing. Vance Randolph placed a group of different "masquerade" ballads under, Men's

THE MASQUERADE BALLADS AND SONGS

No. 1117

Clothes I Will Put On. This "over-all" title practice was copied by other collectors, too, and thus references were given accordingly. For this reason alone one must be extremely careful when dealing with reference lists where these types of songs are concerned. In this Master Book, which is almost limited to reporting accurately what others have stated in publication, the "jumping together" process is necessarily used, and all ballads and songs of the type are given under the explanatory title, Masquerading Woman, and are separated by attaching Roman numerals.

The songs given here were divided on the basis of differences, because, since they are all united by a common theme, it was not necessary to stress their similarities.

Basically, there are twelve specific differences, or forms, that are easily recognized. They are:

1. In this form, a young woman expresses a desire to dress herself in male attire, but she does not do so. She cannot accompany her lover to war because she is pregnant, or, because, her lover will not allow it. In some versions, he promises to return to her when the war is over. In other versions, he marries her prior to his departure.

2. The lovers agree on the "masquerade" and go off together—sometimes as sailors, sometimes as soldiers, but always to some foreign war.

3. This form is distinguished from the others by a "casting of lots" theme. In some versions the young woman loves a sailor who returns her affection, but in others he does not return her affection. If he does love her, he is somehow sent away to prevent their marriage. Disguised as a sailor or merchant, she follows him—either as a deck-hand on the ship or as a passenger. The ship is lost in a storm and the survivors drift hopelessly in a small boat. Food gone, they begin to

starve. It is then decided that one must die to serve as food for the others. "Lots" are cast to select the victim, which is always the masquerading woman. The executioner is also chosen through lot, and the one chosen is always her lover. In other versions of this form the young woman follows her lover disguised as a merchant. Along the way she is approached by or falls in with two barbarous Indians, both of whom she kills. Eventually she finds her lover and they sail for London or some other well-known destination. But always a situation arises in which "lots" are cast. In all the versions a ship appears at the last moment and everyone is saved. In at least one form, the young woman proves to be a good warrior, fights like a man and achieves victory and wins recognition prior to revealing her true identity to her lover.

4. In this form, which also has a long tradition, the woman disguises herself simply because she desires to be a sailor, and no lover is involved. She proves herself a great warrior and is much admired.

5. In this form, the two lovers simply run away, to be together, because the parents object to their marrying. They become victims of a storm at sea and, in the end, they starve to death on some strange, foreign shore.

6. In this form, the young woman is a smuggler and gains the admiration of a captain or Commodore for her bravery, and he pleads for her life in court.

7. In this form, which is Scottish, both lovers are slain on the battlefield during a battle.

8. This form is distinguished by the fact that the young woman goes to seek her lover on some foreign battlefield, finds his wounded body, takes him to a doctor and thereby saves his life. Then they are wed.